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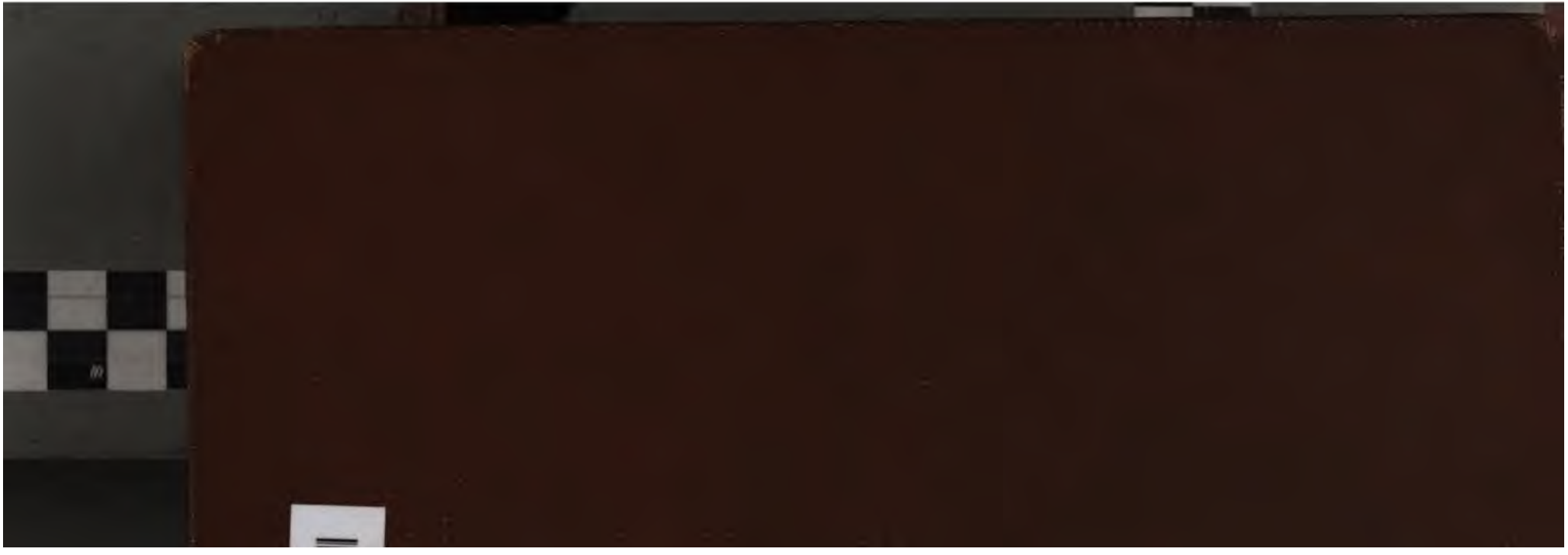

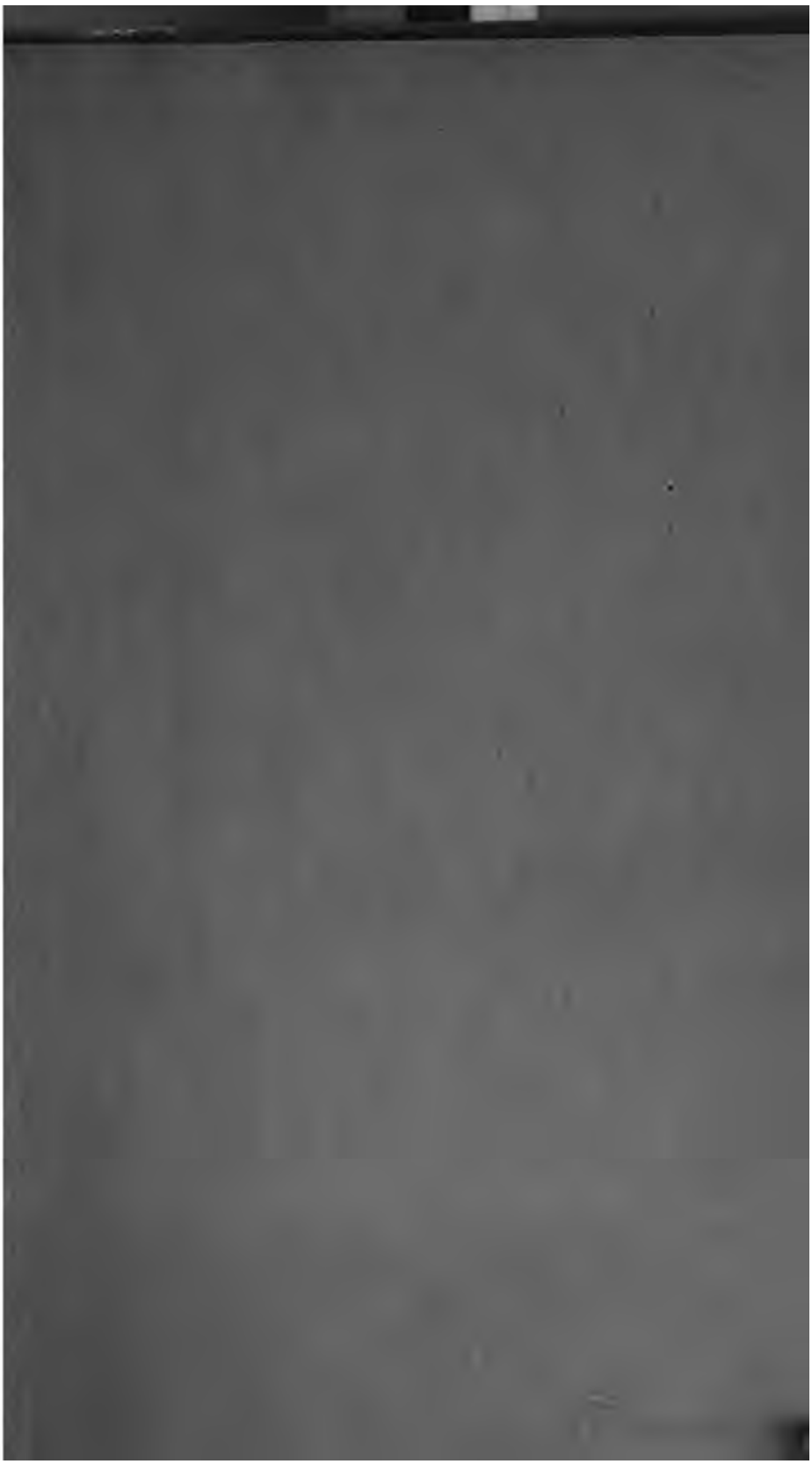

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE WHOLE POETICAL WORKS OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

INCLUDING HIS TRANSLATIONS OF

HOMER'S ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

Dublin:

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PREFACE.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt Invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivaled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely; for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the Invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery, which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

"They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant; in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhew, how this vaſt Invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of Fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic poem, the return of Ulyſſes, the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of counſels, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes; and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſits the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil

and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon, and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable: if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed! This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous Fable includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his machines in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his perſons; and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of courage is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding: of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus, a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in wiſdom; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, beſides, characters of courage; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends ſtill upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we

ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Ty[illegible]s, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the Invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no appropriate characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We often think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

In the next place we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture; Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimiles, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination: to which all things in their various views preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurprizing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer, ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction,

which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This is a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαιολος, the landſcape of Mount Neritus in that of ευσσιφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of thoſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels and conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the dipthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our Author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the Muſes dictated: and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpired vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners

more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime, his images and deſcriptions are full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been ſaid of Virgil with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimiles have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his groſſer repreſentations of the Gods, and the vicious and the imperfect manners of his Heroes; but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with madam Dacier, "that * thoſe times and manners are ſo much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours," Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? on the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern criticks, who are ſhocked at the ſervile offices and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity, in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurprizing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may farther ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame epithets to his Gods and heroes, ſuch as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the ſwift-footed Achilles, &c. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that th y were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed.† Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: one would

* Preface to her Homer. † Heſiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe criticks never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt: a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſeis above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiſer man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the aukwardneſs of their own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excells all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; Nature and Art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion.

PREFACE.

If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the Fire of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however it is the ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to the utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle; ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian, in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs, in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dullneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bold and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the means between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the Scripture and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired Writings, that the Divine Spirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the purity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a farther preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe moral ſentences and proverbial ſpeeches which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Græciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

PREFACE.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a ſort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe who are ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compound one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet ἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally "leaf-ſhaking," but affords a majeſtic idea in the periphraſis: "The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-ſhooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in reſpect to the darts and bow, the enſigns of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore, in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe, the beſt rule is, to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion; but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the verſification. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſt of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequently interpolations of

four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſes, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one may think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general; but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimilies and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters: though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the common-wealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity; perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and

Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few: thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the Publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer; as I wiſh for the ſake of the world he had prevented me the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the Great have done me, while the firſt names of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet; that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Eſſay) ſo complete a praiſe.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
"For all books elſe appear ſo mean and poor,
"Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
"And Homer will be all the Books you need."

That the earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the earl of Carnarvon: but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent ſecretary of ſtate, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive

that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens, that has been ſhewn me by its learned rival, the univerſity of Oxford. If my author had the Wits of after ages for his defenders, his tranſlator has had the Beauties of the preſent for his advocates; a pleaſure too great to be changed for any fame in reverſion. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner, neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

THE

THE

ENGLISH POETS.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks, having ſacked ſome of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryſeïs and Briſeïs, allotted the firſt to Agamemnon, and the laſt to Achilles. Chryſes, the father of Chryſeïs, and prieſt of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ranſom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the ſiege. The prieſt being refuſed, and inſolently diſmiſſed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a peſtilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cauſe of it, who attributes it to the refuſal of Chryſeïs. The king being obliged to ſend back his captive, enters into a furious conteſt with Achilles, which Neſtor pacifies; however, as he had the abſolute command of the army, he ſeizes on Briſeïs in revenge. Achilles in diſcontent withdraws himſelf and his forces from the reſt of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, ſhe ſupplicates Jupiter to render them ſenſible of the wrong done to her ſon, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her ſuit incenſes Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the addreſs of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's ſtay with the Æthiopians, at whoſe return Thetis prefers her petition. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chryſa, and laſtly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful ſpring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddeſs ſing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain;
Whoſe limbs unbury'd on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides ſtrove,
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muſe! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended power?
Latona's ſon a dire contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend prieſt defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.

Let me be deem'd the hateful cauſe of all,
And ſuffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will reſign,
So dearly valued, and ſo juſtly mine.
But ſince for common good I yield the fair,
My private loſs let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Inſatiate king (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'ſt thou the Greeks their lawful prey ſhould yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The ſpoils of cities raz'd, and warriours ſlain,
We ſhare with juſtice, as with toil we gain:
But to reſume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by ſlaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The ſpoils of Ilion ſhall thy loſs requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the duſt her lofty towers.
Then thus the king. Shall I my prize reſign
With tame content, and thou poſſeſt of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a ſoldier's right.
At thy demand ſhall I reſtore the maid?
Firſt let the juſt equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might aſk; and let it be
A treaſure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand ſhall ſeize ſome other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax ſhall his prize reſign,
Ulyſſes' ſpoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who ſuffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he ſhall rage in vain.
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the ſacrifice to Chryſa's ſhores,
With choſen pilots, and with lab'ouring oars.
Soon ſhall the fair the ſable ſhip aſcend,
And ſome deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax ſhall fulfill,
Or wiſe Ulyſſes ſee perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleaſure ſhall ordain,
Achilles' ſelf conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the peſt aſſuage.
At this Pelides, frowning ſtern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with inſolence and pride!
Inglorious ſlave to intereſt, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambuſh, or ſhall lift the ſword?
What cauſe have I to war at thy decree?
The diſtant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hoſtile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike courſers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarſe-reſounding main,
And walls of rocks, ſecure my native reign,
Whoſe fruitful ſoil luxuriant harveſts grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we ſail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What elſe to Troy th' aſſembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cauſe?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deſerve;
Diſgrac'd and injur'd by the man we ſerve?
And dar'ſt thou threat to ſnatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as ſmall, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conqueſt is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the ſweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial preſents to my ſhips I bear,
Or barren praiſes pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy ſlave no more;
My fleet ſhall waft me to Theſſalia's ſhore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, ſhall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warriour! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in ſuch a cauſe to fight,
And Jove himſelf ſhall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the God's diſtinguiſh'd care)
To power ſuperior none ſuch hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy reſtleſs ſoul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy ſavage joy:
If thou haſt ſtrength, 'twas heaven that ſtrength beſtow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haſte, launch thy veſſels, fly with ſpeed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary ſway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy ſhort-liv'd friendſhip, and thy groundleſs hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons: but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark ſhall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll ſeize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briſeis with the radiant eyes.
Hence ſhalt thou prove my might, and curſe the hour.
Thou ſtood'ſt a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our hoſt it ſhall be known,
That kings are ſubjects to the Gods alone.
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppreſt,
His heart ſwell'd high, and labour'd in his breaſt.
Diſtracting thoughts by turns his boſom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw his deadly ſword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord:
This whiſpers ſoft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the riſing tempeſt of his ſoul.
Juſt as in anguiſh of ſuſpence he ſtay'd,
While half unſheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva ſwift deſcended from above,
Sent by the ſiſter and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind ſhe ſtood, and by the golden hair
Achilles ſeiz'd: to him alone conſeſt;
A ſable cloud conceal'd her from the reſt.
He ſees, and ſudden to the Goddeſs cries,
Known by the flames that ſparkle from her eyes.
Deſcends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witneſs of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' ſon: then let thoſe eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury I forſake the ſkies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods reſign'd,
To reaſon yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But ſheath, obedient, thy revenging ſteel.
For I pronounce (and truſt a heavenly power)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch ſhall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendſhip with a boundleſs ſtore.
Then let revenge no longer bear the ſway,
Command thy paſſions, and the Gods obey.
To her Pelides. With regardful ear
'Tis juſt, O Goddeſs! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I ſuppreſs:
Thoſe who revere the Gods, the Gods will bleſs.
He ſaid, obſervant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the ſheath return'd the ſhining blade.
The Goddeſs ſwift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breaſt forſook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
O monſter! mix'd of inſolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambuſh'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die,
So much 'tis ſafer through the camp to go,
And rob a ſubject, than deſpoila foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and baſe!
Sent by Jove's anger on a ſlaviſh race,
Who, loſt to ſenſe of generous freedom paſt,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy laſt.
Now by this ſacred ſceptre hear me ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or bloſſoms bear,
Which ſever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This ſceptre, form'd by temper'd ſteel to prove
An enſign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and juſtice ſprings
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I ſpear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, ſhe ſhall call in vain.
When, fluſh'd with ſlaughter, Hector comes to ſpread
The purpled ſhore with mountains of the dead,
Then ſhalt thou mourn th' affront thy madneſs gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to ſave:
Then rage in bitterneſs of ſoul to know
This act has made the braveſt Greek thy foe.
He ſpoke: and furious hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſat. With like diſdain,
The raging king returned his frowns again.
To calm their paſſions with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage,
Experienc'd Neſtor, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words ſweet as honey from his lips diſtill'd;
Two generations now had paſs'd away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
What ſhame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverſe Gods commit to ſtern debate
The beſt, the braveſt of the Grecian ſtate.
Young as you are, this youthful heat reſtrain,
Nor think your Neſtor's years and wiſdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathleſs name;
Theſeus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With theſe of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirſt which virtuous envy breeds,
And ſmit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongeſt of men, thy pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deſarts red with monſters gore,
And from their hills the ſhaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet theſe with ſoft, perſuaſive arts I ſway'd;
When Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n theſe eſteem'd me wiſe;
Do you, young warriours, hear my age adviſe.
Atrides, ſeize not on the beauteous ſlave;
That prize the Greeks by common ſuffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be juſt, and ſovereign power preſide.
Thee, the firſt honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in ſtrength, and of a Goddeſs born;
Him, awful majeſty exalts above
The powers of earth, and ſceptre'd ſons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well conſenting mind,
So ſhall authority with ſtrength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyſelf, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles ſhould be loſt,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our hoſt.
This ſaid, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd ſoul,
No laws can limit, no reſpect controul.
Before his pride muſt his ſuperiours fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him muſt our hoſts, our chiefs, ourſelves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his ſway?
Grant that the Gods his matchleſs force hath given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven?
Here on the monarch's ſpeech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting ſpoke:
Tyrant, I well deſerv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy ſlave, and ſtill to ſerve in vain;

† calm

Should I ſubmit to each unjuſt decree:
Command thy vaſſals, but command not me.
Seize on Briſeïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely ſee reſum'd;
And ſeize ſecure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering ſword in any woman's cauſe.
The Gods command me to forgive the paſt;
But let this firſt invaſion be the laſt:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'ſt invade,
Shall ſtream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the ſtern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in ſullen majeſty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow veſſels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ſhip for Chryſa's ſacred ſhores:
High on the deck was fair Chriſeïs plac'd,
And ſage Ulyſſes with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her ſides the hecatomb they ſtow'd,
Then, ſwiftly ſailing, cut the liquid road.
The hoſt to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure luſtrations, and with ſolemn prayers.
Waſh'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and caſt th' ablutions in the main.
Along the ſhore whole hecacombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The ſable fumes in curling ſpires ariſe,
And waft their grateful odours to the ſkies.
The army thus in ſacred rites engag'd,
Atrides ſtill with deep reſentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two ſacred heralds ſtood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haſte to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briſeïs as our royal prize:
Submit he muſt; or, if they will not part,
Ourſelf in arms ſhall tear her from his heart.
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Penſive they walk along the barren ſands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aſpect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful diſtance long they ſilent ſtand,
Loth to advance, or ſpeak their hard command;
Decent confuſion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye ſacred miniſters of men and Gods!
I know your meſſage; by conſtraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame,
Patroclus haſte, the fair Briſeïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witneſs, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witneſs to Gods above, and men below!
But firſt, and loudeſt to your prince declare,
That lawleſs tyrant whoſe commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles ſhall remain,
Though proſtrate Greece ſhould bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic paſſion loſt,
Blind to himſelf, and uſeleſs to his hoſt,
Unſkill'd to judge the future by the paſt,
In blood and ſlaughter ſhall repent at laſt.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in ſoft ſorrow, and in penſive thought,
Paſt ſilent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, ſlow moving o'er the ſtrand.
Not ſo his loſs the fierce Achilles bore;
But ſad retiring to the founding ſhore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother ſprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and diſdain,
Thus loud lamented to the ſtormy main:
O parent Goddeſs! ſince in early bloom
Thy ſon muſt fall, by too ſevere a doom;
Sure, to ſo ſhort a race of glory born,
Great Jove in Juſtice ſhould this ſpan adorn:
Honour and fame at leaſt the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promiſe of a God;
If yon proud monarch thus thy ſon defies,
Obſcures my glories, and reſumes my prize.
Far from the deep receſſes of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddeſs-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a miſt ſhe roſe above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked ſhores,
And thus the ſorrows of his ſoul explores.
Why grieves my ſon? Thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He deeply ſighing ſaid: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè ſacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treaſure loaded and triumphant ſpoils;
Whoſe juſt diviſions crown'd the ſoldier's toils;
But bright Chryſeïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote ſelected, to the general's bed.
The prieſt of Phœbus ſought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint conſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair;
Not ſo Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
The ſire inſulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' inſulted ſire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague enſues: th' avenging darts
Inceſſant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inſpir'd by Heaven aroſe,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myſelf the firſt th' aſſembled chiefs incline
T' avert the avengeance of the power divine;
Then riſing in his wrath, the monarch ſtorm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryſeïs to her ſire was ſent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;

But now he ſeiz'd Briſeïs heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And ſervice, faith, and juſtice plead in vain.
But, Goddeſs! thou thy ſuppliant ſon attend,
To high Olympus' ſhining court aſcend,
Urge all the ties to former ſervice ow'd,
And ſue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft haſt thou triumph'd in the glorious boaſt,
That thou ſtood'ſt forth of all th' æthereal hoſt,
When bold rebellion ſhook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, the monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durſt threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.
Then call'd by thee, the monſter Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering ſkies enormous ſtalk'd along;
Not * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth ſo ſtrong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he ſtands,
And brandiſh'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confeſs'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curſe of ſuch a king:
Let Agamemnon liſt his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warrior of the Grecian race.
Unhappy ſon! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of Heaven to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and fill'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, far from Ilion ſhould thy veſſels ſail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The ſire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The Goddeſs ſpoke: the rolling waves unclоſe;
Then down the deep ſhe plung'd from whence ſhe roſe,
And left him ſorrowing on the lonely coaſt,
In wild reſentment for the fair he loſt.
In Chryſa's port now ſage Ulyſſes rode;
Beneath the deck the deſtin'd victims ſtow'd;
The ſails they furl'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the ſhore their hecatomb they land,
Chryſeïs laſt deſcending on the ſtrand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulyſſes led to Phœbus' ſacred fane;
Where at his ſolemn alter as the maid
He gave to Chryſes, thus the Hero ſaid:
Hail! reverend prieſt! to Phœbus' awful dome
A ſuppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unranſom'd here receive the ſpotleſs fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who ſcatters darts around,
Aton'd by ſacrifice, deſiſt to wound.
At this, the ſire embrac'd the maid again,
So ſadly loſt, ſo lately ſought in vain.
Then near the alter of the darting king,
Diſpos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And ſolemn voice, the prieſt directs his prayer:
God of the ſilver bow, thy ear incline,
Whoſe power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whoſe ſacred eye thy Tenedos ſurveys,
And gilds fair Chryſa with diſtinguiſh'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy prieſt's requeſt,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging peſt;
Once more attend! avert the waſteful woe,
And ſmile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryſes pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the ſalted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims ſlew:
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide;
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide:
On theſe, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The prieſt himſelf before his altar ſtands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and ſees the flames aſpire;
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire;
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, tranſfix, and roaſt the reſt:
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
With pure libations they conclude the feaſt;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, diſpenſe the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Paeans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends:

* Neptune.

The Greeks, reſtor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong.
'Twas night; the chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch, and hoiſt the maſt: indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand):
Then part, where ſtretch'd along the winding bay
The ſhips and tents in mingled proſpects lay.
But raging ſtill, amidſt his navy ſate
The ſtern Achilles, ſtedfaſt in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But waſting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and ſlaughter roll,
And ſcenes of blood riſe dreadful in his ſoul.
Twelve days were paſt, and now the dawning light
The Gods had ſummon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove firſt aſcending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning miſt in early day,
Roſe from the flood the daughter of the ſea;
And to the ſeats divine her flight addreſt.
There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thunderer ſat; where old Olympus ſhrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddeſs ſtood: one hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd:
If e'er, O Father of the Gods! ſhe ſaid,
My words could pleaſe thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my ſon beſtow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at leaſt by heavenly promiſe due
To life ſo ſhort, and now diſhonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever juſt and wiſe!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans riſe;
Till the proud kind, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honour him they now diſgrace.
Thus Thetis ſpoke, but Jove in ſilence held
The ſacred councils of his breaſt conceal'd.
Not ſo repuls'd, the Goddeſs cloſer preſt,
Still graſp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear requeſt:
O ſire of Gods and men! thy ſuppliant hear;
Refuſe, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis leaſt the care of Jove?
She ſaid, and ſighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies?
What haſt thou aſk'd? Ah why ſhould Jove engage
In foreign conteſts, and domeſtic rage,
The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, leſt the haughty partner of my ſway
With jealous eyes thy cloſe acceſs ſurvey;
But part in peace, ſecure thy prayer is ſped:
Witneſs the ſacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign,
This ſeals thy ſuit, and this fulfills thy vows—
He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook.
Swift to the ſeas profound the Goddeſs flies,
Jove to his ſtarry manſion in the ſkies.
The ſhining ſynod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of ſtate
Ariſing ſilent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majeſty of heaven appear.
Trembling they ſtand, while Jove aſſumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had ſhe view'd the ſilver-footed dame,
And all her paſſions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (ſhe cries)
Who now partakes the ſecrets of the ſkies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial ſtate.
What favourite Goddeſs then thoſe cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his conſort hides?
To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The ſacred counſels of Almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkneſs lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the firſt ſhalt know
The firſt of Gods above and men below;
But thou, nor they, ſhall ſearch the thoughts that roll
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of my ſoul.
Full on the fire the Goddeſs of the ſkies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majeſtic eyes,
And thus return'd: Auſtere Saturnius, ſay
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy ſway?
Thy boundleſs will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counſels take the deſtin'd courſe.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was ſeen
In cloſe conſult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the ſignal vain that ſhook the ſky.
What fatal favour has the Goddeſs won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable ſon?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people ſlain.
Then thus the God: Oh reſtleſs fate of pride,
That ſtrives to learn what heaven reſolves to hide;
Vain is the ſearch, preſumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this ſuffice; th' immutable decree
No force can ſhake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddeſs, ſubmit, nor dare our will withſtand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united ſtrength of all the Gods above
In vain reſiſts th' omnipotence of Jove.

The Thunderer ſpoke, nor durſt the Queen reply:
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky.
The feaſt diſturb'd, with ſorrow Vulcan ſaw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleaſure his deſign,
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal ſtate
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in ſenſeleſs ſtrife employ,
We, in eternal peace and conſtant joy.
Thou Goddeſs-mother, with our ſire comply,
Nor break the ſacred union of the ſky;
Leſt, rouz'd to rage, he ſhake the bleſt abodes,
Launch the red lightening, and dethrone the Gods.
If you ſubmit, the Thunderer ſtands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.
Thus Vulcan ſpoke; and riſing with a bound,
The double bowl with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
Goddeſs, (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God ſo daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand againſt the force of Jove?
Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toſt all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motions loſt;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
He ſaid, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which with a ſmile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the reſt he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſkies.
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound.
Mean time the radiant ſun, to mortal ſight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their ſtarry domes the Gods depart,
The ſhining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno ſlumber'd on the golden bed.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

JUPITER, in purſuance of the requeſt of Thetis, ſends a deceitful viſion to Agamemnon, perſuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks ſenſible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his aſſiſtance, but fears the army was diſcouraged by his abſence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their diſpoſition by a ſtratagem. He firſt communicates his deſign to the princes in council, that he would propoſe a return to the ſoldiers, and that they ſhould put a ſtop to them if the propoſal was embraced. Then he aſſembles the whole hoſt, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimouſly agree to it, and run to prepare the ſhips. They are detained by the management of Ulyſſes, who chaſtiſes

the inſolence of Therſites. The aſſembly is recalled, ſeveral ſpeeches made on the occaſion, and at length the advice of Neſtor followed, which was, to make a general muſter of the troops, and to divide them into their ſeveral nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occaſion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book conſiſts not entirely of one day. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the ſea-ſhore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' ſon he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
And thus commands the viſion of the night:
Fly hence, deluding Dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the duſty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illuſion fled,
Deſcends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloath'd in the figure of the Pylian ſage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples ſpreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
Can'ſt thou, with all a monarch's cares oppreſt,
Oh, Atreus ſon! can'ſt thou indulge thy reſt?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes,
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And truſt the viſion that deſcends from Jove.
The phantom ſaid; then vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Reſolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thouſand ſchemes the monarch's mind employ:
Elate in thought, he ſacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor ſaw what Jove and ſecret fate deſign'd,
What mighty toils to either hoſt remain,
What ſcenes of grief, and numbers of the ſlain!
Eager he riſes, and in fancy hears
The voice celeſtial murmuring in his ears.
Firſt on his limbs a ſlender veſt he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;
Th' embroider'd ſandals on his feet were tied;
The ſtarry faulchion glitter'd at his ſide;
And laſt his arm the maſſy ſceptre loads,
Unſtain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now roſy morn aſcends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king diſpatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and ſummon all the bands;
The gathering hoſts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ſhip the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a ſenate of the Peers around;
Th' aſſembly plac'd, the king of men expreſt
The counſels labouring in his artful breaſt:
Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight,
Whoſe viſionary form like Neſtor came,
The ſame in habit, and in mien the ſame.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, doſt thou ſleep, Oh, Atreus' ſon? (he ſaid)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes;
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear obſervant, and the Gods obey!
The viſion ſpoke, and paſt in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! ſince Heaven itſelf alarms;
Unite, and rouſe the ſons of Greece to arms.
But firſt, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unſucceſsful war!
To move the troops to meaſure back the main
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.
He ſpoke, and ſat; when Neſtor riſing ſaid,
(Neſtor, whom Pylos' ſandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline;
Nor doubt the viſion of the power divine;

Sent by great Jove to him that rules the hoſt,
Forbid it Heaven! this warning ſhould be loſt!
Then let us haſte, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouſe the ſons of Greece to arms.
Thus ſpoke the ſage: The kings without delay
Diſſolve the council, and their chief obey:
The ſceptred rulers lead: the following hoſt
Pour'd forth by thouſands, darkens all the coaſt.
As from ſome rocky cleft the ſhepherd ſees
Cluſtering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, ſwarms ſucceeding ſwarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarſe alarms;
Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale deſcends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ſhips, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'erſhades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening ſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the meſſenger of Jove,
And ſhining ſoars, and claps her wings above.
Nine ſacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, ſuſpend the liſtening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd:
High in his hand the golden ſceptre blaz'd:
The golden ſceptre, of celeſtial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift reſign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyeſtes next the prize deſcends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.
On this bright ſceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the ſpeech deſign'd:
Ye ſons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with juſtice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with ſpoils.
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt,
Our blood, our treaſure, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, reſiſtleſs lord of all!
At whoſe command whole empires riſe or fall:
He ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towns and armies humbles to the duſt.
What ſhame to Greece a fruitleſs war to wage,
Oh, laſting ſhame in every future age!
Once great in arms the common ſcorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe:
So ſmall their number, that if wars were ceas'd
And Greece triumphant held a general feaſt,
And rank'd by tens, whole decads when they dine
Muſt want a Trojan ſlave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since firſt the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our veſſels lie,
And ſcarce enſure the wretched power to fly.
Haſte then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, ſafety, ſummon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey,
Our ſhatter'd barks may yet tranſport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native ſhore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your ſails and oars employ,
And dream no more of Heaven-defended Troy.
His deep deſign unknown, the hoſts approve
Atrides' ſpeech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian ſhore,
From Eaſt and South when winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark manſions in the clouds, and ſweep
The whitening ſurface of the ruffled deep,
And as on corn when weſtern guſts deſcend,
Before the blaſt the lofty harveſts bend:
Thus o'er the field the moving hoſt appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving ſpears.
The gathering murmur ſpreads, their trampling feet
Beat the looſe ſands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-reſounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ſhips, and launch into the main.
They toil, they ſweat, thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
The doubling clamours echo to the ſkies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hoſtile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight ſurvey'd,
And ſighing, thus beſpoke the blue-ey'd maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire diſgrace!
And leave unpuniſh'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, ſhall Priam, and th' adulterous ſpouſe,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And braveſt chiefs, in Helen's quarrel ſlain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon deteſted plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent ſhine in brazen arms.
Haſte, Goddeſs, haſt! the flying hoſt detain,
Nor let one ſail be hoiſted on the main.
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ſhips precipitates her flight;
Ulyſſes, firſt in public cares, ſhe found,
For prudent counſel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppreſs'd with gen'rous grief the hero ſtood,
Nor drew his ſable veſſels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine Laërtes' ſon!
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own diſgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen ſtill remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thouſand heroes bleed?
Haſte, generous Ithacus! prevent the ſhame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.

Your own reſiſtleſs eloquence employ,
And to the Immortals truſt the fall of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyſſes heard, nor uninſpir'd obey'd:
Then meeting firſt Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial ſceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and reſpect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praiſe, or with perſuaſion mov'd.
Warriours, like you, with ſtrength and wiſdom bleſt,
By brave examples ſhould confirm the reſt.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but reſents our fears,
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in ſecret council ſpoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour ſprings,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
But if a clamorous vile plebeian roſe,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be ſtill, thou ſlave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye Gods, what daſtards would our hoſt command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be ſilent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worſt of tyrants, an uſurping crowd:
To one ſole monarch Jove commits the ſway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.
With words like theſe the troops Ulyſſes rul'd,
The loudeſt ſilenc'd, and the fierceſt cool'd.
Back to th' aſſembly roll'd the thronging train,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge ſurges to the trembling ſhores:
The groaning banks are burſt with bellowing ſound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult ſinks, the noiſes ceaſe,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the camp to peace,
Therſites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpects control'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice ſtudious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ſtile,
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of every Greek,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.
Sharp was his voice, which, in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warriour's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our war and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy cheſts o'erflow,
Thus at full eaſe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hoſtile towers,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For Troy to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagued with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In loves and pleaſures on the Phrygian ſhore.
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When Hector comes: ſo great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And durſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat at this Ulyſſes ſprings,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He vies the wretch, and ſternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor raſhly vain
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the Greeks to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let thoſe lips profane the name of king.
For our return we truſt the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear.
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And ſend thee ſcourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.
He ſaid, and cowering as the daſtard bends,
The weighty ſceptre on his back deſcends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumours riſe;
The tears ſpring ſtarting from his haggard eyes:

Trembling he ſat, and, ſhrunk in abject fears,
From his vile viſage wip'd the ſcalding tears.
While to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulyſſes wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he riſes in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of inſolence.
Such juſt examples on offenders ſhown,
Sedition ſilence, and aſſert the throne.
'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd;
Who, riſing high, th' imperial ſceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celeſtial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in ſtill attention hung,
To hear the wiſdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, panſing ere he ſpoke,
His ſilence thus the prudent hero broke:
Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With ſhame deſerting, heap with vile diſgrace.
Not ſuch at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud ſtructures ſhould in aſhes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native ſhore!
What could their wives or helpleſs children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one ſhort month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wiſh our peaceful ſeat,
When the ſhip toſſes, and the tempeſts beat:
Then well may this long ſtay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian hoſt I blame;
But vanquiſh'd! baffled! oh, eternal ſhame!
Expect the time to Troy's deſtruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What paſs'd at Aulis, Greece can witneſs bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beſide a fountain's ſacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd:
('Twas where the plane-tree ſpreads its ſhades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon ſhot, of dire portent;
From Jove himſelf the dreadful ſign was ſent.
Straight to the tree his ſanguine ſpire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmoſt branch a mother-bird poſſeſt;
Eight callow infants fill'd the moſſy neſt;
Herſelf the ninth: the ſerpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and craſh'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miſerable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother laſt, as round the neſt ſhe flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monſter flew:
Nor long ſurviv'd; to marble turn'd he ſtands
A laſting prodigy on Aulis' ſands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Truſt in his omen, and ſupport the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling ſought the powers with ſacrifice,
Full of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried,
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aſide.
This wonderous ſignal Jove himſelf diſplays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praiſe.
As many birds as by the ſnake were ſlain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain,
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fate decreed;
Thus ſpoke the prophet, thus the fates ſucceed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with ſubmiſſion wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
He ſaid: the ſhores with loud applauſes ſound,
The hollow ſhips each deafening ſhout rebound.
Then Neſtor thus—Theſe vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high reſolves at laſt?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements paſt?
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vaniſh'd like their ſmoke: the faith of men!
While uſeleſs words conſume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy ſo long reſiſts our powers.
Riſe, great Atrides! and with courage ſway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare reſiſt thy laws,
The mean deſerters of the Grecian cauſe,
To grudge the conqueſts mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our ſucceſsful wars.
On that great day when firſt the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
Jove on the right, a proſperous ſignal ſent,
And thunder rolling ſhook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious ſtrife,
Till every ſoldier graſp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to baſe, inglorious flight:
Stand forth that Greek! and hoiſt his ſail to fly,
And die the daſtard firſt, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs adviſe:
Nor what they offer, thou thyſelf deſpiſe.
Among thoſe councils, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
His ſeparate troops let every leader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or ſoldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus diſtinct they war, ſhall ſoon be known,
And what the cauſe of Ilion not o'er-thrown;
If fate reſiſts, or if our arms are ſlow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in ſpeaking well?
O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee;
Such wiſdom ſoon ſhould Priam's force deſtroy,
And ſoon ſhould fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges thoſe he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd: a captive maid the cauſe:

riends we join, the Trojan wall
e, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
ye warriours, take a ſhort repaſt:
refreſh'd, to bloody conflict haſte.
n'd ſpear let every Grecian wield,
Grecian fix his brazen ſhield:
ite the fiery ſteeds of war,
combat fit the rattling car.
this dreadful day, let each contend;
o reſpite, till the ſhades deſcend;
eſs, or till death, ſhall cover all:
r bleed, and let the mighty fall!
in ſweat be every manly breaſt,
uge ſhield each brawny arm depreſt,
g nerve refuſe the lance to throw,
ſpent courſer at the chariot blow.
, inglorious, in his ſhips to ſtay,
to tremble on this ſignal day;
:h, too mean to fall by martial power,
ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
narch ſpoke; and ſtrait a murmur roſe,
e ſurges when the tempeſt blows,
d on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
and thunder on the ſtony ſhore.
the tents the troops diſperſing bend,
ire kindled, and the ſmokes aſcend;
feaſt they ſacrifice, and pray,
e dangers of the doubtful day.
five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
high altars Agamemnon led:
e the nobleſt of the Grecian peers;
r firſt, as moſt advanc'd in years.
: Idomeneus, and Tydeus' ſon,
eſs, and Ajax Telamon;
Ulyſſes in his rank was plac'd;
:laus came unbid, the laſt.
ſurround the deſtin'd beaſt, and take
l offering of the ſalted cake.
s the king prefers his ſolemn prayer:
whoſe thunder rends the clouded air,
e heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
of Gods! unbounded and alone!
d before the burning ſun deſcends,
night her gloomy veil extends,
e duſt be laid yon hoſtile ſpires,
s palace ſunk in Grecian fires,
's breaſt be plung'd this ſhining ſword,
hter'd heroes groan around their lord!
ray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
e refus'd, and toſt in empty air:
iverſe, while yet the fumes aroſe,
new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
yers perform'd, the chiefs the rite purſue,
r ſprinkled, and the victim ſlew,
they ſever from th' incloſing hide,
s, ſelected to the Gods, divide.
in double cauls involv'd with art,
eſt morſels lie from every part.
cleft wood the crackling flames aſpire,
fat victim feed the ſacred fire.
s thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
nts part, transfix, and roaſt the reſt;
ad the cables, the repaſt prepare,
s his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.

Soon as the rage of hunger was ſuppreſt,
The generous Neſtor thus the prince addreſt:
Now bid thy heralds ſound the loud alarms,
And call the ſquadrons ſheath'd in brazen arms:
Now ſeize th' occaſion, now the troops ſurvey,
And lead to war when Heaven direct the way.
He ſaid; the monarch iſſued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs incloſe their king: the hoſt divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either ſide.
High in the midſt the blue-eyed Virgin flies;
From rank to rank ſhe darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal ſhield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vaſt orb an hundred ſerpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and ſtrings their nervous arms;
No more they ſigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on ſome mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames aſcend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds ariſe,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the ſkies:
So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendour flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in Aſius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayſter's ſprings,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tower aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are covered o'er,
And thundering footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore.
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as inſects play,
The wandering nation of a ſummer's day,
That, drawn by milky ſteams, at evening hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the Grecian ſquadrons ſtood
In radiant arms, and thirſt for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his ſcattered force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
collects his flocks from thouſands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majeſtically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outſhines them all;
Like ſome proud bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.
Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal nine!

Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd height,
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight.
(We wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh, say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
The mighty labour daunt'less I pursue:
What crowd armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

The Catalogue of the Ships.

The hardy warriours whom Bœotia bred,
Penelius, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.
Those who on Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
Or Thespia sacred to the God of Day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thisbè, fam'd for silver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nysa the divine.
And they whom Thebè's well-built walls enclose,
Where Mydè, Eutresus, Coroné rose;
And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriours through the foaming seas.
To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plow the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Jalmen and Ascalaphus the strong:
Sons of Astyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whose Virgin charms subdued the God of War
(In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress).
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep
With equal oars the hoarse-resounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.
These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close on the left, the bold Bœotians side.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son:
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands,
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,
And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's sylvan seats reside:
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.
Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
Th' Isteian field for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with protended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields,
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy sane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise)
No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embody'd host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.
With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrinthè's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In four-score barks they plow the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adrastus' ancient reign:
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.

n the deck the king of men appears,
s refulgent arms in triumph wears;
of his hoſt, unrivall'd in his reign,
t pomp he moves along the main.
rother follows, and to vengeance warms
rdy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
and Bryſia's valiant troops, and thoſe
Lacedæmon's lofty hills incloſe:
ſe's towers for ſilver doves renown'd,
e, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
oſe whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
los, on the margin of the main:
o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cauſe,
ſhips, with Menelaus draws:
nd loud from man to man he flies,
e and fury flaming in his eyes;
vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
one's grief, and ſees her falling tears.
ety ſail, from Pylos' ſandy coaſt,
he ſage conducts his choſen hoſt:
mphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Æpy high, and little Pteleon ſtand;
beauteous Arenè her ſtructures ſhows,
ryon's walls Alpheus' ſtreams incloſe:
rion, fam'd for Thamyris' diſgrace,
r once of all the tuneful race,
in of mortals empty praiſe, he ſtrove
h the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove!
ing bard! whoſe unſucceſsful pride
ortal Muſes in their art defy'd.
ging Muſes of the light of day
d his eyes, and ſnatch'd his voice away;
e his heavenly voice was heard to ſing,
d no more awak'd the ſilver ſtring.
e under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
ded tomb of old Ægyptus ſtood;
ipè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
nean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
he fat herds in plenteous paſture rove;
mphelus with her ſurrounding grove,
a, on her ſnowy cliffs reclin'd,
h Eniſpè ſhook by wintery wind,
Mantinea's ever pleaſing ſite;
ſail th' Arcadian bands unite.
apenor, glorious at their head,
s' ſon) the mighty ſquadron led.
ips, ſupply'd by Agamemnon's care,
roaring ſeas the wondering warriours
r;
t to battle on th' appointed plain,
to all the dangers of the main.
, where fair Elis and Buprafium join;
Hyrmin, here, and Myrſinus confine,
nded there where o'er the valleys roſe
ian rock; and where Alifium flows;
four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
ngth and glory of th' Epean name.
ate ſquadrons theſe their train divide,
ds ten veſſels through the yielding tide.
Amphimachus, and Thalphius one
this, and that Teätus ſon);
rung from Amarynceus' line;
at Polyxenus, of force divine.

But thoſe who view fair Elis over the ſeas
From the bleſt iſlands of th' Echinades,
In forty veſſels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
To ſtrong Dulichium from his ſire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulyſſes follow'd through the watery road,
A chief, in wiſdom equal to a God.
With thoſe who Cephalenia's iſle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coaſt oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos ſhakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged ſides are ſeen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
Theſe in twelve galleys with vermillion prores,
Beneath his conduct ſought the Phrygian ſhores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian ſteep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriours from th' Ætolian ſhore,
For now the ſons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himſelf, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas care now truſt the martial train,
His forty veſſels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnoſſus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And thoſe who dwell where Rhytion's domes ariſe,
Or white Lycaſtus glitters to the ſkies,
Or where by Phæſtus ſilver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her ſons.
Theſe march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.
Tlepolemus, the ſon of Hercules,
Led nine ſwift veſſels through the foamy ſeas;
From Rhodes with everlaſting ſunſhine bright,
Jalyſſus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding ſhore,
Where mighty towns in ruins ſpread the plain,
And ſaw their blooming warriours early ſlain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, ſlew;
For this, conſtrain'd to quit his native place,
And ſhun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many ſeas and many ſufferings paſt,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at laſt:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Encreas'd and proſper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the ſire of men and Gods;
With joy they ſaw the growing empire riſe,
And ſhowers of wealth deſcending from the ſkies.
Three ſhips with Nireus ſought the Trojan
ſhore,
Nireus, whom Aglïe to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
The lovelieſt youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and ſmall his ſtrength in arms.

Next thirty gal[illegible] cleave the liquid plain,
Of thoſe Calydnæ's ſea-girt iſles contain;
With them the youth of Nyſyrus repair,
Caſus the ſtrong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus poſſeſt the ſway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
Theſe Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theſſalus the king.
Now, Muſe, recount Pelaſgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's ſpacious vales; and Hella, bleſt
With female beauty far beyond the reſt.
Full fifty ſhips beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Theſſalians all, though various in their name;
The ſame their nation, and their chief the ſame.
But now, inglorious, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Cloſe in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briſeis from his arms was torn,
The nobleſt ſpoil from ſack'd Lyrneſſus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold ſons of great Evenus ſlew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But ſoon to riſe in ſlaughter, blood, and war.
To theſe the youth of Phylacè ſucceed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And graſſy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the ſylvan ſcenes,
Sweet Pyrrhaſus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
Theſe own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
Unfiniſh'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
His troops in forty ſhips Podarces led,
Iphiclus' ſon, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt.
The men who Glaphyra's fair ſoil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake.
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iölcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ſhips embark'd for Ilion's ſhore:
With bold Eumelus, whom Alceſte bore:
All Pelias' race Alceſtè far outſhin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methone, or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Meliboea's fields,
With Philoctetes ſail'd, whoſe matchleſs art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ſhips; each veſſel fifty row,
Skill'd in his ſcience of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length ſhall wiſh, nor wiſh in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' ſhore,
Oïleus' ſon, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Oechalian race, in thoſe high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty ſail the ſparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To theſe his ſkill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Aſterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in ſnow,
And where Hyperia's ſilver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argiſſa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades,
Gyrtonè's warriours; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleoſſon's chalky cliffs ariſe.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal ſway
Leontes leads, and forty ſhips obey.
In twenty ſail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With theſe the Enians join'd, and thoſe who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleaſing Tjtareſius glides
And into Peneus rolls his eaſy tides;
Yet o'er the ſilver ſurface pure they flow,
The ſacred ſtream unmix'd with ſtreams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Laſt under Prothous the Magneſians ſtood,
Prothous the ſwift, of old Tenthredron's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obſcures the glade, and nods his ſhaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus ſtray'd,
(The region ſtretch'd beneath his mighty ſhade)
In forty ſable barks they ſtemm'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and ſuch the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muſe! of all Achaia breeds,
Who braveſt fought, or rein'd the nobleſt ſteeds?
Eumelus' mares are foremoſt in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's faithful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the ſilver bow.
Fierce in the fight their noſtrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the ſame;

* Æſculapius.

O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the firſt renown acquir'd,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the ſtrength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly ſteeds).
But Thetis' ſon now ſhines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the ſandy ſhore,
In empty air their ſportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the diſk, or bend an idle bow:
Unſtain'd with blood his cover'd chariots ſtand;
Th' immortal courſers graze along the ſtrand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.

Now like a deluge, covering all around,
The ſhining armies ſwept along the ground:
Swift as a flood of fire, when ſtorms ariſe,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the ſkies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, preſt beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs ſhe found,
The old conſulting, and the youths around.
Polites' ſhape, the monarch's ſon, ſhe choſe,
Who from Æſetes' tomb obſerv'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in proſpect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this diſſembled form, ſhe haſtes to bring
Th' unwelcome meſſage to the Phrygian king:

Ceaſe to conſult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Aſſembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now ſuch numbers charg'd the field,
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving ſand,
The moving ſquadrons blacken all the ſtrand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Aſſemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In juſt array let every leader call
The foreign troops; this day demands them all.

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriours ruſh to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the duſky plain.
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
Amidſt the plain in ſight of Ilion ſtands
A riſing mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateïa in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hoſts appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the reſt,
Shakes his huge ſpear, and nods his plumy creſt;
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchiſes' ſon by Venus' ſtol'n embrace,
Born in the ſhades of Ida's ſecret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Acamas divide
The warriour's toils, and combat by his ſide.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Faſt by the foot of Ida's ſacred hill;
Or drink, Æſepus, of thy ſable flood:
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to ſhow,
Grac'd with the preſent of his ſhafts and bow.
From rich Apæſus' and Adreſtia's towers,
High Tereæ's ſummits, and Pityea's bowers;
From theſe the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adraſtus' equal ſway:
Old Merops' ſons; whom, ſkill'd in fates to come,
The fire forewarn'd, and propheſy'd their doom;
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to war, and periſh'd on the plain.
From Practius' ſtream, Percote's paſture lands,
And Seſtos and Abydos' neighbouring ſtrands,
From great Ariſba's walls and Selle's coaſt,
Aſius Hyrtacides conducts his hoſt:
High on his car he ſhakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courſers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelaſgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larilſa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother-leaders ſhine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hoſts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coaſts;
Round the bleak realms where Helleſpontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.
Pyæchmus the Pœonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the diſtant Amydon;
Axius, that ſwells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her ſavage mules,
Where Erythinus' riſing clifts are ſeen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Seſamus invades the ſky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epiſtrophus command,
From thoſe far regions where the ſun refines
The ripening ſilver in Alybean mines.
There mighty Chromis led the Myſian train,
And augur Eunomus, inſpir'd in vain,
For ſtern Achilles lopt his ſacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcis and brave Aſcanius here unite
Th' Aſcanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of thoſe who round Mæonia's realms reſide,
Or whom the vales in ſhades of Tmolus hide,
Meſtles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' ſilent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' ſhady brows,
And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Nauſtes guide the train,
Nauſtes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles ſlain,
The river ſwept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warriour lies;
The valiant victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.
The forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
Which blameleſs Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that diſtant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is ſent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam ſat with his counſellors, obſerving the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is ſnatched away in a cloud by Venus, and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the reſtoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene is ſometimes in the Fields before Troy, and ſometimes in Troy itſelf.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.
With ſhouts the Trojans ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing froſts, or thick-deſcending rain,
To warmer ſeas, the Cranes embody'd fly,
With noiſe, and order, through the mid-way ſky;

To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring.
And all the war deſcends upon the wing.
But ſilent, breathing rage, reſolv'd and ſkill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid duſt around
Darkening ariſes from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus ſheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding miſts the duſky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight ſhade;
While ſcarce the ſwains their feeding flocks ſurvey,
Loſt and confus'd amidſt the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering duſt, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, ſwept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom Troy ſent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung,
Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the Grecian race.
As thus with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he ſeizes and devours the ſlain,
Preſt by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerves to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd, from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;
Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the ſhining warriour flies,
And plung'd amid the thickeſt Trojans lies.
As God-like Hector ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadſt thou died when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or died at leaſt before the nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly, the ſcandal of the Trojan hoſt.
Gods! how the ſcornful Greeks exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvaſs flow,
And crowds ſtood wondering at the paſſing ſhow;
Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outſhin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right?
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.
His ſilence here, with bluſhes, Paris breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:
But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force like ſteel a temper'd hardneſs ſhows,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows.
Like ſteel, uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain:
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain them, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, would'ſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The Greeks and Trojans ſeat on either hand;
Then let a midway ſpace our hoſts divide,
And on that ſtage of war the cauſe be tri'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth ſhe brought:
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
He ſaid. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow:
While round his dauntleſs head the Grecians pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhower.
Then thus the monarch great Atrides cri'd;
Forbear, ye warriours! lay the darts aſide:
A parley Hector aſks, a meſſage bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.

* Theſeus and Menelaus.

Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the Spartan king to ſingle fight;
And wills, that Helen and the raviſh'd ſpoil
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: the Spartan chief reply'd:
Me too, ye warriours, hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field deſign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that muſt, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the reſt, ſecure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a ſable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſiderate age;
His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wavering ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in every breaſt.
Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore,
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen,
With lances fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now, diſpatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rain-bow flies
(Like fair Laodicè in form and face,
The loveliеſt nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.
The Trojan wars ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wondrous ſcenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This ſaid, the many colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and makes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a ſnowy veil ſhe threw,
And, ſoftly ſighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her ſilent footſteps to the Scæan gate.
There ſat the ſeniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and moſt in Priam's grace)
The king the firſt; Thymœtes at his ſide;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetäon, once the ſtrong;
And next, the wiſeſt of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and ſage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and baſk'd before the ſun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wiſe through time, and narrative with age,
In ſummer-days like graſhoppers rejoice,
A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice.
Theſe, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtic mien!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the Trojan race.
The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy Grecian ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our preſent ſufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;
The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)
Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine!
Though ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:
Before thy preſence, father, I appear
With conſcious ſhame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form, whoſe crime it was to pleaſe.
The king of kings, Atrides, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:

My brother once, before my days of ſhame;
And oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O bleſt Atrides! born to proſperous fate,
Succeſsful monarch of a mighty ſtate!
How vaſt thy empire! Of yon matchleſs train
What numbers loſt, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When god-like Mygdon led their troops of horſe,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Againſt the manlike Amazons we ſtood,
And Sangar's ſtream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior thoſe, in martial grace
And ſtrength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
This ſaid, once more he view'd the warriour-train:
What's he whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain;
Broad is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct ſmall;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The ſtately ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
And, maſter of the flock, ſurveys them round.
Then Helen thus: Whom your diſcerning eyes
Have ſingled out, is Ithacus the wiſe:
A barren iſland boaſts his glorious birth:
His fame for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myſelf, O king! have ſeen that wond'rous man:
When, truſting Jove and hoſpitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cauſe;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the ſame requeſt)
My houſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:
I knew their perſons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan moſt engag'd our view;
Ulyſſes ſeated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' ſon harangu'd the liſtening train,
Juſt was his ſenſe, and his expreſſion plain,
His words ſuccinct, yet full, without a fault;
He ſpoke no more than juſt the thing he ought.
But when Ulyſſes roſe, in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fixt upon the ground,
As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
But, when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,
The copious accents fall with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurprize;
Our ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.
The king then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endued;
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature, far exceed the reſt?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himſelf a hoſt: the Grecian ſtrength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus ſuperior towers
Amidſt yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and Pollux, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant Troy refus'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſwords ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore,
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable king addreſt:
Ariſe, O father of the Trojan ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy ſon, and Sparta's king advance,
In meaſur'd liſts to toſs the weighty lance;
And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, Antenor at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds through Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian hoſt and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the ſage Ulyſſes then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the king of men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ponderous ſword;
From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes ſhare;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands:
O firſt and greateſt power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain ſway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole!

Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!
Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plow the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And every age record the signal day.
Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.
With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw.
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky;
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
Ye Grecks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all.
This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground include:
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heaven's supreme lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the generous courses neigh.
The beauteous warriour now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, and silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corselet his fair body dreft,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast:
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warriour to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warriour drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,

ıeen of love her favour'd champion ſhrouds
ods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
from the field the panting youth ſhe led,
ntly laid him on the bridal bed,
ɔleaſing ſweets his fainting ſenſe renews,
l the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.
ntime the brighteſt of the female kind,
atchleſs Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;
, beſet with Trojan beauties, came
ow'd form * he laughter-loving dame,
em'd an ancient maid, well-ſkill'd to cull
ɔwy fleece, and wind the twiſted wool.)
ddeſs ſoftly ſhook her ſilken veſt,
ed perfumes, and whiſpering thus addreſt:

e, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
ɔm the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
a God! with odours round him ſpread
. and waits thee on the well-known bed:
e a warrior parted from the foe,
ıe gay dancer in the public ſhow.
poke, and Helen's ſecret ſoul was mov'd;
rn'd the champion, but the man ſhe lov'd
nus' neck, her eyes that ſparkled fire,
eaſt, reveal'd the Queen of ſoft deſire.
with her preſence, ſtraight the lively red
: her cheek; and, trembling, thus ſhe
l:
it ſtill thy pleaſure to deceive?
ɔman's frailty always to believe?
new nations muſt I croſs the main,
y wars to ſome ſoft Aſian plain?
ɔm muſt Helen break her ſecond vow?
her Paris is thy darling now?
Atrides (victor in the ſtrife)
us conqueſt, and a captive wife,
et me ſail: and if thy Paris bear
nce ill, let Venus eaſe his care.
maid Goddeſs at his ſide to wait,
ce the glories of thy heavenly ſtate,
for ever to the Trojan ſhore,
aſe, or ſlave; and mount the ſkies no
e.
to lawleſs love no longer led,
he coward, and deteſt his bed;
ild I merit everlaſting ſhame,
ɔn reproach, from every Phrygian dame:

t now the joys of love to know,
› my anguiſh, and too wild my woe.
thus incens'd, the Paphian queen re-
lies;
: power from whom thy glories riſe:
Venus leave thee, every charm muſt fly,

ɔn thy cheek, and languiſh in thy eye.
provoke me, leſt I make thee more
ld's averſion, than their love before;
bright prize for which mankind engage,
: ſad victim of the public rage.

* Venus.

At this, the faireſt of her ſex obey'd,
And veil'd her bluſhes in a ſilken ſhade;
Unſeen, and ſilent, from the train ſhe moves,
Led by the Goddeſs of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their miſtreſs wait;
Then all, diſperſing, various taſks attend;
The queen and Goddeſs to the prince aſcend.
Full in her Paris' ſight, the Queen of Love
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where as he view'd her charms, ſhe turn'd
away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to ſay:
'Is this the chief, who, loſt to ſenſe of ſhame,
Late fled the field, and yet ſurvives his fame?
Oh hadſt thou dy'd beneath the righteous ſword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaſter Paris oft deſir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in ſingle fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee ſtay, leſt thou unſkill'd
Should'ſt fall an eaſy conqueſt on the field.
The prince replies: Ah ceaſe, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wound I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas's power;
We yet may vanquiſh in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the buſineſs of our life be love:
Theſe ſofter moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces ſnatch the haſty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's ſhore,
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When firſt entranc'd in Cranaë's iſle I lay,
Mix'd with thy ſoul, and all diſſolv'd away!
Thus having ſpoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Ruſh'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd flow with baſhful charms,
And claſp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While theſe to love's delicious rapture yield,
The ſtern Atrides rages round the field:
So ſome fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the deſart, and demands his prey.
Paris he ſeeks, impatient to deſtroy,
But ſeeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n thoſe had yielded to a foe ſo brave
The recreant warriour, hateful as the grave.
Then ſpeaking thus, the king of kings aroſe!
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear, and atteſt! from heaven with conqueſt
crown'd,
Our brother's arms the juſt ſucceſs have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth reſtor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion juſtly pay,
And age to age record this ſignal day.
He ceas'd; his army's loud applauſes riſe,
And the long ſhout runs echoing through the
ſkies.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She perswades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.)—The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebē, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid:
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight.
The Queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye Powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal courses scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

ire whoſe thunder ſhakes the cloudy ſkies
om his inmoſt ſoul, and thus replies:
ng rancour! oh inſatiate hate
ygia's monarch, and the Phrygian ſtate!
igh offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
etched mortals harm the powers above? 50
roy and Troy's whole race thou would'ſt
ıfound.
n fair ſtructures level with the ground?
leave the ſkies, fulfil thy ſtern deſire,
l her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
ım bleed! If yet thou thirſt for more, 55
l his ſons, and Ilion float with gore,
ıdleſs vengeance the wide realm be given,
t deſtruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
leaven no longer hears the name of Troy: 60
uld this arm prepare to wreak our hate
ov'd realms, whoſe guilt demands their fate,
e not thou the lifted bolt to ſtay;
ber Troy, and give the vengeance way.
w, of all the numerous towns that riſe 65
ı the rolling ſun and ſtarry ſkies,
Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
ands ſo dear to Jove as ſacred Troy.
tals merit more diſtinguiſh'd grace
od-like Priam, or than Priam's race, 70
our name their hecatombs expire,
ars blaze with unextinguiſh'd fire.
is the Goddeſs roll'd her radiant eyes,
n the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
owns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75
ear than all th' extended earth contains,
e, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
ıou may'ſt raze, nor I forbid their fall:
: in me the vengeance to remove;
me's ſufficient, that they ſhare my love. 80
rer ſuperiour why ſhould I complain?
I may, but muſt reſent in vain.
ıe diſtinction Juno might require,
with thyſelf from one celeſtial ſire,
leſs born to ſhare the realms above, 85
l'd the conſort of the thundering Jove;
ou a wife and ſiſter's right deny;
ı conſent, and both by turns comply;
l the Gods our joint decrees obey,
eaven ſhall act as we direct the way. 90
dy Pallas waits thy high commands,
e in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
udden friendſhip by her arts may ceaſe,
e proud Trojans firſt infringe the peace.
Sire of men and Monarch of the ſky, 95
rice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
: the league, and all her arts employ
te the breach the faithleſs act of Troy.
with the charge, ſhe headlong urg'd her
flight,
ot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100
red comet, from Saturnius ſent
ht the nations with a dire portent
l ſign to armies on the plain,
nbling ſailors on the wintery main)
veeping glories glides along in air, 105
akes the ſparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hoſts admire
The power deſcending, and the heavens on fire! 110
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this ſignal ſent,
And fate now labours with ſome vaſt event:
Jove ſeals the league, or bloodier ſcenes prepares;
Jove the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They ſaid, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In ſhape a mortal) paſs'd diſguis'd along.
Like bold Laödocus, her courſe ſhe bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high deſcent.
Amidſt the ranks Lycaön's ſon ſhe found,
The warlike Pandarus, for ſtrength renown'd; 120
Whoſe ſquadrons, led from black Æſepus' flood,
With flaming ſhields in martial circle ſtood.
To him the Goddeſs: Phrygian! can'ſt thou hear
A well-tim'd counſel with a willing ear?
What praiſe were thine, could'ſt thou direct thy dart,
Amidſt his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'ſt thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory ſlain!
Then ſeize th' occaſion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breaſt, and may that aim ſucceed! 130
But firſt, to ſpeed thy ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the ſilver bow,
And ſwear the firſtlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.
He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd, 135
His poliſh'd bow with haſty raſhneſs ſeiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and ſmooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain goat reſign'd the ſhining ſpoil,
Who pierc'd long ſince beneath his arrows bled:
The ſtately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140
And ſixteen palms his brow's large honours ſpread:
The workman join'd, and ſhap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unſeen, the warriour bends,
Screen'd by the ſhields of his ſurrounding friends. 145
There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he choſe,
Fated to wound; and cauſe of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150
Apollo's altars in his native town.
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Cloſe to his breaſt he ſtrains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow; 155
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering ſtring.
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power:
Pallas aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
Diverts the weapon from its deſtin'd courſe:
So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.

Juſt where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corſlet lin'd,
She turn'd the ſhaft, which hiſſing from above,
Paſs'd the broad belt, and through the corſlet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the ſkin, and drew the purple gore.
As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph, in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs, and the Tyrian die:
So, great Atrides! ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
As down thy ſnowy thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming flood.
With horror ſeiz'd, the king of men deſcried
The ſhaft infix'd, and ſaw the guſhing tide:
Nor leſs the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The ſhining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a ſigh, that heav'd his manly breaſt,
The royal brother thus his grief expreſt,
And graſp'd his hands; while all the Greeks around
With anſwering ſighs return'd the plaintive ſound:

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The ſolemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hoſtile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be ſlain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is ſcorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Thoſe hands we plighted, and thoſe oaths we ſwore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer blow.
The day ſhall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the duſt ſhall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's ſelf ſhall fall,
And one prodigious ruin ſwallow all.
I ſee the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I ſee th' Eternal all his fury ſhed,
And ſhake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait:
But thou, alas! deſerv'ſt a happier fate.
Still muſt I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my ſhare of praiſe?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartleſs Greeks no more
Shall dream of conqueſts on the hoſtile ſhore;
Troy ſeiz'd of Helen, and our glory loſt,
Thy bones ſhall moulder on a foreign coaſt:
While ſome proud Trojan thus inſulting cries,
(And ſpurns the duſt where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And ſuch the conqueſts of her King of Kings!

"Lo his proud veſſels ſcatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother ſlain."
Oh! ere that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's ſhame.

He ſaid: a leader's and a brother's fears
Poſſeſs his ſoul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltleſs of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now ſeek ſome ſkilful hand, whoſe powerful art
May ſtaunch th' effuſion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be ſwift, and bid Machäon bring
His ſpeedy ſuccour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged ſhaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's ſorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With haſty zeal the ſwift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his ſearching eyes,
And finds Machäon, where ſublime he ſtands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machäon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by ſome Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man:
Swift to his ſuccour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntleſs king yet ſtanding firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the ſteely point the reed was join'd,
The ſhaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd: the corſlet from his breaſt unbrac'd;
Then ſuck'd the blood, and ſovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æſculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans ruſh tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.

Nor had you ſeen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or ſurpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with ſevere delight,
His beating boſom claim'd the riſing fight,
No longer with his warlike ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Or preſs'd the car with poliſh'd braſs inlaid:
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery courſers ſnorted at his ſide.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe reproves.
Brave men! he cries (to ſuch who boldly dare
Urge their ſwift ſteeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us truſt in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whoſe crimes ſit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her ſons and matrons Greece ſhall lead in chains,
And her dead warriours ſtrow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inſpires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, ſcandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deſerve to find!
Why ſtand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still muſt ye wait the foes, and ſtill retire,
Till yon tall veſſels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or truſt ye, Jove a valiant foe ſhall chace,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race?

This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;

High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy expreſt,
And claſp'd the warriour to his armed breaſt:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?
To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriours ſouls,
Though all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his ſpeech addreſt:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in every toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.
But let the ſignal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I aſk of Heaven.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the king his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gathering ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
Till black at night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, th' embattled ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving iron wood;
A ſhady light was ſhot from glimmering ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.
O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe God-like virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaimed the king) who raiſe your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt:
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Then to the next the general bends his courſe
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There reverend Neſtor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt order ſets his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms,
Alaſtor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Incloſ'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed,
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
No ſtrength nor ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warriour turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;
Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preſerv'd their force,
By laws like theſe immortal conqueſts made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great Atrides' heart!
Oh! had'ſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires,
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years, that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks and thus reply'd:
Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew,
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let age advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Meneſtheus on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx ſtands,
And next Ulyſſes with his ſubject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew ſo far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the ſound of war;
The tumult late begun, they ſtood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who ſaw their ſquadrons yet unmov'd,
With haſty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:
Can Peteus' ſon forget a warriour's part,
And fears Ulyſſes, ſkill'd in every art?
Why ſtand you diſtant, and the reſt expect
To mix in combat which yourſelves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the firſt to dare
The ſhock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the reſt,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the genial feaſt:
And can you, chiefs! without a bluſh ſurvey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus thoſe honours you requite:
The firſt in banquets, but the laſt in fight?
Ulyſſes heard: the hero's warmth o'erſpread
His cheek with bluſhes: and ſevere, he ſaid:
Take back th' unjuſt reproach! Behold, we ſtand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy ſoul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickeſt fight.
Then give thy warriour-chief a warriour's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'ſt to view.
Struck with his generous wrath the king replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wiſe!

With ours, thy care and ardour are the ſame,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the tranſport of a martial mind.
Haſte to the fight, ſecure of juſt amends;
The Gods that make, ſhall keep the worthy friends.
He ſaid, and paſs'd where great Tydides lay,
His ſteeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his ſide)
To whom with ſtern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh ſon of Tydeus! (he, whoſe ſtrength could tame
The bounding ſteed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'ſt thou, remote, the mingling hoſts deſcry,
With hands unactive, and a careleſs eye?
Not thus thy ſire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still firſt in front the matchleſs prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I ſaw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful gueſt, he ſaw Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he aſk'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrours of the Theban war.
Next, ſent by Greece from where Aſopus flows,
A fearleſs envoy, he approached the foes;
Thebes' hoſtile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntleſs he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feaſting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all thoſe chiefs around;
Dar'd and ſubdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas ſtrung his arm, and edg'd his ſword.
Stung with the ſhame, within the winding way,
To bar his paſſage fifty warriours lay;
Two heroes led the ſecret ſquadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Thoſe fifty ſlaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He ſpar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and ſuch his martial fire.
Gods! how the ſon degenerates from he ſire!
No words the god-like Diomed return'd,
But heard reſpectful, and in ſecret burn'd:
Not ſo fierce Capaneus' undaunted ſon,
Stern as his ſire, the boaſter thus begun:
What needs, O Monarch, this invidious praiſe,
Ourſelves to leſſen, while our fires you raiſe?
Dare to be juſt, Atrides! and confeſs
Our valour equal, though our fury leſs.
With fewer troops we ſtorm'd the Theban wall,
And happier ſaw the ſevenfold ci y fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The ſons ſubdu'd, for heaven was on their ſide.
Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminiſh'd name.
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppreſs thy paſſion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuſe this rage,
Whoſe cauſe we follow, and whoſe war we wage;
His the firſt praiſe, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief diſgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He ſpoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms reſound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides ruſhing to the war.
As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,
The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing ſtorm, the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on ſhields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and ſilent move the numerous bands;
No ſound, no whiſper, but the chief's commands,
Thoſe only heard: with awe the reſt obey,
As if ſome God had ſnatch'd their voice away.
Not ſo the Trojans; from their hoſt aſcends
A general ſhout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd ſtand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand;
The hollow vales inceſſant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours roſe from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
Each hoſt now joins, and each a God inſpires,
Theſe Mars incites, and thoſe Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful Terrour reign;
And Diſcord raging bathes the purple plain;
Diſcord! dire ſiſter of the ſlaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but riſing every hour:
While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her ſteps ſhe turns,
The groan ſtill deepens, and the combat burns.
Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy ſquadrons drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join, promiſcuous cries,
And ſhrilling ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
As to rents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Ruſh to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thouſand channels to the main;
The diſtant ſhepherd trembling hears the ſound
So mix both hoſts, and ſo their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the ſlaughter led,
The firſt who ſtruck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high creſt, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And ſhades eternal ſettle o'er his eyes.
So ſinks a tower, that long aſſaults had ſtood
Of force and fire; its walls beſmear'd with blood
Him, the bold * leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to deſpoil, and dragg'd the corpſe along:

* Elphenor.

But while he ſtrove to tug th' inſerted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank unguarded by his ample ſhield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and ſpurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, ſupport his limbs no more;
The ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the ſlain;
The war renews, the warriours bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoiſius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell:
Fair Simoïſius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on ſilver Simois' ſhore;
The nymph deſcending from the hills of Ide,
To ſeek her parents on his flowery ſide,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax ſlain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
To ſh pe the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïſius lies
Stretch'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulyſſes, flew.
He drops the corpſe of Simoïſius ſlain,
And ſinks a breathleſs carcaſe on the plain.
This ſaw Ulyſſes, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his ſight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief ſtood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's ſon, Demoſoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
With piercing ſhrieks the youth reſigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the ſhades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
Ev'n god-like Hector ſeems himſelf to fear;
Slow he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with ſhouts preſs on, and ſpoil the dead:
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
No are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and yo r ſtrokes they feel,
Have ye forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the Grecian foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends and native bands,
And ſpreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving boſom ſtood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warriour tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
The corpſe now breathleſs on the bloody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The Thracian bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of th' Epeian race:
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had ſome brave chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each hoſt with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, aſſiſted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddeſs cures him, enables him to diſcern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppoſe him: Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the aſſiſtance of Venus; who, as ſhe is removing her ſon from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo ſeconds her in his reſcue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and aſſiſts Hector to make a ſtand. In the mean time Æneas is reſtored to the field, and they overthrow ſeveral of the Greeks; among the reſt Tlepolemus is ſlain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva deſcend to reſiſt Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go againſt that God; he wounds him, and ſends him groaning to heaven.

The firſt battle continues through this book. The ſcene is the ſame as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies,
When freſh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, ſhoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief beſtow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward ſhe drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage.
The ſons of Dares firſt the combat fought,
A wealthy prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The ſons to toils of glorious battle bred;
Theſe ſingled from their troops the fight maintain,
Theſe from their ſteeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And firſt bold Phegeus caſts his ſounding ſpear,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its erring force.
Not ſo, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breaſt, and ſtretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unuſual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And, had not Vulcan lent celeſtial aid,
He too had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But in a ſmoky cloud the God of fire
Preſerv'd the ſon, in pity to the ſire.
The ſteeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the ſpoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and ſhame, the Trojan crew,
Or ſlain, or fled, the ſons of Dares view;
When by the blood-ſtain'd hand Minerva preſt
The God of battles, and this ſpeech addreſt:
Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and ſhake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whoſe the conqueſt mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd th' impetuous warriour's heat,
The God of arms and Martial Maid retreat;

Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They ſat, and liſtened to the dying ſounds.
Meantime the Greeks the Trojan race purſue,
And ſome bold chieftain every leader ſlew:
Firſt Odius falls, and bites the bloody ſand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addreſt,
The ſpeedy javelin drove from back to breaſt.
In duſt the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms reſound, the ſpirit wings its way.
Thy fate was next, O Phæſtus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended ſteel;
Whom Borus ſent (his ſon, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlaſting ſhades his eyes ſurround.
Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race:
Diana taught him all her ſylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;
From Menelaüs arm the weapon ſent,
Through his broad back and heaving boſom went:
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell:
Bold Merion ſent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's ſkill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair deſign;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the ſhipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris roſe,
The fatal cauſe of all his country's woes;
But he, the myſtick will of Heaven unknown,
Nor ſaw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapleſs artiſt, while confus'd he fled,
The ſpear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury caſt,
Between the bladder and the bone it paſt:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitleſs cries,
And death in laſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
From Meges' force the ſwift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offſpring from a foreign bed,
Whoſe generous ſpouſe, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young ſtranger with a mother's care.
How vain thoſe cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal ſpear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.
Then dy'd Hypſenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Prieſt of the ſtream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidſt the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad ſhoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which ſtain'd with ſacred blood the bluſhing ſand.
Down ſunk the prieſt: the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate ſuppreſs'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
Amid the Greeks, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents ſwift and ſtrong
Deluge whole fields, and ſweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the ruſhing wave reſounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and burſts the lofty bounds.
The yellow harveſts of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one ſad waſte appear!
While Jove deſcends in fluicy ſheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd Tydides, boundleſs in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the * leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waſte of his deſtructive hand:
His bended bow againſt the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirſty arrow flew,
Whoſe forky point the hollow breaſt-plate tore,
Deep in his ſhoulder pierc'd, and drank his gore:
The ruſhing ſtream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:
Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your ſteeds!
Lo! by our hand the braveſt Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can ſuſtain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to theſe fields in vain.
So ſpoke he, boaſtful; but the winged dart
Stopt ſhort of life, and mock'd the ſhooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his ſeat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the guſhing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power addreſt,
The purple current wandering o'er his veſt:
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my god-like Sire deſerv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddeſs, now thy ſacred ſuccour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whoſe arrow wounds the chief thou guard'ſt in fight;
And lay the boaſter groveling on the ſhore,
That vaunts theſe eyes ſhall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid ſpirits chear'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating boſom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (ſhe cry'd), in every combat ſhine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Ruſh to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy ſoul:
Strength ſwells thy boiling breaſt, infus'd by me,
And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the warring Deities.
Theſe ſee thou ſhun, through all th' embattled plain,
Nor raſhly ſtrive where human force is vain.

* Pandarus.

If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her ſhalt thou wound: ſo Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero ruſh'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidſt the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance ſome ſhepherd with a diſtant dart
The ſavage wound, he rouzes at the ſmart,
He foams, he roars; the ſhepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with leſs fury ſtern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an inſtant ſlew:
Aſtynoüs breathleſs fell, and by his ſide
His people's paſtor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Aſtynoüs' breaſt the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's ſhoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Thoſe ſlain he left; and ſprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyidus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamas, who, wiſe and old,
Cou'd fates foreſee, and myſtic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the ſad father try'd his arts in vain;
No myſtic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides' ſpear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phrænops' feeble age;
Vaſt was his wealth, and theſe the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To ſtrangers now deſcends his wealthy ſtore,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two ſons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
As when the lordly lion ſeeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious bound,
Bends their ſtrong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their ſeats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their ſteeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends purſued,
Through the thick ſtorm of ſinging ſpears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty ſon;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchleſs ſkill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boaſted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the diſtant ſkies
To puniſh Troy for ſlighted ſacrifice;
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy ſtate!
For what ſo dreadful as celeſtial hate:)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man deſtroy; if God, intreat to ſpare.
To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such courſers whirl him o'er the duſty field,
So towers his helmet, and ſo flames his ſhield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's diſguiſe;
Or if that chief, ſome guardian of the ſkies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unſeen the fruſtrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The ſtroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell:
And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift horſes to the rapid car.
Ten poliſh'd chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten courſers wait their lord's command.
The good old warriour bid me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for Troy I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his councils with unheedful mind,
And thought the ſteeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' ſons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to ſlaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung,
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that ſent me to the field
Without a warriour's arms, the ſpear and ſhield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I ſee my ſpouſe and fire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift diſgrace.
The diſtant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The ruſhing chariot, and the bounding ſteed.
Againſt yon hero let us bend our courſe,
And hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my ſeat, and from the chariot's height
Obſerve my father's ſteeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, through fighting fields we go;
Or ſafe to Troy, if Jove aſſiſt the foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein;
The warriour's fury let this arm ſuſtain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the ſpear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant ſon reply'd)
As thine the ſteeds, be thine the taſk to guide.

ſes, practis'd to their lord's command,
ır the rein, and anſwer to thy hand,
nhappy, we deſert the fight,
:e alone can animate their flight:
l our fates be number'd with the dead,
ſe, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
e the guidance then: with ſpear and
ld
'ill charge this terrour of the field.
ow both heroes mount the glittering
ır;
ıding courſers ruſh amidſt the war.
rce approach bold Sthenelus eſpy'd,
s, alarm'd, to great Tydides cri'd:
nd! two chiefs of force immenſe I ſee,
they come, and bend their rage on
: :
rave heir of bold Lycaon's line,
:at Æneas, ſprung from race divine!
is given to fame. Aſcend thy car;
: a life, the bulwark of our war.
s the hero caſt a gloomy look,
ı the chief with ſcorn; and thus he
:e:
ſt thou bid to ſhun the coming fight?
ld'ſt thou move to baſe, inglorious flight?
'tis not honeſt in my ſoul to fear,
Tydides born to tremble here.
e cumbrous chariot's ſlow advance,
long diſtance of the flying lance;
le my nerves are ſtrong, my force en-
,
ınt the foe, and emulate my fire.
l yon ſteeds that fierce to fight convey
ıreatening heroes, bear them both away;
:f at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die;
; tells me, and forbids to fly.
e dooms, and if no God withſtand,
th ſhall fa l by one victorious hand;
'ed my words: my horſes here detain,
the chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein;
Æneas' empty ſeat proceed,
:e the courſers of ætherial breed:
e of thoſe, which once the thundering
l
ſh'd Ganymede on Tros beſtow'd,
t that e'er on earth's broad ſurface run,
the riſing or the ſetting ſun.
reat Anchiſes ſtole a breed, unknown
al mares, from fierce Laomedon;
this race his ample ſtalls contain,
ɔ tranſport Æneas o'er the plain.
vere the rich immortal prize our own,
ı the wide world ſhould make our glory
ɔwn.
while they ſpoke the foe came furious
n,
rn Lycaon's warlike race begun:
:, thou art met. Though late in vain aſ-
ail'd,
ır may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He ſaid, then ſhook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad ſhield the ſounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung.
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaſter cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warriour lies!
Miſtaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye 'ſcape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of war.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Craſh'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms reſound;
The ſtarting courſers tremble with affright;
The ſoul indignant ſeeks the realms of night.
To guard his ſlaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His ſpear extending where the carcaſe lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion ſtalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample ſhield diſplay'd,
He hides the hero with the mighty ſhade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at diſtance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides ſtoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vaſt force, a rocky fragment wields,
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days.
He ſwung it round; and gathering ſtrength to throw,
Diſcharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and ſtaggering with the pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm ſuſtains;
Loſt in a dizzy miſt the warriour lies;
A ſudden cloud comes ſwimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers ſway'd,
Oppreſs'd had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchiſes in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd ſon her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match the falling ſnows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the ruſhing horſe, and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting ſteeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the car.

Next ruſhing to the Dardan ſpoil, detains
The heavenly courſers with the flowing manes:
Theſe, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides ſwept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No Goddeſs ſhe commiſſion'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her ſable ſhield,
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew ſoft combats ſuit the tender dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil, which all the Graces wove;
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd,
From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offſpring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he caſt a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
The king inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no ſcene for thee:
Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms,
Tydides thus: The Goddeſs ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, ſwift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who ſat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming ſteeds before.
Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the diſtant ſkies,
And ſhew'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the ſeat, oppreſs'd with ſilent woe
Driven by the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
The laſh reſounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment ſcales the lofty ſkies:
There ſtopp'd the car, and there the courſers ſtood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambroſial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appear'd
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, and diſſolv'd in tears
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And aſk'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?
Then ſhe: This inſult from no God I found
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the ſon's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage
Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And ſhare thoſe gifts inferior powers muſt ſhare
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us ſuſtain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not Hermes' care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's ſelf has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's ſon infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confeſs'd
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, ſprinkling heavenly balm around
Aſſuag'd the glowing pangs, and cloſ'd the wound
Raſh, impious man! to ſtain the bleſt abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
No infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground
Thy diſtant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,
Shall rouze thy ſlaves, and her loſt lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more
This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The ſacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd Maid;
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this miſchance the Cyprian Queen befell

As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of Troy;
The claſping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and men ſuperior ſmil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus addreſt his child:
Not theſe, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts befit, and ſofter wars;
Sweet ſmiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celeſtial blood purſu'd his way;
And fearleſs dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he ſaw him kill'd,
Through ſcreen'd behind Apollo's mighty ſhield.
Thrice ruſhing furious, at the chief he ſtrook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo ſhook:
He tri'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
O ſon of Tydeus, ceaſe! be wiſe and ſee
How vaſt the difference of the Gods and thee;
Diſtance immenſe! between the powers that ſhine
Above, eternal, deathleſs, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A ſhort-liv'd reptile in the duſt of earth.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the ſilver bow
A phantom rais'd, the ſame in ſhape and ſhow
With great Æneas; ſuch the form he bore,
And ſuch in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the ſpectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with claſhing ſhields engag'd.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo ſtood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt th' embattled wall,
Riſe in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Diſpach yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of battle iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:
How long, ye ſons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee Priam's people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas ſinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd;
Haſte all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, theſe bold words addreſs'd:
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour loſt?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boaſt,
That propt alone by Priam's race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends.
Remote they ſtand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wiſh of mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me:
Yet firſt in fight my Lycian bands I chear,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars ſave.
Haſte, warriour, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate
Full o'er your towers ſh ll fall, and ſweep away
Sons, fires, and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
Rouſe all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force inceſſant the brave Greeks oppoſe;
Such cares thy friends deſerve, and ſuch thy foes.
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous ſprings,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two ſhining ſpears are brandiſh'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they ſtand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' ſacred floor, the ſwain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Aſcends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey duſt, riſing with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with duſt the Grecian hoſt appears,
From trampling ſteeds, and thundering charioteers;
The duſky clouds from labour'd earth ariſe,
And roll in ſmoking volumes to the ſkies.

Mars hovers o'er them with his ſable ſhield,
And adds new horrours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he ſtood, and vigorous from his wound:
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no duſt delay;
Fierce diſcord ſtorms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax ſtood,
And great Ulyſſes, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the labouring Grecian train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging hoſts ſuſtain.
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the ſkies their gloomy lines diſplay;
When now the north his boiſterous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
Till the maſs ſcatters as the winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken through the ruffled ſkies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave aſſociates and yourſelves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and, worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong Deïcoon's chance,
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field,
But now the monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield:
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
The fierce Æneas, brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt Orſilochus and Chrethon laid,
Whoſe ſire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from Alpheüs plenteous ſtream! that yields
Increaſe of harveſt to the Pylian fields.
He got Orſilochus, Diöcleus he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge Atrides; now untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontrol'd
Depopulate the ſtalls, and waſte the fold;
Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Neſtor's valiant ſon
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, ſhould Helen's lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hand:
In ruſh'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king,
Theſe ſeen, the Dardan backward turn'd his courſe,
Brave as he was, and ſhun'd enequal force,
The breathleſs bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.
Firſt Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who ſheath'd in braſs the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courſers, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by Neſtor's ſon was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone.
From his numb'd hands the ivory-ſtudded reins,
Drop in the duſt, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous ſinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the ſands, and there
The head ſtood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courſer's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty ſeat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector ſaw, them raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops purſue;
He fires his hoſt with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the ſkies.
Mars, ſtern deſtroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This ſwells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That ſhakes a ſpear that caſts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles ſhun'd,
Now ſtorm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidſt his full career;
Then firſt the hero's manly breaſt knew fear.
As when ſome ſimple ſwain his cot forſakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling brook his paſſage ſtay,
And foam impervious croſs the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at laſt.
Amaz'd no leſs the great Tydides ſtands:
He ſtay'd, and, turning, thus addreſs'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring Gods, he takes the field:

okes they ſecond, and avert our ſpears:
where Mars in mortal arms appears!
then, warriours, but ſedate and ſlow;
but with your faces to the foe.
ot too much your unavailing might;
t with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.
near the Greeks the black battalions
drew;
ft two leaders valiant Hector ſlew:
ce Anchialus and Mneſthes found,
y art of glorious war renown'd;
ame car the chiefs to combat ride,
ight united, and united died.
at the fight, the mighty Ajax glows
irſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the foes.
ſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent,
h Amphius' belt and heavy belly went:
is Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
rds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
refiſtleſs from his country led
ef, to periſh at his people's head.
with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
rce, to ſeize it, conquering Ajax ſprung;
his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;
one foot the yet-warm corpſe he preſt,
ew his javelin from the bleeding breaſt:
d no more; the ſhowering darts deny'd
his glittering arms and plumy pride.
es on foes came pouring on the field,
riſtling lances, and compacted ſhields;
the ſteely circle ſtraiten'd round,
e gives way, and ſternly quits the ground.
e thus they ſtrive, Tlepolemus the great,
y the force of unreſiſted fate,
vith deſire Sarpedon's ſtrength to prove;
offspring meets the ſon of Jove.
d in bright arms each adverſe chief came

reat deſcendant, and his greater ſon.
'd for combat ere the lance he toſs'd,
ring Rhodian vents his haughty boaſt:
brings this Lycian counſellor ſo far,
able at our arms, not mix in war?
hy vain ſelf; nor let their flattery move,
le thee ſon of cloud-compelling Jove.
r unlike thoſe chiefs of race divine,
ſt the difference of their deeds and thine!
t ſuch heroes as my ſire, whoſe ſoul
could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.
lt his arm, and yon proud ramparts ſtand
n the ruins of his vengeful hand:
small ſhips, and but a ſlender train,
the town a wide-deſerted plain.
at art thou? who deedleſs look'ſt around,
nreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
id to Troy thy feeble force can be;
ert thou greater, thou muſt yield to me.
by my ſpear, to endleſs darkneſs go!
this preſent to the ſhades below,
on of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
ughty ſpoke. The Lycian king reply'd:

Thy ſire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan ſtate,
Whoſe perjur'd monarch well deſerv'd his fate;
Thoſe heavenly ſteeds the hero ſought ſo far,
Falſe he detain'd, the juſt reward of war.
Nor ſo content, the generous chief defy'd,
With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boaſt,
Shall raiſe my glory when thy own is loſt:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon ſlain,
Add one more ghoſt to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He ſaid: both javelins at an inſtant flew;
Both ſtruck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew:
Full in the boaſter's neck the weapon ſtood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The ſoul diſdainful ſeeks the caves of night,
And his ſeal'd eyes for ever loſe the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was preſent, and forbade the death.
Born from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each buſied in his ſeveral part,
Through haſte, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with ſlain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whoſe fall Ulyſſes view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great ſon he ſhould purſue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the firſt deſign withſtand,
Nor this great death muſt grace Ulyſſes' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alaſtor, Cromius, Helius, ſtrow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his ſword had ſent to hell,
But Hector ſaw; and, furious at the ſight,
Ruſh'd terrible amidſt the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wiſh'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
Oh ſuffer not the foe to bear away
My helpleſs corpſe, an unaſſiſted prey;
If I, unbleſt, muſt ſee my ſon no more,
My much-lov'd conſort, and my native ſhore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's ſacred wall;
Troy, in whoſe cauſe I fell, ſhall mourn my fall.
He ſaid, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But ſhakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the ſcattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's conſecrated ſhade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his ſinewy thigh.
The fainting ſoul ſtood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls ſwam the ſhades of night;
But Boreas riſing freſh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his ſpirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who firſt, who laſt, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſand?
Teuthras the great, Oreſtes the renown'd
For manag'd ſteeds, and Trechus preſs'd the ground:
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
Oreſbius laſt fell groaning at their ſide;
Oreſbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy ſway,
Where lakes ſurround low Hyle's watery plain;
A prince and people ſtudious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the ſkies ſurvey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, beſpoke the blue-ey'd Maid.
Oh fight accurs'd! ſhall faithleſs Troy prevail,
And ſhall our promiſe to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers ſhall fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with ſlaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haſte, let us arm, and force with force oppoſe!
She ſpoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empreſs calls her blazing car.
At her command ruſh forth the ſteeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings ſhine.
Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of ſounding braſs; the poliſh'd axle ſteel.
Eight brazen ſpokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The boſſy naves of ſolid ſilver ſhone;
Braces of gold ſuſpend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal courſers hold.
Herſelf, impatient, to the ready car
The courſers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas diſrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diverſify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
Jove's ægis blazes on her ample breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad ſhoulders hangs his horrid ſhield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents hiſſing guards the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The maſſy golden helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods, with four o'erſhading plumes;
So vaſt, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddeſs thus th' imperial car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Swift at the ſcourge th' ethereal courſers fly,
While the ſmooth chariot cuts the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the powers;
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with eaſe away.
The ſounding hinges ring; on either ſide
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient ſkies
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads ariſe:
Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;
O'er all the Gods ſuperiour and alone.
There with her ſnowy hand the Queen reſtrains
The fiery ſteeds, and thus to Jove complains:
O Sire! can no reſentment touch thy ſoul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawleſs rage on yon forbidden plain,
What raſh deſtruction! and what heroes ſlain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the ſlaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whoſe unrelenting mind,
No God can govern, and no juſtice bind.
Say, mighty father! ſhall we ſcourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?
To whom aſſenting, thus the Thunderer ſaid:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monſter-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breaſt with woes.
He ſaid; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Laſh'd her white ſteeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the ſteep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and ſtarry poles.
Far as a ſhepherd, from ſome point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye;
Through ſuch a ſpace of air, with thundering ſound,
At every leap th' immortal courſers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd thoſe banks divine
Where ſilver Simois and Scamander join.
There Juno ſtopp'd, (and her fair ſteeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For theſe, impregnate with celeſtial dew,
On Simois' brink ambroſial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the ſailing doves, they glide along.
The beſt and braveſt of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides ſtand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
Heaven's empreſs mingles with their mortal crowd,
And ſhouts, in Stentor's ſounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the ſtrong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whoſe throat ſurpaſs'd the force of fifty tongues.
Inglorious Argives! to your race a ſhame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now iſſuing fearleſs they poſſeſs the plain,
Now win the ſhores, and ſcarce the ſeas remain.
Her ſpeech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides ſtood th' Athenian maid;
The king beſide his panting ſteeds ſhe found,
O'erſpent with toil, repoſing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he ſat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);
Large drops of ſweat from all his limbs deſcend;
Beneath his ponderous ſhield his ſinews bend,
Whoſe ample belt, that o'er his ſhoulders lay,
He eas'd, and waſh'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddeſs leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beſide his courſers, thus her ſilence broke:
Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whoſe little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremoſt he preſs'd in glorious toils to ſhare,
And ſcarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feaſt, encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd, and vanquiſh'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and ſuch force in fight.
Thou too no leſs haſt been my conſtant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and ſent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or ſloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
The chief thus anſwer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy preſence, and confeſs thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'ſt, withholds me from the plains,
Nor ſloth hath ſeiz'd me, but thy word reſtrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'ſt me turn my ſpear,
And Venus only found reſiſtance here.
Hence, Goddeſs! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, theſe eyes beheld,
With ſlaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himſelf, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horſe:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rath, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,
And every ſide of wavering combat tries;
Large promiſe makes, and breaks the promiſe made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.
She ſaid, and to the ſteeds approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and ſo great a God.
She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horſe:
But firſt to hide her heavenly viſage ſpread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Juſt then gigantic Periphas lay ſlain,
The ſtrongeſt warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God, who ſlew him, leaves his proſtrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, ruſhing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courſer's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the ſtrong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike ſon;
The javelin hiſs'd; the Goddeſs urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent ſkin the warriour tugs again
The ſmoaking ſteel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When ſhouting millions ſhake the thundering field.
Both armies ſtart, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the ſound.
As vapours blown by Auſter's ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius riſe,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies;
In ſuch a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the duſty whirlwind ſcales the heaven.
Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
There ſullen ſate beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celeſtial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:
Can Jove, ſupine, flagitious facts ſurvey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celeſtial powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all theſe ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the ſhield and ſpear:
Thou gav'ſt that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardleſs of the right.
All heaven beſide reveres thy ſovereign ſway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy beheſts obey:
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending ſhare
Thy breaſt, thy counſels, thy diſtinguiſh'd care:
So boundleſs ſhe, and thou ſo partial grown,
Well may we deem the wonderous birth thy own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Againſt th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus firſt his fury fou.
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquiſh'd I fled: ev'n I, the God of fight,
From mortal madneſs ſcarce was ſav'd by flight.
Elſe hadſt thou ſeen me ſink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of ſlain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and ſtern beſpoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting ſtrain?
Of lawleſs force ſhall lawleſs Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy ſoul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we uſe;
She gives th' example, and her ſon purſues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou ſhalt not mou
Sprung ſince thou art from Jove, and heave
born.
Elſe, ſing'd with lightning had'ſt thou hence b
thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans gro
Thus he who ſhakes Olympus with his nod
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd arou
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd
wound.
As when the fig's preſt juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid ſtream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and ſo ſoon, th' ætherial texture join'd
Cleans'd from the duſt and gore, fair Hebè d
His mighty limbs in an immortal veſt.
Glorious he ſate, in majeſty reſtor'd,
Faſt by the throne of Heaven's ſuperiour Lord
Juno and Pallas mount the bleſt abodes,
Their taſk perform'd, and mix among the Go

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Epiſodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the c augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoin ſolemn proceſſion of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of nerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relax during the abſence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview tween the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendſhip hoſpitality paſt between their anceſtors, they make exchange of their ar

r, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return battle; and, taking tender leave of his wife Andromache, haſtens again field.

e ſcene is firſt in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, hen changes to Troy.

' Heaven forſakes th' fight: the immortals yield,
force and human ſkill, the field:
'ers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
, now there, the tide of combat flows;
y's fam'd * ſtreams, that bound the
ful plain,
ide ran purple to the main.
jax firſt to conqueſt led the way,
: thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful

:ian Acamas his faulchion found,
l th' enormous giant to the ground;
ering arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
: black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
is front the brazen weapon lies,
in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
:hras' ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,

oſpitable, rich, and good:
iſbe's walls (his native place)
is ſeat; a friend to human race.
e road, his ever-open door
e wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
Pydides now he falls a prey,
to guard him in the dreadful day!
the good man fell, and by his ſide
al ſervant, old Caleſius, dy'd.
t Euryalus was Dreſus ſlain,
he laid Opheltius on the plain.
is were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
ir Naiad and Bucolion ſprung:
n's white flocks Bucolion fed,
arch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
woods he won the Naiad's grace,
fair infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
they lay in all their youthful charms;
eſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
is by Polypœtes fell;
ear Pydites ſent to hell:
r's ſhaft brave Aretaön bled,
or's ſon laid ſtern Ablerus dead;
amemnon, leader of the brave,
al wound of rich Elatus gave,
in Pedaſus his proud abode,
l the banks where ſilver Satnio flow'd.
is by Eurypylus was ſlain;
acus from Leitus flies in vain.
t Adraſtus next at mercy lies
the Spartan ſpear, a living prize.
th the din and tumult of the fight,
ong ſteeds precipitate in flight,
a tamariſk's ſtrong trunk, and broke
er'd chariot from the crooked yoke;

Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind,
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;
The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer addreſs'd:
Oh, ſpare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
When fame ſhall tell, that not in battle ſlain,
Thy hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain;
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel well temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart;
He ſtood, ſuſpended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe Atrides' mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a Trojan from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.
A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words with warmth addreſt,
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's javelin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.
Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Neſtor ſaw, and rouz'd the warriours' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No ſon of Mars deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage Helenus her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt.
Where Hector ſtood, with great Æneas join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind:
Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and bid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' ſoft arms the cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile train.

* Scamander and Simoïs.

When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourſelves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous ſtand;
Preſt as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmoſt tower.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If ſo the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hoſts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle riſe.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazzling ſpears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midſt her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vaults of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud: Ye dauntleſs Dardans, hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Hector aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (god-like Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' ſon
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs ſires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celeſtial, thou deſcend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandiſh'd ſteel from Nyſſa's ſacred grove:
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to mo
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)
Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloo
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my fire
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' ſon enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on t
ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.
A city ſtands on Argos' utmoſt bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike ſteeds renown'd)
Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his ſon;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind
Then mighty Prætus Argos' ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag
For him Antæa burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fam
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endued with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bleſt by every power who guards the go
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' ſilver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhew
The fatal tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the king reveal'd,
Firſt, dire Chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſki
And truſted Heaven's informing prodigies)

Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fierceſt of men) and thoſe the warriour ſlew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd:
And conquer'd ſtill, for Heaven was on his ſide.
Nor ended here his toils; his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambuſh roſe,
With level'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
There fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confeſs'd the Gods, and God-deſcended chief;
His daughter gave, the ſtranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd,
There long the chief his happy lot poſſeſs'd.
With two brave ſons and one fair daughter bleſs'd;
(Fair even in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove)
But when at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
Forſook by heaven, forſaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alcian field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldeſt-born by raging Mars was ſlain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I fought the Trojan town,
By his inſtructions learn to win renown,
To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honour to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.
He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd Tydides heart;
In earth the generous warriour fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addreſt:
Welcome, my brave hereditary gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred friendſhip of our race.
Know, chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of old;
Oeneus the ſtrong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd;
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
This from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my treaſures, ſti l adorns my board:
(For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the ſons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If Heaven our ſteps to foreign land incline,
My gueſt in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full harveſt of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt,
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(Jove warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For huſbands, brothers, ſons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's ſtately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous fame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructures runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty ſons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where Priam's daughters ſate
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd ſpouſes ſhone,
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone.
Hither great Hector paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodicè, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the nymphs of Troy's illuſtrious race:)
Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her ſon,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! ſay, what great occaſion calls
My ſon from fight, when Greece ſurrounds our walls?
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' Almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You, with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,

Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the Power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouze ſoft Paris to the war:
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant warriour hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſummon'd came
Each noble matron and illuſtrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from ſoft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian ſhore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes:
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperiour far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topn oft tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates,
With hands upliſted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.
The prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus ſhe prays:
Oh awful Goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While theſe appear before the Power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himſelf the maſſion rais'd, from every part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,
The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whoſe uſeleſs arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the ſplendid ſhow,
Brightening the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him Helen with her virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece againſt us, both conſpire;
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall:
For thee the ſoldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And waſteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conquering flames aſcend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis juſt (reply'd the generous youth)
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my abſence leſs, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conſcious ſhame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſate,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give ſucceſs.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris ſhall not lag behind.
He ſaid, nor anſwer'd Priam's warlike ſon;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerves a ſiſter's name!
Would Heaven, ere all theſe dreadful deeds were done,
The day that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and Paris of thoſe ills the worſt.
Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame?
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for Paris' ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt through ages long.
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.
The chief reply'd: this time forbids to reſt:
The Trojan bands, by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my ſoul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquiſh Hector by a Grecian hand.
He ſaid, and paſs'd with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part;

At home he fought her, but he fought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her ſecond joy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy,
Penſive ſhe ſtood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the ſight;
There her ſad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
Whoſe virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and aſk'd what way ſhe bent
Her parting ſtep? If to the fane ſhe went,
Where late the mourning matrons made reſort;
Or fought her ſiſters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's ſteepy tower ſhe bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the Grecian ſword;
She heard, and trembled for her abſent lord:
Diſtracted with ſurprize, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.
The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion ſway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;
Aſtyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warriour ſmil'd, and, pleas'd, reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither doſt thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies;
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of Heaven, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenour run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!
Laid Thebè waſte, and ſlew my warlike ſire!
His fate compaſſion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's ſylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd: That poſt be all my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore:
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.

The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrours from his brows unboun i,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
'O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs powers! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain, he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidſt the general ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſued:
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His towery helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at every look: then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warriour bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevell'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriours paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſloth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or god-like Paris live a woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake, in war.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'r by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her ſeas returns.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſingle combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehenſions for the Greeks. Apollo, ſeeing her deſcend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a ſingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon Ajax. Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor propoſes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the laſt of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, purſuant to the advice of Neſtor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades. Neptune teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from Jupiter. Both armies paſs the night in feaſting, but Jupiter diſheartens the Trojans with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The ſcene lies wholly in the field.

SO ſpoke the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms.
As when to ſailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Some god bids at length th' expected gales ariſe,
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to Troy's deſiring train;
Their hands are chear'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris firſt the work of death begun
On great Meneſtheus, Areïthous' ſon:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arnè was his native place.
Then ſunk Eioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.
When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain.
Fierce ſhe deſcends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from Ilion's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd Maid:
What cauſe, O Daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progreſs from the realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great Ilion bend:

Since vengeful Goddeſſes conſederate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the ſkies:
But who ſhall bid conflicting hoſts forbear,
What art ſhall calm the furious ſons of war?
To her the-God: Great Hector's ſoul incite
To dare the boldeſt Greek to ſingle fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers ſhow
A warriour worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector, inſpir'd, he fought: to him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt:
O ſon of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combat on the liſted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date,
The Gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is fate.
He ſaid: the warriour heard the word with joy;
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand,
The ſquadrons part; th' expecting Trojans ſtand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obſcure the duſky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.
As when a general darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves ſcarce heave, the face of Ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horrour ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhake the ground.
Great Hector firſt amidſt both armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their powers beſpoke:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my ſoul prompts, and what ſome God commands:
Great Jove, averſe our warfare to compoſe,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks appear;
'Tis Hector ſpeaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops ſelect the boldeſt knight,
And him, the boldeſt, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle ſlain,
Be his my ſpoil, and his theſe arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whoſe aid I truſt,
Shall ſtretch your daring champion in the duſt:
If mine the glory to deſpoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms beſtow;
The breathleſs carcaſe to your navy ſent,
Greece on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a monument;
Which when ſome future mariner ſurveys,
Waſh'd by broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſeas,
Thus ſhall he ſay, "A valiant Greek lies ther
"By Hector ſlain, the mighty man of war."
The ſtone ſhall tell your vanquiſh'd hero's nar
And diſtant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece aſtoniſh'd heard,
Bluſh'd to refuſe, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs firſt the ſilence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious ſpoke:
Women of Greece! Oh ſcandal of your rac
Whoſe coward ſouls your manly form diſgrac
How great the ſhame, when every age ſhall kn
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, reſolve to earth, from whence ye gre
A heartleſs, ſpiritleſs, inglorious crew!
Be what ye ſeem, unanimated clay!
Myſelf will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold taſk the generous ſtrife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.
Theſe words ſcarce ſpoke, with generous
dour preſt,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dreſt:
That day, Atrides! a ſuperiour hand
Had ſtretch'd thee breathleſs on the hoſtile ſtra
But all at once, thy fury to compoſe,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, aroſe:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, pre
Thy daring hand, and this advice addreſs'd:
Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldſt thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee ſh
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the raſh defi
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful ſon of war.
Sit thou ſecure amidſt thy ſocial band;
Greece in our cauſe ſhall arm ſome powerful ha
The mightieſt warriour of th' Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with deſire of fam
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and ſo brave the foe.
He ſaid, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mi
He ſtoop'd to reaſon, and his rage reſign'd,
No longer bent to ruſh on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whoſe lips divine perſuaſion flow
Grave Neſtor, then, in graceful act aroſe.
Thus to the kings he ſpoke: What grief, w
ſhame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name
How ſhall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their ſons degenerate, and their race a ſcorn
What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wiſdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince w
hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's fire
Gods! ſhould he ſee our warriours tremt
ſtand,
And trembling all before one hoſtile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!

/ould to all th' immortal powers above,
'a, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
might again roll back, my youth renew,
ve this arm the ſpring which once it knew:
fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
ıy troops to Phea's trembling wall,
ith th' Arcadian ſpears my proweſs try'd,
Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
Areithous, known from ſhore to ſhore
huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
ce he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
ıke, with this, the battle of the foe.
ɔt by manly force Lycurgus flew,
guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
ı a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
ight the warriour's thundering mace a-
il'd.
he fell: thoſe arms which Mars before
ven the vanquiſh'd, now the victor bore:
ıen old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
ıthalion he conſign'd the prize.
with this, he cruſh'd our level'd bands,
ır'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
uld the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
', and fear'd, his huge tempeſtuous ſway.
the youngeſt of the hoſt appear'd,
oungeſt, met whom all our army fear'd.
t the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
'ell the giant o'er a length of ground.
hen he was, Oh were you Neſtor now!
ector's ſelf ſhould want an equal foe.
arriours, you, that youthful vigour boaſt,
wer of Greece, th' examples of our hoſt,
from ſuch fathers, who ſuch numbers
ay,
u ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?
varm reproofs the liſtening kings inflame;
ne, the nobleſt of the Grecian name,
ted fierce: but far before the reſt
ng of men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt:
old Tydides, great in arms appear'd;
ext his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd;
followed; Idomen was there,
erion dreadful as the God of War:
heſe Eurypylus and Thoas ſtand,
iſe Ulyſſes clos'd the daring band.
ſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage,
d the fight. To whom the Pylian ſage:
thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide;
hief ſhall combat, let the lots decide.
heaven ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to
raiſe
ntry's fame, his own immortal praiſe.
lots produc'd, each hero ſigns his own;
n the general's helm the fates are thrown;
ople pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
ws like theſe aſcend from all the bands:
thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is fate,
hy champion for the Grecian ſtate.
k let Ajax or Tydides prove,
the king of kings, beloy'd by Jove!

Old Neſtor ſhook the caſque. By heaven inſpir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek deſir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till god-like Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriours! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conqueſt of this chief of Troy.
Now while my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt,
To Saturn's ſon be all your vows addreſt:
But pray in ſecret, leſt the foes ſhould hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effects of fear.
Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He ſaid. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies:
O Father of mankind, ſuperior Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt heaven haſt fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day;
Or if illuſtrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may ſhare.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the giant-warriour ſhone:
He moves to combat with majeſtic pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to puniſh faithleſs men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waſte of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God:
Grimly he ſmil'd; earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new tranſport ran;
All Troy ſtood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt oppreſt,
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt:
'Twas vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample ſhield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with ſeven thick folds o'ercaſt
Of tough bull-hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd:)
This Ajax bore before his manly breaſt,
And, threatening, thus his adverſe chief addreſt:
Hector! approach my arm! and ſingly know
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the Grecian foe...
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war;

Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more:
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host,
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—he sudden, and begin the fight.
O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
He said; and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen bos the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke:
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;

But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy.
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prov
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your ow
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The Goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
"O Sage! to Hector be these words address'd;
"Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to figh
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.
Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out our strife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's lif
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy ma
say,
"Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs co
tend:
"And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek b
stow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestick grace they quit the plain:
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his woun
To Troy's high gates the god-like man they bea
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, and repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his shar

The king himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt!
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's ſhore!
What crowds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear;
And nigh the fleet a funeral ſtructure rear;
So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd:
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval powers,
Raiſe an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
So Greece to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe.
'Twas thus the ſage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's pa ace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council ſate;
A ſenate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what every God requires:
Let Sparta's treaſure be this hour reſtor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The ſenior ſpoke, and ſate. To whom reply'd
The graceful huſband of the Spartan bride;
Cold counſels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But found ungrateful in a warriour's ears:
Old man, if, void of fallacy or art,
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt given,
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by Heaven.
Then hear me, princ s of the Trojan name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.
'Twas then, the groaning diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the reverend Priam roſe:
His god-like aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacific words enſue:
Ye Tro ans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new ſun reſtore the chearful light:
Then ſhall our herald to th' Atrides ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that Troy may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch ſpoke! the warriours ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſt.
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips Idæus bent his way;
There, to the ſons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the hoſt ſtood liſtening round:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo Heaven ſucceed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he periſh'd ere they touch'd our ſhore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increaſe
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce, to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke:
At length Tydides roſe, and riſing ſpoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conqueſt make them ours: fate ſhakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'ſt the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpſe; I war not with the dead:
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the ſlain:
Be witneſs, Jove, whoſe thunder rolls on high!
He ſaid, and rear'd his ſceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their ſeveral cares the Trojans move;
Some ſearch the plains, ſome fell the ſounding grove:

Nor leſs the Greeks, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on earth again,
Aroſe the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage ſearch the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his ſlaughter'd friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly ſlow to ſacred Troy return'd.
Nor leſs the Greeks their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And, ſlowly, ſadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had ſtreak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd,
Then, to ſecure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wonderous works of man:
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God conſulted, and no victim ſlain!
Their fame ſhall fill the world's remoteſt ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the ſkies:
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid Earth's eternal baſis ſhake:
What cauſe of fear from mortal works could move
The meaneſt ſubject of our realms above?
Where'er the ſun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling ſun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew
Black from the tents the ſavoury vapours flew
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' ſtands
With Bacchus' bleſſings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus ſent
A thouſand meaſures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypſipyle of yore
To Jaſon, ſhepherd of his people, bore)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the hoſt
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave
Some braſs, or iron; ſome an ox, or ſlave.
All night they feaſt, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Thoſe on the fields, and thoſe within their towers.
But Jove averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red lightnings through the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horrour ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late, refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſecond Battle, and the Diſtreſs of the Greeks.

JUPITER aſſembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Neſtor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The ſcene here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he ſpoke:
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods, give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall be driven,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from ſteep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf ſhall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!

For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the Powers reply,
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their Sovereign's look;
At length his beſt-lov'd, the Power of Wiſdom, ſpoke:
Oh firſt and greateſt! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate;
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of Jove.
The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperiour on his beſt-belov'd.
Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath him ſhook:
Rapt by th' æthereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heaven's undroſſy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſky.
But when to Ida's topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where, o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the ſacred fire
Of Gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue ambient miſts th' immortal ſteeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.
Now had the Grecians ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rouz'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams encreaſing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the ſun the height of heaven aſcends;
The Sire of Gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends,
With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and poiſ'd the mighty weight.
Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrours ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flaſh; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire,
The God in terrors, and the ſkies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on Ulyſſes call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither goes Ulyſſes run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Grecks, the Pylian ſage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warriour 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king:
Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow;
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein:
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With theſe againſt yon Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.
Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car.
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.

with erring haſte miſtook its way,
'd in Eniopeus' boſom lay..
ng hand in death forſakes the rein;
ls fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the
.
ſtor ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
reng'd permits to preſs the field;
ply his place and rule the car,
ieptolemus, the fierce in war.
had death and horror cover'd all;
orous flocks the Trojans in their wall
ad bled: but Jove with awful ſound
big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
dides' face the lightning flew;
id before him flam'd with ſulphur blue;
ring ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
or's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
the reins; and, ſhook with ſacred
l.
ning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
too daring in thy friend's defence,
ris'd, and urge the chariot hence.
averſe, the Sovereign of the ſkies
at Hector, and our palm denies.
n ſun may ſee the happier hour,
eece ſhall conquer by his heavenly
r.
man his fix'd decree to move:
will glory to ſubmit to Jove.
end prince! (Tydides thus replies)
are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
hat grief, ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
licus to the guarded coaſt!
it dire diſgrace ſh ll blaſt my fame,
n me, earth; and hide a warriour's
e.
Gerenian Neſtor thus repl'd;
n thy courage fear the Phrygian's
?
ay vaunt, but who ſhall heed the
?
who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
yet bleed ng in her heroes loſt;
Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
n duſt her lov'd lamented lord.
nd hafty o'er the gaſping throng
ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
s of Trojans thicken in the wind;
of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
h a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
ſtor braves the warriour as he flies.
y hero, grac'd above the reſt
council and the ſumptuous feaſt;
no more thoſe honours from thy train;
an woman, in the form of man!
ar walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
exile the fair Phrygian dames,
proud hopes, preſumptuous prince!
ed,
ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee

Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard: he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Succeſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound;
And paſs victorious o'er the level'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires,
All Greece, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he ſaid; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke:
Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has ſteep'd the ſtrengthening grain in wine.
Now ſwift purſue, now thunder controul'd;
Give me to ſeize rich Neſtor's ſhield of gold;
From Tydeus' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung Saturnia's ſoul;
She ſhook her throne that ſhook the ſtarry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whoſe force can make
The ſtedfaſt earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the Greeks by fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells that heart in thy immortal breaſt?
Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine altars lay.
Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to friend,
And ſee his Trojans to the ſhades deſcend:
Such be the ſcene from his Idæan bowers;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen Power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious Queen, is thine!
I war not with the higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now god-like Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! shame of human race; he cri'd,
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd?
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relicks of the Grecian land!
Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall,
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress't;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast;
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And god-like Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The god-like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Opheleştes slain:
Bold Hamopäon breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy fame to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a stol'n embrace,
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If Heaven's high Powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompence the warriour's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.
As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the dead, and drooping kiss the plain;

youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
ft the raging archer drew:
haft with erring fury flew,
or Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
s feathers in no vulgar gore.
e falls: his ſudden fall alarms
that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
grief his charioteer beheld,
d breathleſs on the ſanguine field.
ebriones direct the rein,
ight car, and iſſues on the plain.
ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
on Teucer with the lifted rock.
already ſtrain'd the forceful yew:
ready to his ſhoulder drew:
in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
here the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
ere the juncture knits the channel

chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone;
ring burſt beneath the ponderous blow,
mb'd hand diſmiſs'd the uſeleſs bow.
it Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
Laſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
d archer groaning to the ſhore.
found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
heir hands, and fill'd their breaſts with

s, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
rench on heaps confus'dly fall.
foe, great Hector march'd along,
ur cloath'd, and more than mortal

hound, that gives the lion chace,
ng boſom, and with eager pace,
is haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
he turns, and circles as he wheels:
e Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
wing Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
g they had paſs'd the trench profound,
a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
ſhips a deſperate ſtand they made,
the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
his rattling chariot Hector came;
ke Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame
r'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood;
monſter, dreadful as the God!
g diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
ive thus, to War's triumphant Maid:
hter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
ing bolt, and ſhake the fable ſhield!
his moment of her laſt deſpair,
ched Greece no more confeſs our care,
'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
the dregs of Heaven's relentleſs hate?
ll one raging hand thus level all?
bers fell! what numbers yet ſhall fall!

er divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!

So ſpake th' imperial Regent of the ſkies.
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes:
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But He above, the Sire of Heaven, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite * ſon diſtreſs'd.
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd Maid his beſt belov'd,
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then, Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terrour of the Greeks, that Man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy javelin bends;
Huge, ponderous, ſtrong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the laſh; the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the Powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heaven their courſe they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid:

* Hercules.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the Higheſt who ſhall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak is Fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheel ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My lightning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground.
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.
Swift as the wind, the various colour'd Maid
From Ida's top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great Olympus' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,
Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.
What frenzy, Goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know, his word ſhall ſtand.
His lightning your rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Your car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky:
Yourſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his will.
But thee what deſperate inſolence has driven,
To lift thy lance againſt the King of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage reſign'd:
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counſels full effect ſhall find;
And, ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.
She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The hours unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the chryſtal walls.
The penſive Goddeſſes, abaſh'd, control'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their ſeats of gold.
And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's ſummits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame through the vaſt of air, and reach the ſky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his courſers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal baſe;
There ſtood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer ſat thron'd in gold;
High heaven the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus ſhakes.
Trembling afar th' offending Powers appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who ſhall the Sovereign of the ſkies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.
For thus I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What power ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.
Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on Ilion's woes to come.
Though ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What haſt thou ſaid, Oh tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of Jove.
The Goddeſs thus. And thus the God replies
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies:
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then ſhall load the plain,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern Achilles (his Patroclus ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor canſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on the utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſteams of hell;
No ſun e'er gilds the gloomy horrours there;
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bleſs the friendly ſhade.

ors keep the field; and Hector calls
council near the navy walls:
amander's banks apart he led,
nly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead,
leaf chiefs, descending on the ground,
order, and their prince surround.
ear he bore of mighty strength,
cubits was the lance's length;
was brass, refulgent to behold!
wood with circling rings of gold:
Hector on this lance reclin'd,
ing forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
at Trojans, with attention hear!
bands, and generous aids, give ear!
we hop'd, would wrap in conquering

h her ships, and crown our toils with

s now, to save the cowards, falls,
them trembling in their wooden walls.
ight, and use her peaceful hours
to forage, and refresh our powers.
m the town be sheep and oxen sought,
thening bread, and generous wine be
ar.
the field, high blazing to the sky,
ous fires the absent sun supply,
g piles with plenteous fuel raise,
ght morn her purple beam display's;
e silence and the shades of night,
her sable ships attempt her flight.
ested let the wretches gain
decks, or safely cleave the main;
le wound let every dart bestow,
g token of the Phrygian foes;
hat long hence may ask their spouses'

their children from a Trojan war.
gh the circuit of our Ilion wall,
heralds sound the solemn call;
fires with hoary honours crown'd,
esh youths, our battlements surround.
e guard, while distant lie our powers,
matrons hang with lights the towers:
r cover of the midnight shade,
us foe the naked town invade.
night, these orders to obey;
harge shall rouze the dawning day.
I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
detested foes to free the land,
'd, with fates averse, the watery way;

vultures a predestin'd prey.
ion safety must be now the care;
s morning paints the fields of air,

Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove:
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And light on glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrours gild,
And mount a shady terrace o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriours wait the rising morn.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to qui ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this; and Neſtor ſeconds praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution: he orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures are to be followed in this emerg Agamemnon purſues this advice: and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to Ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches; but are rejected, with roughne Achilles, who, notwithſtanding, retains Phœnix in his tent. The Ambaſſ return unſucceſsfully to the camp; and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, whi the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſ the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horrour, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd every heart.
As from his cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thrácia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urge the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superiour ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround the chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt,
Words, mix'd with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt;

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fa
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towers and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars emplo
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian ba
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:
When kings adviſe us to renounce our fam
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſh

: thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
of council bid my tongue be bold.
, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
d my courage, and defame my might:
a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
s ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
, O chief! from whom our honours
,
have made thee but by halves a king.
thee ſceptres, and a wide command,
dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
t power that might the world controul
thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
neral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
his own to every Grecian breaſt?
in our want of worth, he ſtands;
fly, 'tis what our king commands.
nglorious! from th' embattled plain;
haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main;
are the Grecians ſhall employ,
, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
ce ſhall ſtay; or, if all Greece retire,
l ſtay, till Troy or I expire;
l Sthenelus will fight for fame;
is fight, and 'twas with God we came.
d: the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
to voice reſounds Tydides praiſe.
r then his reverend figure rear'd;
the hoſt in ſtill attention heard:
at! in whom the Gods have join'd
gth of body with ſuch force of mind;
, as in courage, you excel,
) act what you adviſe ſo well.
leſome counſels which thy wiſdom
,
g Greece, with common voice, ap-
canſt blame; a bold, but prudent
;
ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with
oſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
lly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
e add what yet remains behind,
unfiniſh'd in that generous mind;
e ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
people, or offend the king:
the man, and void of law and right,
property, unworthy light,
ublic rule, or private care;
h, that monſter, who delights in war:
is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
country, and his kind deſtroy!
refreſh and fortify thy train:
e trench and wall let guards remain:
duty of the young and bold;
O king, to council call the old:
ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
ommands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
:ian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
counſels flow from ſober feaſts.

Wiſe, weighty counſels, aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The generous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men on public counſels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And, ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd:
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
Aſſembled ſtates and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man, whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow:

Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The fame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms:
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;

With all her charms, Briſeis I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine:
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe, inſtant, ſhall be his: and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Troian race
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chooſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her let him chooſe, whom moſt his eyes approve;
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:
Myſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him Enopé, and Phære him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the griſly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus. The reverend Neſtor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a generous king to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(Myſelf will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage.
Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply,
Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Through the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour ſo th vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay,
Amus'd at eaſe, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebe came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame):
With this he ſooth'd his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent: the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles, ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe Menœtius' ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you hi
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he l
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every ſoul.
Of all the warriours yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe t friend.
He ſaid; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep, and goat, c tains:

at the genial feaſt preſides,
s transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
le Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
hen the languid flames at length ſubſide.
s a bed of glowing embers wide,
e coals the ſmoking fragments turns,
nkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
ad the glittering caniſters they load,
ound the board Menœtius' ſon beſtow'd;
oppoſed t' Ulyſſes full in ſight,
tion parts, and orders every rite.
fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
he greedy flames Patroclus threw;
h, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
e, to Phœnix Ajax gave the ſign;
rceiv'd; Ulyſſes crown'd with wine
ing bowl, and inſtant thus began,
h addreſſing to the god-like man:
to Achilles! happy are thy gueſts!
more honour'd whom Atrides feaſts:
generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
memnon's regal tent affords;
ter cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
l by banquets or by flowing bowls.
nes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
l we mourn, and for the living fear;
n the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
s no help but from thy ſaving hands:
nd her aids, for ready vengeance call;
reatening tents already ſhade our wall:
w with ſhouts their conqueſt they pro-
m,
nt at every ſhip their vengeful flame!
n the Father of the Gods declares,
re his omens, and his thunder theirs.
of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
ven and earth the raging chief defies;
ry in his breaſt, what lightning in his
!
s but for the morn, to ſink in flame
ps, the Greeks, and all the Grecian
ne.
! how my country's woes diſtract my
id,
accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
ſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
n duſt, and this the fatal day?
Achilles! oh return, though late,
thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
at heart or grief or courage lies,
redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
may come, when, all our warriours ſlain,
art ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
in time, O prince divinely brave!
wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
'eleus in his aged arms embrac'd
ing ſon, theſe accents were his laſt:
d! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
ns may Juno and Minerva bleſs!
at to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage;
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe:
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine———
This, now deſpis'd, advice thy father gave;
Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The preſſer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore:
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mould;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The fame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe, inſtant, ſhall be thine; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther; when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Cryſothemis with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enopé, and Phera thee obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this, relentleſs, thou diſdain,
If honour, and if intereſt, plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For know that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the Goddeſs-born: Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain;
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus, in ſhort, my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends:
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoaking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund of all his train;
See what preheminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights:
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure every wife and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.
Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.
The third day hence, ſhall Phthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd, the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Though ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd was his; but twice were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain
The world's great empreſs on th' Ægyptian plain
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in numbe more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though ſhe charm'd the heart
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art,

ater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace,
liance with a tyrant's race.
:n reſtore me to my realms with life,
:rend Peleus ſhall elect my wife.
n nymphs there are, of form divine,
gs that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
kind love my years ſhall glide away,
with juſt hereditary ſway;
eaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
: dear prerogative of life.
ot to be bought with heaps of gold;
.pollo's Pythian treaſures hold,
once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
e the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
ls and treaſures, we by arms regain,
ds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
10 more to wake the ſilent dead.
long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
1 alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
ny date, but deathleſs my renown;
u, I quit immortal praiſe
on years, and long-extended days.
l, though late, I find my fond miſtake,
n the Greeks the wiſer choice to make;
ieſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
n diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
:s are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
ur counſels, all your armies join,
ur forces, all your arts conſpire,
he ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
agem has fail'd, and others will:
Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
-digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
this night let reverend Phœnix ſtay:
is toils and hoary hairs demand
il death in Phthia's friendly land.
her he remain, or ſail with me.
e ſacred, and his will be free.
1 of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
e ſtern reply. Then Phœnix roſe:
s white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
e the fate of ſuffering Greece he mourn'd,
:nt weak theſe tender words return'd:
Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
: our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
l thy friend, thy Phœnix, ſtay behind?
Peleus, when from Phthia's coaſt
iee early to th' Achaian hoſt;
1, as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
to perils of the direful field:
ne teach thee all the ways of war;
n councils and in camps to dare.
1 never let me leave thy ſide!
hall part us, and no fate divide.
h the God, that breath'd my life, reſtore
1 I boaſted, and the port I bore,
iece of old beheld my youthful flames,
l Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd!
I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates unſeen of all;
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence through ſpacious Greece extend;
In Phthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load),
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joy in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily ſins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice, ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughter's ſake;

From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce injuſtice then
Deſcends to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king:
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honours aſk, the general ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver Cynthia bade Contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On Oeneus' field ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That levell'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great Meleager ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt).
Cenſed by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
"She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
"And matchleſs Idas, more than man in war;
"The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
"Againſt the God the father bent his arms:
"Th' afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone; a name to ſhow
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent ambaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warriour heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conquering ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.
Thus he. The ſtern Achilles thus reply'd:
My ſecond father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gift demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molеſt me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our intereſts and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd: then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murderer lives

ghtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
s can conquer every ſoul but thine.
ds that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
s'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
man-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
ar, Achilles! be of better mind;
hy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
w the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
our worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
ol of battles, and thy people's guide!
thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd)
t thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
reſentment, and becomes the brave;
l, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
hen, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
ious combat is no more my care;
amidſt yon ſinking navy ſlain,
d of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
e your veſſels, and approach my own;
re, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
ſe his battle, and there feel our hand.
aid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
a large libation on the ground;
their veſſels, through the gloomy ſhades,
eſs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
e Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
ces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
er ſweet the rererend Phœnix lay,
is inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
ſlept; and in his warm embrace
mede of the Leſbian race.
Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
ghtly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd;
to his friend conſign'd her charms,
yrros fell before his conquering arms.
th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had

ough the hoſts, and reach'd the royal

all, with goblets in their hands,
nd leaders of the Achaian bands,
return. Atrides firſt begun:
ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!

Achilles' high reſolves declare to all:
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care: but leſt to Greece and thee.
Your eves ſhall view, when morning paints the
ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great Achaian hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The general ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke:
Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend?
Or ſtrive with prayers his haughty ſoul to bend
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burſt that ſwelling heart with
pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our powers
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to generous wine and food)
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſtening heroes raiſe,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
Till ſleep, deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intention. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurprize Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king: with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's ætherial power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty ſhower,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the field, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſick blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his labouring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,
With him, in wholeſome counſels to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe!

To whom the king: In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art:
For Jove averſe our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſeveral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapon of the warriour's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes and ſaid:
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep thus range the camp alone?
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.
O ſon of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If aught of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus Neſtor: Truſt the powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' Eternal Mind!
Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again.
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oileus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to every chief to ſue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the king: With reverence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our ſovereign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that the venerable warriour roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then, ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd through the ſleeping croud,
Stopp'd at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd;
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:
Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?
At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled;
The warriour saw the hoary chief, and said,
Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee seek repose.
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriours wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
My friend (he answer'd) generous is thy care,
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a sovereign, and relieve a sire.
But now the last despair surrounds our host;
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life;
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to these my cares, and rouze the rest;
He serves me most, who serves his country best.
This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then seiz'd his ponderous lance, and strode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed,
The warriour rouz'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unwearied watch their listening leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Through breaking woods her rustling course they hear:
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloom, shade:
'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His son, and god-like Merion march'd behind
(For these the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun:
Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near,
Their speech, their counsels, and designs, to hear?
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his through all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise?
What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?
A sable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a sable lambkin by her side;
At every rite his share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warriour join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word arose:
Each generous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
Thou first of warriours, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.
Then thus (the god-like Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,

in I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
l his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
d, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
his conduct, I no aid require;
like his might paſs through flames of
ire.
thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
l the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:
rom a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
on hearers that our merits know.
is haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
dening Orient ſhows the coming day,
s ſhine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
Night's empire but a third remains.
having ſpoke, with generous ardour preſt,
terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
dg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
ple buckler, to Tydides gave:
a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
s enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
n Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
nd quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
orov'd caſque, with leather braces bound,
t, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
l within; without, in order ſpread,
white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
n Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
ns by fraudful rapine won,
e Amphidamas; from him his prize
ceiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
net next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
/ Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
ath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
k through paths oblique their progreſs
:.
, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
ving'd heron great Minerva ſent:
ough ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their
,
hrill clang, and whiſtling wings, they
w.
the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
e glad omen, and addreſs'd the Maid:
hter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
ging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
for ever preſent in my way,
ny motions, all my toils, ſurvey!
we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
y ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
ome deed this ſignal night adorn,
the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
god-like Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
en of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won;
lefend'ſt the fire, defend the ſon.
Æſopus' banks the banded powers
e he left, and fought the Theban towers,
s his charge; receiv'd with peaceful
,
a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial Maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the ſkies
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrours of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Through duſt, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd:
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcovery make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdued they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beſide the reverend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky:
Be witneſs thou! immortal lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain,
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſtening to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.
With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew:
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon liſtening heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a javelin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the leveret wind;
Or chace through woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears, the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a generous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art remain;
This javelin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriours ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the sight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he ſpoke, his limbs with horrour ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take
If, now ſubdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night.
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles, ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſafe
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince their conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.
Ulyſſes thus, and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires aſcend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep,
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their powers they thus diſpoſe:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges, encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Myſian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbras' ancient ſhrine:
The Thracians utmoſt, and apart from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains: till your return reveal,
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, though all the truth be ſhown

Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore;
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:
Great Queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heavenly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Through the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warriour ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd:
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot and the ſteeds untie;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſued
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood;
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warriour drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he lath'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:
Enough, my ſon; from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial Maid,
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerved they paſs'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heavenly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend).
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wondering view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd: to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (oh may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſued, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or, oh! perhaps theſe heroes are no more.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd?
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and favourites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of Heaven are of a nobler kind,
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;

* Minerva.

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon car
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding cour
flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavillion borne,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And their full racks are heap'd with generc
wheat.
But Dolon's armour to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtai
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighbourir
main;
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toi
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libation pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods
wine.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himſelf, leads the Grecians to battle: Hect prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, gi the ſignals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanc by Jupiter (who ſends Iris for that purpoſe) to decline the engagement, till t king ſhall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great ſlaught of the enemy; Ulyſſes and Diomed put a ſtop to him for a time; but the latt being wounded by Paris, is obliged to deſert his companion, who is encompaſ by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmoſt danger, till Menelaüs and Aj

rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horrour sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warriour starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host ingspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress't.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possest:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold:
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales, against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warriour cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrours fill'd th' expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along;
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two steely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.
That instant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with whose who wield
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriours' toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground;
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriours of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' etherial race;
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shades his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;

Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harveſt at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on every ſide,
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrours of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate,
On earth he turn'd his all-conſidering eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's towers ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the field with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſt lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Aganæmnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oileus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the ſame car the brother warriours ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy ſheep!
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword;
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift through ruſtling thickets burſts her way:
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for their father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears that, not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply—
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.

From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still ſlaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low:
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriours' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate
But Jove and Deſtiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town
As ſwift Atrides with loud ſhouts purſued,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Meanwhile on every ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte:
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending, ſhook th' Idæan hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid beſpoke:
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd!
On wings of winds deſcends the various Maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war;
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms; he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit, to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred Nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his generous breaſt,
When the kind ſire contign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he ſprings,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.

Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the javelin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
Till, graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warriour lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features, now deform'd with blood,
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corpſe the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Tranſfix'd the warriour with a brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend
(The powers that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deſerts his powers!
Lo, Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and every boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds, to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear;
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremaſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhowers,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, Muſe! when Jove the Trojans' glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſæus, Dolops, and Antonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night:
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The guſt continued, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warriour thus: and thus the friend reply'd:
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

e with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
ve our foe, all human force is vain.
gh'd; but, ſighing, rais'd his vengeful
eel,
m his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
the charioteer, purſued his lord,
hennoc'led by Ulyſſes' ſword.
ain, they left them in eternal night,
ung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight:
wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
ift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
ector's conqueſts in the middle plain
eck'd awhile, and Greece reſpir'd again,
ns of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
g they rode in one refulgent car:
prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
n'd his children from the Trojan field;
'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
ſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
reaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
n Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
hus by great Ulyſſes dies,
Hippodamus becomes his prize;
ve from Ide with ſlaughter fills his fight,
el hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight,
us' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
fam'd hero of Pæonian ſtroin;
with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
ls too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
broken orders, ſwifter than the wind
but flying left his life behind.
ctor ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
the files, and to the reſcue flies;
as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
wing armies on his march attend.
omed himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
s beſpoke his brother of the war:
how this way yon bending ſquadrons
ield!
m rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
nd his utmoſt force—The warriour ſaid;
the word his ponderous javelin fled;
'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
e ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely
c'd.
is helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
a wound the Trojan hero ſtands:
o ſtunn'd, that, ſtaggering on the plain,
and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
dim fight the miſty vapours riſe,
ort darkneſs ſhade his ſwimming eyes.
follow'd to regain his lance;
lector roſe, recover'd from the trance:
ts his car, and herds amidſt the crowd:
ek purſues him, and exults aloud.
more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
k that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
that partial power has lent his aid.

Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand
If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument:
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt,
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring,
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand:
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lions fear.
He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings it flight, and death is on the ſteel.
Where this but lights, ſo noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul:
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warriour, their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clamorous hounds;

He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;
Chersidamus, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warriour thus began:
O great Ulysses, much-enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field—
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew):
Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!
He spoke; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:
Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.
Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her hosts despair,
And fall a loss, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends.
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warriour, half an host sustains:
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew.
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey.
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.

While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy ſteeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
And, daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging through the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hector's part,
Shot heaven-bred horrour through the Grecian's heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrours not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And, glaring round, with tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhowering darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſourly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at every ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength endued,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſued,
Though round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhowers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid impaits,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager javelin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd:
What God, O Grecians! has your heart diſmay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battle he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warriour reſcue, and your country ſave.
Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers, ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preſerver, great Machaon, bore,
That hour Achilles, from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain,
His friend Machaon ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er they will, Patroclus ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!
The time is come, when yon deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt:
Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warriour late his chariot brought
For, ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind:
Nor could I, through yon cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſs'd me with ſo ſwift a pace.

The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Through intermingled ſhips and tents he paſs'd;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriours ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool seas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new preſs'd, the ſacred flower of wheat,
And wholeſome garlick, crowned the ſavoury treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings
From eldeſt times: the maſſy ſculptur'd vaſe,
Glittering with golden ſtuds, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd
Support two turtle-doves emboſs'd in gold.
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheeſe a flavourous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Neſtor ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriours' thirſt allay,
And pleaſing converſe beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old Neſtor riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat: the chief refus'd, and ſaid:
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by the foaming ſteeds.
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of Greece (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prin

Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppre
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swa

And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the w
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conq
gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtai

(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons

High on a rock fair Thryoëſſa ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their t
below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with ma
pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my fire deni'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my a

My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops ur

And, ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning li
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day fla
To great Alphæus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites were pa
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd M

A bull Alphæus; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.

re ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
ınd the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
ıe ſun, with all revealing ray,
the front of heaven, and gave the day;
:nes of arms, and works of war appear;
ons meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
gias' ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
y herb that drinks the morning dew.)
is car, the van of battle led;
ans ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
liſpers'd, their braveſt warriour kill'd,
a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
captive chariots grac'd my train;
fs from each fell breathleſs to the plain.
tor's ſons had dy'd, but Neptune ſhrouds
hful heroes in a veil of clouds.
oy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
g ſpoils, and ſlaughtering all along,
wide Buprafian fields we forc'd the
er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
s ſtopp'd us where Alifium flows.
e the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
ſame arm that led, concludes the day,
k to Pyle triumphant take my way.
high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
f Gods; to Neſtor, of mankind.
ı I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
my valour for my country's good.
s with unactive fury glows,
s to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
ll he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
; ſhall ſink, nor his the power to aid?
! my memory recalls the day,
athering aids along the Grecian ſea,
yſſes, touch'd at Phthia's port,
r'd Peleus' hoſpitable court.
Jove he ſlew in ſacrifice,
r'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Achilles, and thy reverend ſire
s, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
: ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
u to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
:ient fathers generous precepts gave;
id only this—"My ſon! be brave:"
is thus: "Though great Achilles ſhine
:ngth ſuperior, and of race divine,
ıoler thoughts thy elder years attend;
y juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend."
ke your father at Theſſalia's court;
ow forgot, though now of vaſt import.
the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
itle force the fierceſt minds obey.
vouring God Achilles' heart may move;
deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
from heaven with-hold his ſaving arm;

Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and court of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evæmon's ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart;
Divine compaſſion touch'd Patroclus' breaſt,
Who, ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt:
Ah, hapleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barbarous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of Pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.
To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply;
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd;
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he wath'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe:
Their powers neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their watery ſtore;
Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource;
And gulphy Simoïs, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and god-like heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhowers.
The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the tremblin
ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundatio
heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and level'd by th
flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm
The ſtrokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'
the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, with dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcattering thron
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;

s around a dreadful circle form,
g javelins rain an iron ſtorm:
s untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
e he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
falls. his courage makes him fall.
l rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
s armies, and the trenches ſhows.
g ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
nd tremble at the gulph beneath;
he brink they neigh, and paw the
d,
rf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
he leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
n bare (a formidable ſhow!)
ed thick with ſharpened ſtakes below.
lone this ſtrong defence could force,
e paſs impervious to the horſe.
olydamas; who, wiſely brave,
great Hector, and his counſel gave:
bold leader of the Trojan bands,
confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
ance here can cumbrous chariots find,
beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
hrough thoſe, without a thouſand
ls,
r combat in yon narrow bounds.
e favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
dangers we too raſhly run:
ill our haughty foes to tame,
s inſtant end the Grecian name!
rom Argos, let their heroes fall,
eat day deſtroy and bury all!
they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
s, what methods of retreat remain?
the trench, by our own troops con-

miſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd:
aſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Trojan live to tell the tale.
ye warriours! and obey with ſpeed;
the trenches let your ſteeds be led,
ighting, wedg'd in firm array,
foot, and Hector lead the way:
ſhall ſtoop before our conquering
,
f Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
nſel pleas'd: the God-like Hector
ng
his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
example follow'd by his train,
his car, and iſſues on the plain.
trict the charioteers enjoin'd,
courſers to their ranks behind.
part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
y their ſeveral chiefs' commands.
id braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
or glorious in the van of theſe,
and brave Cebriones,
next the graceful Paris ſhines,
Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.
Priam with the third appear,
and Helenus the ſeer;

In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropæus aid;
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall.
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift through the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain.
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race deſcend;
This Pilypœtes' great Pirithoüs heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamus, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.

So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They graſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling javelins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhower;
Heavy and thick reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes Heaven:
In Powers immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow crannies drive
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriours only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates?
Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To god-like Hector, and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the ſorts were tri'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Through the long walls the ſtony ſhowers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms, appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unavailing arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypœtes' ſteel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore
The warriour ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrows the field with death:
Firſt through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtruck, and fate purſued the ſtroke;
Iämenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Meantime, the braveſt of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent, of enormous ſize,
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings, his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the falling ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its ſpires unroll
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke:
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere!
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thoughts, is every freeman's right
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure, to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with frigh
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Greci fleet,
Though theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our fe
To ſls unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe;
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.

To him then Hector with diſdain return'd:
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or, if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heaven reſumes the litt e ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring God,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardiſe t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a general grave,
But thou canſt live, for thou canſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon through our ſoldiers' breaſts,
My javelin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and, ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terrour and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The clouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulſe every Greek obeys:
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand; and thoſe who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhowers.
As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep:
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone, abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtiffs bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then, caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke:
Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſick's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.

That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſovereign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warriour's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes through the fields;
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoös) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend.
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his ſeven-fold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like ſome black tempeſt gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warriour's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then, toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The ponderous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſued by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the ponderous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins ſmoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;

Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms:
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain;
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, thy ſweat, but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win, the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
Till, pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight, nor this, nor that, deſcends:
So ſtood the war, till Hector's matchleſs might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling-engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A ponderous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days;
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way;
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly:
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriours, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.
Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;

* Neptune.

air Ilion's glittering ſpires were ſeen,
ded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
om the cryſtal chambers of the main
he ſate; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
ncens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
vn the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
t ſhakes! earth trembled as he trod,
he footſteps of th' immortal God.
lm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
he fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
he bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
ame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
ing reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he
,
ie winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
arms his mighty limbs infold,
arms of adamant and gold.
s the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
erior, and the chariot flies:
ng wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
nous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
round him on the watery way;
y whales in aukward meaſures play:
bſiding ſpreads a level plain,
id owns the monarch of the main;
ng waves before his courſers fly:
ering waters leave his axle dry.
the liquid regions lies a cave;
where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
great Ruler of the azure round
is ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds un-
l,
mbroſial herbage from his hand,
l their feetlocks with a golden band,
e, immortal: there they ſtay,
r of the floods purſues his way;
ce a tempeſt darkening heaven around,
eluge that devours the ground.
ient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
roll'd as Hector ruſh'd along:
d tumult and the barbarous cry,
ıs re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
deſtruction to the Grecian name,
ir hopes, the fleets already flame.
ıtune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
/hoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
's a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
ud voice, and ſuch his manly mein;
inceſſant every Greek inſpire,
n' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
rs, O warriours, all our hopes to raiſe;
ect your ancient worth and praiſe:
to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
re than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
vorks though Troy with fury fall,
her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
reece has ſtrength: but this, this part
rown,
th were vain; I dread for you alone.
or rages like the force of fire,
his Gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.

If yet ſome heavenly Power your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:
Then with his ſceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, Oileus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Favouring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns:
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inſpir'd,
Who, breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips: while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free.

Ah no—the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands? 140
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill purſued,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name, 145
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A charge ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price? 150
'Tis not our cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards if your king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave: 155
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt! 160
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore; 165
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
Theſe words the Grecians' fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſtening armies catch the god-like fire. 170
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight:
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes, 175
The God of War had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields, 180
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms; and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays, 185
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy:
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy. 190
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
At every ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gathering force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way 205
Through yon ſquare body, and that black array.
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcattering power,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this day inſpires our arms. 210
He ſaid, and rouz'd the ſoul in every breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary ſteps his ample ſhield.
Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear: 220
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that ſpar'd a foe
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows, 225
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor, rich in generous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant paſtures bred, 230
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms;
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear. 240
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And foils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead, 245
From Hector's hand a ſhining javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line:
Vain was his courage, and his race divine! 250
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

s beamy helm the victor flies,
id faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
r' manly arm a javelin flung;
ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
nail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
ne leaders of th' Athenian line
he brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
mphimachus, ſad object! lies;
mains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
m lions bear acroſs the lawn,
rom devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd

ll jaws high-lifting through the wood,
:ling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
ne chief: great Ajax from the dead
oright arms, Oileus lops his head:
: a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
's feet the gory viſage lay.
d of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
ne Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
hes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
ne lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
e brow the generous care expreſt
:h a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
the chance of war a javelin tore,
d comrades from the battle bore;
e ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
e paid, he iſſued from his tent,
the fight; to whom the God begun,
voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
l where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
ron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies:
s now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
aſt,
: victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?
om the king: On Greece no blame be
own,
her trade, and war is all her own.
/ heroes from the well-fought plaine
withholds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
en, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
far diſtant from our native home
› fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
moſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
or counſels, now perform thy beſt,
t thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
e; and thus the God, whoſe force can
ike
globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
er may he ſee his native land,
he vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
ts ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
s to combat on this ſignal day!

For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt,
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on every part,
Againſt his boſom beats his quivering heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chattering teeth he ſtands, and ſtiffening hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!

* Amphimachus.

Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
In such affays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man).
Terrour, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horrour o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen replv'd):
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enstanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excels alone in swiftness in the course.
The[illegible] the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Ruth like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their forces embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superiour right afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd,
inted on his neck behind)
:e riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
: conqueſt of the Cretan king.
retan, as his foe drew near,
throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
chin the point was ſeen to glide,
ȷ, extant at the farther ſide.
: mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
maſt for ſome great admiral,
e oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
s a length of ruin o'er the ground:
ıd Aſius in that dreadful day,
'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
ıe duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
haſt his trembling charioteer,
ıe foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
ısfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
ıntilochus, he pants beneath
ar, and labours out his breath.
ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
the fight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
ıe ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
ſpacious targe (a blazing round,
bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
ı arm by two ſtrong oraces ſtay'd)
ted in defenſive ſhade;
head the javelin idly ſung,
tinkling verge more faintly rung.
he ſpear the vigorous arm conſeſt,
obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
ıis liver, to the ground it bore
ıis people's guardian now no more!
ended (the proud Trojan cries)
g'd, lamented Aſius lies:
ıgh hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
ıall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
rcing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
ry Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
e was, his pious arms attend,
oad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd
iſtheus and Alaſtor bore
ı body to the tented ſhore.
om fight Idomeneus withdraws;
ıeriſh in his country's cauſe.
foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
fate in death's eternal gloom.
thoüs in the front aſpire:
es was the hero's ſire:
ippodamè, divinely fair,
leſt hope, and darling care;
d her parent's and her huſband's heart,
, ſenſe, and every work of art:

He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliеſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the haplеſs hero dies:
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete:
Fixt as ſome column, or deep rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſlet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound.
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend,
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he fought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage:

So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near,
The youthful offſpring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warriour ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle roſe;
On every ſide the ſteely circle grows:
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins ſing.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His lifeleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall:
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as the vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, cloſ'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his labouring ſide,

normous on the field displays;
ig heart beats thick, as ebbing life de-

, the conqueror from his body drew,
's dim shadows swam before his view.
e Deipyrus in dust was laid:
nus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
: his temples, with an arm so strong,
fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
r some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
n death the god-like owner lies!
ith grief, great Menelaüs burns,
ght with vengeance, to the victor turns;
k the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
tood adverse with the bended bow:
s breast the Trojan arrow fell,
ess bounded on the plated steel.
e ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
ds collected at each open door)
broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
s the golden grain, resulting from the
id:
ne steel that guards Atrides' heart,
o distance flies the bounding dart.
watchful of th' unwary foe,
ith his lance the hand that grasp'd the

d it to the yew: the wounded hand
ie long lance that mark'd with blood the

Agenor gently from the wound
solicits, and the bandage bound,
soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
he tent and ligature supply'd.
! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
hrough the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
:nelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
'ering in the front, the warrior came.
sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
e far distant by the winds was blown.
:'d Pisander through Atrides' shield;
s spear fell shiver'd on the field.
scourag'd, to the future blind,
ams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
s he rushes where the Spartan lord
ıning brandish'd his far beaming-sword.
ft arm high oppos'd the shining shield:

, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
e's cloudy grain the handle made,
with studs; and brazen was the blade);
he helm discharg'd a noble blow;
ie dropt nodding to the plain below,
m the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
ough his front the weighty falchion fell:
ing bones before its force gave way;
d blood the groaning hero lay;
m their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,

d eye-balls tumble on the shore.
: Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
is arms, and, loud exulting, said:

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess rapt transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold fears your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man! supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight
This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew,
Harpalion, had through Asia travel'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.
Him on the car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And, unrevenged, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race;
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
His ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent,
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperiour virtue ſway'd,
And he * that ſhakes the ſolid earth gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the cattle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong the Epeian bands control'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling;

Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain woe
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydamas, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to let
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:

* Neptune.

d the battlements, and round the plain,
y a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
us, nor Helenus the seer,
s' son, nor Asius self appear.
were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
in death, some groaning on the ground:
in dust (a mournful object) lay;
the wall some breath'd their soul-
way.
the left, amid the throng he found
the troops, and dealing deaths around)
ful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
us, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Paris! slave to woman-kind,
of face as fraudulent of mind!
Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
he father, and th' intrepid son?
of Helenus, dispensing fate;
Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
hange o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
roy from her foundations nods;
n thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
devouring vengeance swallow all.
Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
a impatience makes thy tongue offend.
attles I deserv'd thy blame,
then not deediess, nor unknown to
ne:
on rampart by thy arms lay low,
slaughter from my fatal bow.
you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
e heroes two alone remain;
, and Helenus the seer:
disabled by a hostile spear.
ccessful, where thy soul inspires:
and hand shall second all thy fires:
this arm I can, prepare to know,
for death be paid, and blow for blow.
ours, with forces not our own
; strength is of the Gods alone.
ords the hero's angry mind assuage:
they mingle where the thickest rage.
lydamas, distain'd with blood.
halces, stern Orthæus stood.
th Polypœtes the divine,
old brothers of Hippotion's line:
'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
day; the next engag'd in war.)
om gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
he blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
er'd, settles on the hoary deeps:
l deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
behind impel the waves before,
g, foaming high, and tumbling
he shore:
on rank the thick battallions throng,
on chief, and man drove man along.

Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On founding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host; the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Neſtor, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increaſing clamour of the war and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic cincture of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this nightly day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, diſpel thy care,
Let fair Hecamede the ſtrengthening bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſymedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſued from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubt, and thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the general haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt;
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor.
Who landed firſt lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the general of the hoſt addreſt:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gereman Neſtor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
Nor Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conquering arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heaven aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls excite:
Theſe gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our fureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now Heaven, averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;
Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes:
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.

e thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
t the shame of any host but ours!
by Jove endued with martial might,
fit to conquer, or to fall in fight:
rous combats and bold wars to wage,
d our youth, and yet employs our age
thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
e whole streams of blood been spilt in
tin?
de sentence if thou couch thy fear,
n whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
re a man so dead to fame, who dares
such meanness, or the thought declares?
s it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
ied legions of all Greece obey?
general's voice that calls to flight,
r hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
re could Troy? What yet their late de-
es,
'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
ize.
the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
es abandon'd shall the fight pursue;
hips flying, with despair shall see;
destruction to a prince like thee.
t reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
ws pierce me, (for thy words are wise.
; as I am to love the host,
: Greece to leave this hateful coast,
mur, whoe'er, or young or old,
ere conducive to our weal unfold.
r him short, and thus began:
fel if you seek, behold the man
ly gives it; and what he shall say,
ugh he be, did in not to obey:
who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
: to councils and assembled kings.
in me the great Oenides' son,
rour'd dust (his race of glory run)
n'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
is life, and glorious in his fall;
: bold sons was generous Prothoüs blest,
ron's walls and Calydon possest;
Agrius, but (who far surpast
courage) Oeneus was the last
, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
o Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
en's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
nd flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
h in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
vines their liquid harvest yield,
ous flocks that whiten'd all the field
us was, the foremost once in fame!
a Greece a stranger to his name.
: for common good my thoughts inspire,
id in the son, respect the fire:
re of battle, though with wounds op-
t,
forth, and animate the rest,
e glory which he cannot share,
t partaker, witness of the war.
wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
missile javelin's sounding flight,
land; and from the tumult far,
ranks, and rule the distant war.
l not: the listening kings obey,
g on; Atrides *leads the way.*
Ocean (to inflame their rage)
arrior furrow'd o'er with age;

Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke.
Atrides, lo! with what disdain Eleve
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose mind is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder fame
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs re nown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He spoke, then rush'd amidst the warrior crew;
And first his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand strike the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.
Mean time Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd in length of gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Sports and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart she cried
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytherea ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and dictate her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fires!
For lo, I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand, the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew:
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd.
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground;
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill:
Shed thy ſoft dews [illegible] Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's [illegible] trancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, [illegible] d a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, [illegible] mnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain:
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too venturous at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conquering ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan more;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods,
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.
Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven repl
And, ſcalding, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high fav won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (ſhe ſaid) by thoſe tremendious flo
That roar through hell, and bind th' invok Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch'd the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
The queen aſſents; and from th' infernal bow
Invokes the ſable ſubterranean Powers,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoi
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills;)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighbouring ſkies;
Dark in embowering ſhade, conceal'd from ſight
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe lightning ſets the heavens fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her char
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſp ſpoke:
Why comes my goddeſs from th' æthereal ſk
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariots nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main,

I visit thee, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years;
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aërial way
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove;) in time another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul to strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
Whence rose Pirithoüs like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whom Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Nor Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocos made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress,
The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy.
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay:
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.
The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppress with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in flaming brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Power appears;
Pale mortars tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps rebound,
When stormy winds discloze the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Rout through the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven:
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)

Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not Ajax, his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.

As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholder's ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crowded plain:
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly,
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round:
He lies protected, and without a wound,
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear:
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the meads enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watery drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low ſinking on the ſhore:
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax firſt his javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks, on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans fled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving javelin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt!
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt,
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing ſteel:
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head.
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.

He ſpake and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe,
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws.
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall;
Nor Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt:
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe:
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care,
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts to gain:)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke:

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;

When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax, on th'enfans tin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell:
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is [illegible] at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and [illegible] Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them [illegible] Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie,
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Mean while, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main,
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:
O thou, still adverse to th' Eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' Almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.
The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-insolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the Sire of Heaven.
Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.

If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet.
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patrocius, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe;
And lo! that inſtant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe:
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heaven.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace;
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods,
There ſat the Powers in awful ſynod plac'd:
They how'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen: the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threat'ned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurpriſe,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place:
Black horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To fix the gathering grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and lowering diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of power controls,
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhow the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted off-ſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted off-ſpring be thy own
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heaven:
But Pallas, ſpringing through the bright abode
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid:
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall,
Why ſhould Heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne:
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall ſummit of the fountful Ide:
There in the Father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game);
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady pole
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:

Well-pleas'd the Thunderer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddeſs of the ſhowery bow:
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
Th' Almighty ſpoke: the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy ſnows,
Drive through the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls,
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddeſs calls:
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove.
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refuſ'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of Heaven.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heaven's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n power immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips, and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—The God-head ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phœbus, ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſt I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thunderer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground,

...ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
...e his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
...ead now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior ſpoke, the liſtening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came towering to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of generous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and ſam'd compeer.
Medon and Iaſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacé he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall;
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank, down ſunk th' enormous mound;
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level tread;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore the infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;

Exhort their men with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament:
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrors ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome ſavouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin fought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax board,
A faithful ſervant to a Aforeign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytius, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;

Down dropt the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous ſhield;
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields: and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rous'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!
How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame;
And every kindling boſom pants for fame,
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epean band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Scles' winding ſhore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale);
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in duſt below,
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſued at his breaſt. With thundering ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conquering Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector fingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage,
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame

ierous ſeaſe he not in vain imparts;
nd rooted in the Grecian hearts;
, they throng, they thicken at his call,
t the navy with a brazen wall;
uching ſhields, in order blaze above,
the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
ie bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
to fight, ſo active to purſue?
id you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
old lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
l; and backward to the lines retir'd;
h'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
he foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
id the black battalions caſt his view.
ps of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
e ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
ig Melanippus met the dart
bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
ing he falls; his falling arms reſound,
broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
er leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
la his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
nt hunter ſent into his heart.
g Hector to the reſcue flew:
e was, Antilochus withdrew.
a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
nſcious of the deed, he glares around,
n the gathering multitude reſound,
e flies the yet-untaſted food,
ia the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
he youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
nes and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
r'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
ly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
n the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:
of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
cian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
ll their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their
ands.
top he waits with longing eyes,
the navy blazing to the ſkies;
r till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
jans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
es revolv'd in his almighty mind,
Hector to the work deſign'd,
with more than mortal fury glow,
es him, like a lightening, on the foe.
when human crimes for vengeance call,
is huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
a more rage a conflagration rolls,
e vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
s with wroth; beneath his gloomy brow
y meteors his red eye-balls glow:
ant helmet on his temples burns,
hen he nods, and lightens as he turns:
his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
the blaze of both the hoſts in one.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for ſome his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower,
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' every ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes:
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Corpreus was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chac'd from the foremoſt line the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main;
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores
O friends! be men; your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!

Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The godlike hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores;
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their generous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command:
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd! and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax pauſ'd (ſo thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires.
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend;
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

(in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the ce of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him nt himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, ficers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which lus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, tak- n for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector him- ſelf. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle ſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls ey; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which les the book.

urr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
.le the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore,
ne Patroclus to Achilles flies;
aming tears fall copious from his eyes;
:r trickling to the plains below,
e tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
ke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
:lus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
ws ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
no infant, whom the mother keeps
r lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
e the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
) her knees, and reaching at her arms,
ou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
lting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
: ſad tidings from our native land?
ers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
d Menœtius breathes the vital air,
ry Peleus yet extends his days;
n their age to hear their childrens' praiſe.
y ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim!
yon reliques of the Grecian name,
in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
the forfeit of their haughty lord?
r the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
ak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would
hare.
h, that inſtant from his boſom broke,
follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
reece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
ery chief that might her fate prevent,
rc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
us, Tydides, Atreus' ſon
ſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan,
r their country's wounds than for their
own.
ain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
aſt alone no lenitives appeaſe,
never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
in vain! unprofitably brave!
untry ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope
redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race:
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt:
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage;
I made him tyrant; gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears,
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears,
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:

Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt age of yon deſerted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not the injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydides' ſon;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain:
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chaſe,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt aroun
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applie
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head;
Adorn'd in all his terrible array;
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands;
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wield
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpee
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grac
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſta
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as ferocious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wring;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the woo
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats wi
blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt
more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their death
view.
High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's ſho
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth
Divine Sperchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.

Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Cyllenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze.
To her high chair her, from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The lon confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;
Her secret off-spring to her sire she bare;
Her sire cares's'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laerces' valiant off-spring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
"Stern son of Peleus! (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
"Oh, nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field;
"If that dire fury must for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more,
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;
Rank wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows.
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind
Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in *offerings, but to Jove alone.*
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands, and, fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling rocks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Grecks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
O! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again.
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd,
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Protesilaus to Ilion's shore.
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood:)

His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcued decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray, [day:
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpects riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But godlike Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts
ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth
gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with
ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away;
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort the
yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heaven is ſnatch'd from
ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town:
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check, the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
Thetide of Trojans urge their deſperate courſe,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhowers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe);
From their deep beds he bids the river riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies;

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war.
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desart echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man,
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom. [till'd
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens dis-
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crack'd, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground;
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart!
O hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' every vein,
I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughtered friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To lead my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ!
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his cost revenge her heroes lost.
He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the listening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain,
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain;

with youth, and eager to purſue
Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
ough the boſom with a ſudden wound,
d, falling, made the fields reſound.
ans ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
quering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the
in,
d to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
rcle round the carcaſe grows.
ave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
by Merion to the ſhades of death:
oly hill he made abode,
of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
ne jaw and ear the javelin went;
exhaling, iſſued at the vent.
r Æneas at the victor threw,
ing forward from the death withdrew;
hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
oling ſtruck and rooted in the field;
ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
e great Æneas' arm in vain.
ou art (the raging hero cries)
l in dancing to diſpute the prize,
the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
thy active vigour to the ground.
ant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
this my iance thy fate be given,
hy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven:
it ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
e glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
l (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
ds to combat, ill befits the brave;
r boaſts the ſons of Troy repel,
rds muſt plunge them to the ſhades of
ll.
beſeems the council: but to dare
s action, is the taſk of war.
d, Patroclus to the battle flies;
rion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
lmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
and heavy ſound the ſtorm of blows.
he ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
rs of the woodman's axe reſound;
owing blows are heard re-echoing wide,
ckling foreſts fall on every ſide:
'd all the fields with loud alarms,
warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
reat Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
tinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
liſputed corſe the chiefs encloſe,
ſide the buſy combat grows;
eneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
high-foaming with a milky flood)
ing flies, a perſevering train,
warm, and chas'd return again.
ew'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
that ſlaſh'd intolerable day.
he field his ſight, his breaſt debates
ance due, and meditates the fates;
o urge their prompt effect, and call
of Hector to Patroclus' fall.

This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the ſame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall,
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize contended, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood:
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celeſtial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simois' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance, preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:

Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Sceæn gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good heavens! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows!
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land!
Then, ruſhing forward on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.

Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the careſſ ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops the middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for Fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint: each nerve with horror ſhake
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood;
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the crowd.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives eſſus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries!
Lie there, Patroclus: and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee;
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Powers divine!
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own;
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh:
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector, pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead:
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing, as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away,
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove,
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death; then returns to the fight; where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.
The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves,
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Thurns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to cheer his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide though the neck appears the grifly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
T lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtill with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war:)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chaſe
Achilles' courſers, of ætherial race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the reliques of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend!
Sure where ſuch partial favour heaven beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heaven, ſhall give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd; Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A fable ſcene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Mean while great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus, in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.

r his side the generous Spartan glows
great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
ector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
now in Hector shall we Hector find?
ly form, without a manly mind!
, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
ain, without the merit, is the name!
battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
other methods may preserve thy Troy;
ne to try if Ilion's state can stand
alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
mpty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
from thy thankless arms can we expect?
iend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
all our slaughter'd hosses guard your walls,
unrevenged the great Sarpedon falls?
here he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
command if any Lycian wait,
let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
ch a spirit as the Gods impart
me Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
as should burn in every soul, that draws
ord for glory, and his country's cause;)
et our mutual arms we might employ,
ng you carcase to the walls of Troy.
ere Patroclus cure, we might obtain
n's arms and honour'd corse again!
with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
us due honours purchas'd to his shade.
rds are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
ector trembles and recedes with fear;
ar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
already thou prepar'st to fly.
Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
ycian leader, and sedate replied:
is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
ch a warrior such a speech should hear?
'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
this insult suits a prudent mind.
great Ajax? I desert my train?
ne to prove the rash assertion vain;
mingle where the battle bleeds,
ar the thunder of the sounding steeds.
e's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
ong he withers, and confounds the bold;
rowns with fame the mighty man, and now
he fresh garland from the victor's brow!
through you squadron let us hew the way,
u be witness, if I fear to-day:
Greek the fight of Hector dread,
heir hero can defend the dead.
, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
ans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
(my friends) in action as in name,
be mindful of your ancient fame.
in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
om his friend, by right of conquest mine.
rode along the field, as thus he said
ble plumage nodded o'er his head:)
rough the spacious plain he sent a look;
ant saw, one instant overtook
ant band, *that on the sandy shore*
lant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.

There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious-look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart!
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away:
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in bolder tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Mæonides, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires:
Now Phorcys, Chromius and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Thesilocus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die, or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whose'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

Our fatal day! alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps my friend on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound:
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All whom this well-known voice should reach so far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
And long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Grecks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care.
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus's son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Hellus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, gorg'd the carcase through the war;
The sinewy ancles bar'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the dead,
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It clash'd the helmets brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphitus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The noblest warrior, and the noblest mind:
In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood.
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys's, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke.
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain
To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by art of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst your lives employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form assum'd, descries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day!
A Deity nor is he less than my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew
The bold example all his host pursue.
Then first, Lycoritus beneath him bled,
In vain beloved by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, hurl'd his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addrest
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain;
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Greeks form
Abrazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.
Greece in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host,
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's splendors blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Mean while the sons of Nestor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene: such rage, such horror reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth *before our eyes*
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost! [said,
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Mean time, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their god-like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain!
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the heroe's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke;
Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn;
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.
He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war;
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon behold distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest;
What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains
Or holds their fury in suspended reins;

Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of sight be mine.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the council yields!
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields:
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd.
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind.
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of sight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
(bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Fetion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of wee,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God.

d of his all-ſeeing eye,
r'd triumph, and the victors fly.
ibled Greece. The flight Peneleus
675
brave Bœotian turn'd his head
oe, Polydamas drew near,
s ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
ounded, Lycus quits the plain,
ugh the wrist; and, raging with
ain, 680
ice formidable lance in vain.
follow'd, Idomen addreſt
javelin to his manly breaſt:
oint before his corſelet yields;
ky with clamour fills the fields; 685
chariot as the Ceran ſtood,
Priam hurl'd the miſſive wood;
from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
dust the 'ſquire and charioteer
Merion: Cœranus his name, 690
r Lycus for the fields of fame.
Merion fought: and now, laid low,
the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
re 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
s life his maſter's ſafety bought. 695
cheek and ear the weapon went,
ſhatter'd and the tongue it rent.
the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
and forgets the falling rein:
reaches, bending from the car, 700
o defert the hopeleſs war;
onſents; the laſh applies;
ft chariot to the navy flies.
leſs the will of Heaven deſery'd,
ſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide, 705
he hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
ſeed, the godlike Telamon:
o ſees not Jove's almighty hand
e glory to the Trojan band? [710
e weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
ch arrow to a Grecian heart:
ſpears: inceſſant though they rain,
ery lance to fall in vain.
the God, yet let us try [715
n ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
onour'd corpſe, in triumph borne,
e fleets that hope not our return,
led yet, ſcarce refuged from their
,
ir Hector thundering at their gates.
oo muſt be diſpatch'd, to bear 720
ful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
hief I ſpy not through the hoſt:
he ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt 725
arkneſs—Lord of earth and air!
h Father! hear my humble prayer:
cloud, the light of heaven reſtore;
ſee, and Ajax aſks no more;
muſt periſh, we thy will obey, 730
periſh in the face of day!
s the hero ſpoke, and at his prayer
lenting, clear'd the clouded air;
the ſun with all-enlightening ray,
f armour flaſh'd againſt the day. 735
Atrides! call around thy ſight;
chus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold, 740
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands: 745
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untaſted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain, 750
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd, his train:
O guard theſe relicks, to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners and the gentleſt heart: 755
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with ſharpeſt eye 760
Of all that wing the mid aërial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and, ſouſing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air. 765
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight;
Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found,
Cheering his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear; [770
Thy eyes have witneſs'd, what a fatal turn!
Now Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn
This is not all: Patroclus, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more. 775
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant, fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.
The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow; [780
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs ſtands,
(Though ſore diſtreſt to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thraſymede thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his Patroclus ſlain, [790
Gone is Antilochus (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe. 795
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor muſt the dead regain,
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (ſaid Ajax;) be it then thy care, 800
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpſe to bear;
Myſelf and my bold brother will ſuſtain
The ſhock of Hector and his charging train.

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have flood. The hero said;
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead
A general clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their curious hunters drive the wounded bear;
But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins shower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the roar along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.

The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load.
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
Th' enormous timber lengthening down the hill:
So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax thrusts,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing hosts.
Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the wind tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintain
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of crane,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High in the air, their callow young
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armed lay:
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his Lamentation, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. He appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful work of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night following, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Mean while, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tiding, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corpse they fight,
His naked corpse; his arms are Hector's right
A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
These he deforms with dust, and these he tears
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.

gin captives, with disorder'd charms
y his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
rom the tents with cries; and gathering
ound,
ir white breasts, and fainted on the ground!
Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
urns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
n his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
prevents the meditated blow.
the deep abysses of the main,
ory Nereus, and the watery train,
ther Goddess from her crystal throne
s loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
ing Nereids with their mistress weep,
the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Glauce (every watery name)
nild, and silver Spio came:
oé and Cymodocé were nigh,
blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
cks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
oto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
entle, and Amphithoe gay;
lianira, Callianassa, show
ster looks; Dexamene the flow,
ift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
w the verdant wave divides:
es with Apseudes lifts the head,
Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Dythia, Clymene, attend,
Amphinome, the train extend;
ck Janira, and Janassa fair,
natheia, with her amber hair.
e, and all that deep in ocean held
cred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
at her ivory breast with silent woe,
etis' sorrows thus began to flow:
me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
st a cause has Thetis to complain?
retched, were I mortal, were my fate!
ore than wretched in th' immortal state!
from my bed a god-like hero came,
avest far that ever bore the name;
re fair olive, by my careful hand
w, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
y I sent him: but the Fates ordain
er, never, must return again.
t a space the light of heaven to view,
t, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
ow his sorrows echo through the shore!
t ease them, but I must deplore;
least to bear a tender part,
ourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
said, and left the caverns of the main,
h'd in tears; the melancholy train
her way Wide-opening part the tides,
the long pomp the silver wave divides.
aching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
two by two, ascended up the strand.
mortal Mother, standing close beside
ournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
the coast the mingled clamours ran,
us the silver-footed Dame began:
mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
od has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
ourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
Amortal beauty to his equal bed?
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill).
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste:
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past—I quell it, I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall? stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields,
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!—my arms, my arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.
My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh;

The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.
But can'ſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour ſtay:
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:—
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind,
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the show'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below:
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy, the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame.
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from the æthérial
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies: [ſkies?
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky,
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That in my friend's defence, I ſee Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him hops the dead
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (fair Iris) well we know.
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear.
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke; and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beſieged town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſigns of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze:
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendors flow,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forthmarch'd the chief, and, diſtant from the crowd
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud,
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds the alarm of war
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and the tow'rs reply:
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and tremble as they hear:
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raiſes,
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd
While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
Unhappy change! now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Mean time, unweary'd with his heavenly way
In ocean's waves, th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labour's eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate,
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years;

me night to both a being gave,
i counſel, one in action brave):
:bate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
ove, before the morning break,
r camp: too dangerous here our poſt,
roy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
t Greece ſo dreadful, while, engag'd
euds, her king and hero rag'd: [305
: we hop'd our armies might prevail,
:amp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
des now: his rage of mind
ntinues to the ſhores confin'd,
fields, where long in equal fray
nations won and loſt the day;
or Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
'd conteſt not for fame but life.
to Ilion, while the favouring night
'e terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
iorrow's ſun behold us here,
hoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, nor fear;
that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
ermit them then to enter Troy.
fatal prophecy be true,
tremble but to think, enſue,
e our fate, yet let us try
of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
ounſel for our guard depend;
ier gates and bulwarks ſhall defend:
ing dawns, our well-appointed powers,
arms, ſhall line the lofty towers.
'e hero then, when fury calls,
d vengeance on our rocky walls,
ouſand circles round the plain,
t courſers ſeek the fleet again:
age be tir'd, and labour'd down;
all tear him ere he tack the town.
id Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
o whole armies in our walls again
nough, ye valiant warriors ſay,
impriſon'd, in thoſe towers ye lay?
ie world was Ilion ſam'd of old
nauſick's, and for mines of gold:
iglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
er treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
ins now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
Maonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
e Grecians in their wooden walls:
diſpirit whom the Gods incite;
ojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
unſel then attention lend;
freſhment, and the watch attend.
ne whoſe riches coſt him care,
n bring them for the troops to ſhare;
nerouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
: plunder of our country's foes.
norn the purple orient warms,
n navy we will pour our arms;
illes riſe in all his might,
nger. I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Gods! or let me gain, or give!
glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
:ommon lord, alike to all:
victor triumphs but to fall.
ing hoſt in loud applauſes join'd;
b'd the many of their mind;
To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chooſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaughtering arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp'd his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When, to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bade the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corpſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides;
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke Almighty Jove:
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch Grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and conſort of the thund'ring Jove,

Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land? 430
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where Heaven's far beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the Goddess found, 435
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440
That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods!
For their fair handles now o'erwrought with flowers, 445
In moulds prepar'd the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
Observ'd her entering? her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd:
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour 455
Approach, and taste the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd:
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid. 460
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redrest, 465
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God: 470
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share 475
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes, 480
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire, 485
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine, (such wonders are in heaven!) 490
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate;

There, plac'd behind her on a shining frame,
He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls 495
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine 501
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race, 505
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name; 510
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe 515
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppres
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest. 520
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then, slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame. 525
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more! 530
To her the Artificer-god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze 535
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn's
Resounding breath'd; at once the blast expires, 540
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold: 545
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re
bound. 550
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd

aried ſun, the moon completely round;
y lights that heaven's high convex
own'd;
ds, Hyads, with the northern team;
Orion's more refulgent beam;
, around the axle of the ſky,
revolving points his golden eye,
exalted on th' ætherial plain,
s his blazing forehead in the main.
ies radiant on the ſhield appear,
one of pence, and one of war.
d pomp and genial feaſt delight,
n dance, and Hymenæal rite;
ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
es flaming, to the nuptial bed:
ful dancers in a circle bound
flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
he fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row
heir porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
n the forum ſwarm a numerous train,
t of debate, a townſman ſlain:
the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
he public and the laws decide:
's is produc'd on either hand:
r that, the partial people ſtand:
ted heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
a ring, with ſceptres in their hands
ſtone, within the ſacred place,
nd elders nodded o'er the caſe;
each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
f him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
part (a proſpect differing far)
h refulgent arms, and horrid war.
y hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
would pillage, one would burn the
e.
the townſmen, arm'd with ſlert care,
buſh on the foe prepare:
s, their children, and the watchful
g parents, on the turrets ſtand
, by Pallas and by Mars made bold!
the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
heir armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
fine, ſuperior by the head!
ambuſh ſit, they found, and ſtood
h ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
t diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
ite flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
ow moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains:
, piping on their reeds, they go,
ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
glittering ſquadron riſing round,
; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground;
s and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
idſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
g oxen the beſiegers hear;
take horſe, approach, and meet the
they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
r, there contention, ſtood confeſt;
dagger at a captive's breaſt;
iving foe, that freſhly bled
ade wounds; another dragg'd a dead.
ow there, the carcaſes they tore
midſt them, grim with human gore.

And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd next, the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the
ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth, in ridges roll'd:
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwarths are
found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken up the
ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines
Bent with the ponderous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And, curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' incloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their head,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths, that ſmiling
bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings:
In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune foot the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent through the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine four dogs complete the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd,
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withſtood
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) deſert the prey
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair foreſts, and a length of meads
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all o'once they rise, at once descend
With vest-taught feet; now shape, in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now birth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So wins a wheel, in giddy circle toss,
And apid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The azing multitudes admire around.
The active tumblers in the centre bound;
Nothigh, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
An general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

This brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son; her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd?
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of a slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we cauſ'd bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night? [75
I deem their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun:
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I againſt the will of Heaven?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Até driven:
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſtering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon:
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven months gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She paſt'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid he) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born; from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd,
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation what I act ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by generous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero through a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built anew with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten every hand;
But let the preſents to Achilles made
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That, ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.

Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay:
Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youths the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.
By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
Thoſe call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant ſhould commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds diſfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Intereſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warrior-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Though vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let generous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds:
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds:
Seven captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs, ſheath'd beſide his ſword
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The ſolemn words a deep attention drew,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs, thou firſt! thou greateſt Power above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, Heaven all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
he ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles fought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey,
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin-bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All rrod the dark irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;

s divine should ratify the band,
:e me empress in his native land,
ıese grateful tears! for thee they flow,
that ever felt another's woe! 320
ter captives echoed groan for groan,
rn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own:
:rs press'd their chief on every side;
l, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd:
Achilles have a friend, whose care 325
please him, this request forbear:
er sun descend, ah let me pay
and anguish one abstemious day.
ke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
he brother-kings of Atreus' race, 330
lomeneus, Ulysses sage,
enix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
they calm not, nor his grief control;
s, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
oo, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents) 335
ead th' inviting banquet in our tents;
et society, thy winning care,
d Achilles, rushing to the war.
, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
ıquets but revenge can glad my mind? 340
eater sorrow could afflict my breast,
ore, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
v, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
ore, should Neoptolemus the brave 345
r offspring) sink into the grave?
ıt offspring lives (I distant far,
:glectful, wage a hateful war).
ot this, this cruel stroke attend;
n'd Achilles, but might spare his friend. 350
Patroclus might survive, to rear
er orphan with a parent's care.
ros isle conduct him o'er the main,
l his eyes with his paternal reign,
palace, and the large domain; 355
is breathes no more the vital air,
a wretched life of age and care,
he news of my sad fate invades
ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.
g he said. His grief the heroes join'd; 360
e a tear for what he left behind.
ngled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
Achilles now no more thy care,
thou thus desert the great in war; 365
e yon sails their canvas wings extend,
ortless he sits, and wails his friend:
t and want his forces have oppress,
d infuse ambrosia in his breast.
ke: and sudden, at the word of Jove, 370
descending Goddess from above.
through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
: air floating to her ample wings.
Achilles she her flight addrest,
r'd divine ambrosia in his breast, 375
ar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
ift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
sued from the ships, the warrior-train,
: a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
the piercing blasts of Boreas blow, 380
ter o'er the fields the *driving snow;*
sky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
zzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields; 385
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze;
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest, 390
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire; 395
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd, 400
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears, 405
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky;
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind 410
The sweepy crest, hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed. 415
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear, 420
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields. 425
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side);
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind, 430
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire; 435
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain 440
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care,

Through falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaughtering ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and dropp'd his head!
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honour's of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fate, to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrors of the battle deſcribed, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter: but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with great ſlaughter.
The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood:
While' near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wake the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure Siſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) ſat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the watery reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
What moves the God who heaven and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial Powers! deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heavenly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſovereign of the fire!
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter loving Dame,
Xanthus, whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte Huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of War.

* *Neptune.*

ich the Powers descending swell'd the
ht,
ult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
ch face; then Discord sounds alarms,
es, and the nations rush to arms.
gh the trembling shores Minerva calls,
she thunders from the Grecian walls.
ering o'er his Troy, his terrors shrouds
tempests, and a night of clouds;
igh each Trojan heart he fury pours
divine, from Ilion's topmost towers;
s to Simoïs from her beauteous hill;
tain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
on peals redoubled rend the poles.
tern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
wave, the mountains nod around;
ll their summits tremble Ida's woods,
their sources boil her hundred floods.
rets totter on the rocking plain;
ss'd navies beat the heaving main.
e dismal regions of the dead,
al monarch rear'd his hoary head,
m his throne, lest Neptune's arm should
dominions open to the day,
in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
ar th' immortals wage: such horrors
d
l's vast concave, when the Gods con-
-shafted Phœbus took the plain
de Neptune, monarch of the main:
f Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
tona march'd the Son of May;
r'd Dian, sister of the Day
n arrows sounding at her side)
Majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
Vulcan last in battle stands
flood that rolls on golden sands;
s name with those of heavenly birth,
Scamander by the sons of earth.
hus the Gods in various league engage,
ow'd with more than mortal rage:
sought; in search of Hector turn'd
round, for Hector only burn'd;
like lightning through the ranks, and
v'd
e God of Battles with his blood.
was the first who dar'd to stay;
dg'd him in the warrior's way;
l his bosom with undaunted might,
l, and half-persuaded, to the fight.
g Lycaon, of the royal line,
d aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
he chief reflect, how late with scorn
threats he brav'd the Goddess-born,
as the hero of Anchises' strain;
elides, you persuade in vain:
ve I me, nor void of fear
he fury of his flying spear;
woods he chas'd us to the field,
he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Pedasus, in ashes lay,
assisting) I surviv'd *the day;*
Sunk, oppress in fatal fight
chilles and Minerva's might.

Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful
plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his
power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a Sister of the Main:
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero
prest:
His venturous act the white arm'd Queen sur-
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:
Behold an action, Gods! that claim your care;
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she; and thus the God whose force can
make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the Tyrant of the sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way,
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simoïs shade.
In circle close each heavenly party sate:
Intent to form the future scheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.
Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There, great Achilles: bold Æneas, here.
With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride:
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast,
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddess born; half human, half divine,
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bre
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mea
Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind
These, lightly skimming when they swept
plain,
Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renow'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper
To bear the cup of Jove (æthereal guest,
The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boun
All human courage gives, or takes away. [
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wr
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can f
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the cro
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin fl
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dre
shield
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms 315.[
Through two strong plates the point its pa
But stoop'd, and rested by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward so
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan's ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides.
And the ſlight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering ſpear:
A fate ſo near him chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rouſing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground.
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the Powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone,
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing Mind;
On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Through all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds;
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form conteſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:

What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword.
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid; nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dreads the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all Heaven defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him, from high heaven, to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' godlike ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphityon, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Nais of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boaſt thy birth:

Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel, with full descending sway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrest him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helicé's high shores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast):
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel:
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his riling breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that slew Achilles in his friend!
No more shall Hector' and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas's heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The lucken dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
Ever bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthless faulchion ope'd his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echecius! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung:
He drept his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er the dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores.
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers,
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round with never-weary'd pain
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:

: courſers, as the chariot rolls,
i whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes
i their hoofs, while o'er the dead they
ly drops the ſmoking chariot dye: 584

The ſpiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never-dying fame! 590

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

s fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the b great ſlaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills nd Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the vois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. at ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the roy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an y of retiring into their city.
ne day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

w to Xanthus gliding ſtream they drove,
nmortal progeny of Jove.
iere divides the flying train,
town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
their troops triumphant bore the fight:
, and trembling in ignoble flight
i a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
ehind the rout a heap of clouds).
: into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
g billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
promiſcuous all the banks reſound:
nd there, in eddies whirling round,
ing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors
wn'd.
ch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
ehind them runs the blaze of fire;
i the land before the ſmoky cloud,
ing legions ruſh into the flood:
l in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
eſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
lance the hero caſts aſide
vading tamariſks on the margin hide);
a God, the rapid billows braves,
h his ſword high-brandiſh'd o'er the
es:
he plunges, now he whirls it round,
l'd the waters with the dying ſound;
ounds the reddening river dy'd,
rm purple circled on the ride.
ch the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
i rocks or winding caverns lie:
ge Dolphin tempeſting the main,
fore him fly the ſcaly train,
heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
d heave beneath the floating waves.
with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
ſen youths he drags alive to land;

With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood,
The ſon of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos' iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eetion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conquering hand:
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero ſaid:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee you heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he ſpoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, [tears;
And his ſoul ſhivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam and Laothöe fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd):
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For, ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore. [gore;
How from that arm of terror ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think, not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
Theſe words, attended with a ſhower of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friends! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?"
Seeſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he ſaid: and, as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear:
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand;
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corpſe, and ſuck thy gory wound;
There no ſad mother ſhall thy funerals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe every wave ſome watery monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.
So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worſhipp'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.
Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?
Mean while the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axius, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illuſtrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threatening he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driven the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
: preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
m a river, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
hou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Æacus, and Jove, am I;
f theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
thunders, to the ſtream that flows.
s can, Scamander might have ſhown;
e dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon,
loüs might contend in vain,
: roaring billows of the main.
l ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
the rivers, and the ſprings below,
ering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
then from the bank his javelin tore,
he breathleſs warrior in his gore.
ıg tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
ıgainſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
ı between the banks, it lies, the food
; eels, and fiſhes of the flood. [ſlain)
r'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt
d Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
ıis fury on the flying crew,
Aſtypylus, and Mneſius ſlew;
herſilochus, with Ænius fell;
ers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
the bottom of his gulfs profound,
ſpoke; the ſhores return the ſound:
f mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
natchleſs, and in force divine!
d given thee every Trojan head,
n me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can [keep,
ıeir wonted tribute to the deep.
n, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
hy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
ın form confeſs'd before his eyes,
thus, and thus the chief replies:
treamt! thy word we ſhall obey;
ll Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay:
ithin her towers the perjur'd train
, and tremble at our arms again:
oud Hector, guardian of her wall,
ıis lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
, and drove with fury on the foe.
ıe Godhead of the ſilver bow
w flood began: O ſon of Jove!
he mandate of the ſire above
xpreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
arrows in defence of Troy,
: her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
arkneſs hide the face of all?
te in vain—the chief without diſmay
hrough the boiling ſurge his deſperate
ng in his rage above the ſhores, [way.
ıis deep the bellowing river roars,
ps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
d the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
before, the billows rang'd on high
y bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
ling on his head with thundering ſound,
ıg deluge whelms the hero round:
d ſhield *bends to the ruſhing tide*; *ſpborne, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,*
Sliddering and ſtaggering. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood:
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly; Achilles ſprings
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bowers,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him ſcattering, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'e'r he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watery mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil:
When thus (his eyes on Heaven's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no God, Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom on a rainy day
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe, to the ſea.
Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief.

The Power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil;
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft remurmur in their wonted bed.
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms;
With horrid clangor shock'd th' æthereal arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War:
What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
Æthereal minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God?

s hand Tydides' javelin bore,
bath'd it in celestial gore.
, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
s Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
tine ægis of her sire, 471
the glancing bolt and forked fire.
l the Goddess in her mighty hand
limit of the neighbouring land,
from eldest times; black, craggy, vast.
heavenly homicide she cast. 476
he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
broad acres covers as he lies.
g stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
he fields his ringing arms resound: 480
l dame her conquest views with smiles,
ng, thus the prostrate God reviles:
not yet, insatiate fury! known
Minerva's force transcends thy own?
n thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
y folly thus by Pallas' hand; 486
thy broken faith with just disgrace,
aid to Troy's perfidious race.
s spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
ing round, diffus'd celestial day, 490
ian daughter, stooping on the land,
wounded God her tender hand:
ies, scarcely breathes with pain,
on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
ight Empress of the heavens survey'd
g thus, to War's victorious Maid. 496
an aid on Mars's side is seen!
and Love's unconquerable Queen!
what insolence, in open view,
let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 500
smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
y on her breast the wanton strook:
ling, fell (her spirits fled);
gether lay the lovers spread;
ese heroes, be the late of all 505
ries! who guard the Trojan wall!
Gods such let the Phrygians be,
fierce, as Venus is to me;
the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
nd Juno with a smile approv'd. 510
ne, to mix in more than mortal fight,
Ocean dares the God of Light:
hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
conflicting powers, and heaven returns
sound?
nnious, we with shame retire, 515
rform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
e thy arm! for first the war to wage,
y greatness, or superior age:
art to prop the Trojan throne
f my wrongs, and of thy own) 520
the race of proud Laomedon!
rgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
he lengthen'd labours of a year?
I rais'd (for such were Jove's com-
ds) [525
nd bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
was to feed the bellowing droves
lda's vales and pendent groves.
e circling seasons in their train
k the grateful day that crown'd our
e stern the fraudful king defy'd [pain,
odhead, and the prize deny'd: 531

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 535
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind, 540
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground. 545
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly sires,
And from the senior Power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 550
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 555
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid;
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven 560
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 565
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage— 570
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow: [575
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above, 580
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care, [585
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 590
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode, [595
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th'ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire diſmay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojan's ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtep, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls:
You, to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung,
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat,
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, gladſome, ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offſpring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe.
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll);
He ſtops and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul:
What! ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road,
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood collected in his might:
And all his heating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain.
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies,
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſh
He ſaid: with marchleſs force the javelin
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from har
He ſtands impaſſive in the ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the darling foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withd
Mean while the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with length
ſtrides, [gl
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Sc
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſho
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fa

† *Apollo.*

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

jans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, ts to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: is pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; th Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands that, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. oons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.
th day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

to their bulwarks. smit with panic fear,
: herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
'e, they wipe their briny drops away,
wn in bowls the labours of the day.
he walls, advancing o'er the fields
one roof of well-compacted shields,
ending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
hing in the shade of Trojan towers.
ctor singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
: he stood before the Scæan gate;
old arms determin'd to employ,
lian still of long-defended Troy.
now to tir'd Achilles turns
ver confest in all his glory burns).
t (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
rtal speed a Godhead to pursue?
o thee to know the Gods is given,
to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
its thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
past labour, and thy present vain:
ir walls are now her troops bestow'd,
re thy frantic rage attacks a God.
ief incens'd—Too partial God of Day:
my conquests in the middle way:
in Ilion else had refuge found!
ping numbers now had bit the ground!
b'st me of a glory justly mine,
of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
ne, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
a mortal, who repines in vain.
o the city terrible and strong,
h and haughty steps he tower'd along.
oud courser, victor of the prize,
ear goal with double ardour flies:
he blazing shot across the field,
ul eyes of Priam first beheld.
so dreadful rises to the fight,
the thick gloom of some tempestuous
ght,
og (the year when autumn weighs)
the feebler stars exerts his rays;
lory! for his burning breath
e red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
s his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The long, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the
shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their
own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid, already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd:
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs! muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck through with wounds, all honeſt, on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid:
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe,
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul;
Reſolv'd he ſtands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood; and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungenerous thought recall?
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight!
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuffering country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear;
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No—if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or, if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-ſhield, the helm, and lance, down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town
The wife withheld, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that in Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without blow?
We greet not here as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk
War is our buſineſs; but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!
Thus pond'ring, like a God, the Greek drew
His dreadful portage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendor flame
Like Jove's own lightning, or the riſing ſun
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
Juſt where he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey
Obliquely wheeling through th' aerial way,
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings
No leſs fore-right the rapid chaſe they hold,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe main
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their
broad
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted
This hot through ſcorching
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of
By theſe they paſs'd, one chaſing, one in
(The mighty fled, purſued by ſtronger
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day
Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life
As when ſome hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth
(Some golden tripod or ſome lovely dame)

The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:
Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, who ſo zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful ſmoke the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the towers of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
(Good as he is) the lot impoſ'd on man.
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens Heaven with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As through the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the rainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus, ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles ſcorn'd to lead the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his fighting friends,
(Whoſe ſhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As man in ſlumber ſeems with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their lingring limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
So lies the labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endued his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with power:
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greeks advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale, ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and *triumphing cries*;
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Rob'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here, myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance, reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
In ſhow and aid, by his pleaſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belyd:
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the flight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy plight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, proſtrate to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the fierce ſparkle, and the javelin fly.
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Soon'ly they met. The fierce Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy power.

No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and' braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miſs'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terror ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhonеſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt;
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I muſt bleed,
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely caſ'd the warrior's body o'er;
One place at length he ſpies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of fear:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods ſhall wreak this wrong on thee:
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his labouring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing, as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the firſt! When Jove and Heaven ordain
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, caſt it on the ground,
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eye
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts diſgrace.
" How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
" Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate!
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;

And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye powers!
See, if already their deſerted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my ſhade.
Mean while, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, flow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himſelf and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted through the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land,
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls:
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me and all my race);
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! laſt; thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle ſpirit paſs'd in peace,
The ſon expiring in the fire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhower!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.
Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corpſe! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Sceæan gate,
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours;
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls:
Ah, follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the crowd he ever ſcorn'd to wait.
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies through the doom (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held him, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her, ſinking, with aſſiſtant hands.

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Action ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt;
Thou, to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs, they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill evening gave him up to reſt,
Sunk in ſoft down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy conſort's care,
Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt, he retires to the ſea-ſhore; where, falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the right of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the caeſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

Thus, humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Through the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead,
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid;

|, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt,
l rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Achilles' promiſe is complete;
y Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
ıe dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
ze ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
s effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
' he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
: bier the bleeding Hector threw,
the duſt. The Myrmidons around
their armour, and the ſteeds unbound,
ıilles' ſable ſhip repair,
and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
ı the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
y victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
e goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
ze hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
miſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
a band of Argive monarchs brings
ous victor to the king of kings.
dead friend the penſive warrior went,
s unwilling, to the regal tent.
ding heralds, as by office bound,
iled flames the tripod vaſe ſurround;
ſe his conquering hands from hoſtile
re,
'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore:
› ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
.nd greateſt of the Gods above!
e pyre I place thee; till I rear
› mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
e my ſorrows while I bear to live.
reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
your feaſt; but with the dawn of day,
f men!: it claims thy royal care,
ze the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
he foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
ıen his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
agued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
; they hear him, and the word obey;
of hunger and the thirſt allay,
in ſleep the labours of the day.
Pelides ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
ſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
groaning; while on either hand
al Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
grats his languid members ſall,
ı his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
the murmurs of the rolling deep,
he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
troclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
ıe robe he living wore, he came;
voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
familiar hover'd o'er his head:
s Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
ſeem'd his deareſt, tendereſt care,
'orgot, I wander in the air.
ıe corpſe the rites of burial know,
me entrance in the realms below;
the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
ınd there th' unbody'd *ſpectres* chace,

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth;
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears;
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhock'd axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the ſandy ſhore;

There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſtrow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
Then, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waſte:
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain:
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hard the ſacred lock he laid,
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe,
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre:
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return;
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on, every ſide;
High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord,
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy ven
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's drear
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully pai
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to th
But heavier fates on Hector's corp
Sav'd from the flames for hungry d
So ſpake he threatening: but vain
His threat, and guard inviolate th
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his he
And roſeate unguents, heavenly f
She watch'd him all the night, and
And drove the blood-hounds fro prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus left employ'd h
He pour'd around a veil of gather
And kept the nerves undry'd, the
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian
Nor yet the pile where dead Pat
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flam
But faſt beſide, Achilles ſtood in p
Invok'd the Gods, whoſe ſpirit m
And victims promis'd, and libatic
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along
To breathe and whiſper to the fir
The winged Iris heard the hero's
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy
Where, in old Zephyrs open cou
Sat all the bluſtering brethren of
She ſhone amidſt them, on her pa
The rocky pavement glitter'd with
All from the banquet riſe, and ca
The various Goddeſs to partake th
Not ſo (the dame reply'd) I haſte
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods b
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs
And Heaven is feaſting on the we
With righteous Æthiops (uncorru
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſac
The Weſtern Spirit, and the Nort
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt
And bear the blazing honours hig
Swift as the word the winds tumu
Forth burſt the ſtormy kind with
And heaps on heaps the clouds are
To the wide main they ſtooping
The heaving deeps in watery mou
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhak
Full on the pile the gather'd ſtorm
The ſtructure crackles in the roarin
And all the night the plenteous da
All night Achilles hails Patroclus'
With large libations from the gold
As a poor father, helpleſs and un
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones
And pour in tears, ere yet they c
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round
So watch'd the flames, till now more.
'Twas when, emerging through th
The morning planet told th' appro
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the g

ık the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
ıeir caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
ne Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
led ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
k to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
d with his grief: mean while the crowd
ging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
ult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
ıg ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke:
ngs and princes of th' Achaian name!
us quench the yet-remaining flame
ole wine; then (as the rites direct)
's bones with careful view ſelect:
and eaſy to be known, they lie
the heap, and obvious to the eye:
around the margin will be ſeen
ious, ſteeds and immolated men).
wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
he golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
t them reſt, with decent honour laid,
all follow to th' infernal ſhade.
me erect the tomb with pious hands,
on ſtructure on the humble ſands;
r Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
' poſterity record our praiſe.
Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
p ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
e white bones his fat companions place,
ırs collected in the golden vaſe.
ed relicks to the tent they bore;
a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
ie, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
the deep foundations round the pyre,
the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
earth, memorial of the dead.
warming populace the chief detains,
ls amidſt a wide extent of plains;
lac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceeds
of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
d tripods (for the funeral games)
ent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
d the prizes to reward the force
racers in the duſty courſe:
for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
the needle, and the labouring loom;
rge vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
ty meaſures its capacious ſize.
nd victor claims a mare unbroke,
a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
d, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
ole meaſures held the ſhining frame:
len talents for the fourth were plac'd;
e double bowl contents the laſt.
fair order rang'd upon the plain,
, riſing, thus addreſt the train;
l the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
: the rulers of the racing ſteed;
hich none beſide ourſelf could gain,
ur immortal courſers take the plain
mrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
ceiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
no time our vigour to diſplay;
with them the *games of this ſad day*

Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſtar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears:
My ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
Bleſt. 575
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once-ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Incloſs'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins:
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe:

Leſt, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws).
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before:
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders toward the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puſſ the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their ſtretching ſhadow ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke:
Nor more their way the ſtarted horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſters threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides trembling, caſts his eyes below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The floundering courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries,
Be ſwift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Mean time the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white,
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and, riſing, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, though the ſwifteſt, by ſome God withheld,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For, ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.

e the reins forſook the driver's hand,
a'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
a the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
atic fury from the deſtin'd way.
ſome other, and inform my ſight
e dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
ae ſeems (to judge by ſhape and air)
a Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
an! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
ue too haſtily confers the prize;
who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
geſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race;
cern him as he ſhakes the rein,
r his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
is of words! and arrogant of mind!
ous prince, of all the Greeks beſide
in merit, as the firſt in pride:
eproach what anſwer can we make?
: or a tripod let us ſtake,
he king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
m their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
id: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
d reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
xtreme?: but Thetis' godlike ſon
midſt them roſe, and thus begun:
ar, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
would you blame, ſhould others thus of-
end:
th'approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
er had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
rough a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
r his head the circling laſh he wields;
ding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
midſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
ith the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
it through the cloud; no eye could find
k his flying wheels had left behind:
fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
or at the goal Tydides ſtands,
s bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
e hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
l-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
r brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
od-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes;
the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
t himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds
g Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
l Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Atrides urg'd the race, more near
the courſer in his ſwift career
owing car, juſt touching with his heel
ſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
d ſo narrow now the ſpace between
ds, late ſo diſtant on the green;
ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
gth, one moment had the race obtain'd.
on purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
rdier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
ne Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
agg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
ld! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
s of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he fought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore;
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy generous thirſt to give.
But this my prize I never ſhall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of brass the corſelet cover'd o'er
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glittering margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands,
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh, Antilochus, has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we ourſelves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.

Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:
Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous, alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield: that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Bupraſium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in every ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Æolians, Pylians, all reſign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds;
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Though once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by generous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gifts thy hands preſent
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight:
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke,
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Meciſtheus, who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends.
Whoſe arms ſupport him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along:
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er,
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;

Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet at distance fixt;
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintery wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends:
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain:
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.

A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train—
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.
The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oileus led the race;
The next, Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:
Accurst fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal eye, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.
Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humourous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age, unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace;
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

Next these; a buckler, ſpear, and helm, he brings.
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſt before our army's ſight,
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the ſight,
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Through the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A maſs of iron (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aërion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe;
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Up roſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle flew.
Leontes next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of godlike Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely ſlung
From Polypœte's arm, the diſcus's ſung:
Far as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſt amidſt the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound).
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon fluttering bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies,
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy weil-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
Adown the main-maſt fell the parting ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels:
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the funeral games Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.
With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid:
Thee firſt in virtue, as in power ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

eliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles, to diſpoſe him for ing it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old King, net- ing the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen niter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents, under the charge of Idæus. I. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. verſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the is ſon; Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the ing ſends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, and Helen; with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as re are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly

om the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
their black ſhips, and clear the crowded
and;
'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
ng ſlumbers quiet all their care.
hilles: he to grief reſign'd,
's dear image preſent to his mind,
ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep;
the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
roll'd around his weary bed,
s ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
hful vigour, and that manly mind,
; they ſhar'd, what martial works they
ought, [fought;
they meaſur'd, and what fields they
fore him in remembrance dear,
ollows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
his ſide, impatient for the day:
ing up, diſconſolate he goes
he lonely beach to vent his woes.
the ſolitary mourner raves,
morning riſes o'er the waves:
roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
t flies, and Hector trails behind.
, Patroclus! round thy monument
er drag'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
p at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
l in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
ſerted by the pitying Skies.
us watch'd it with ſuperior care,
from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
minious as it ſwept the field,
r the ſacred corpſe his golden ſhield.
n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
ance this, and Pallas this denies,
nrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:
that day implacable to Troy,
e young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
leſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
rms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
n aſſembled, thus Apollo ſpoke:
ing Powers! how oft each holy fane
or ting'd with blood of victims ſlain!
And, can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire
The laſt ſad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughter's wide
In ſtrength of rage, and impotence of pride;
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion given [65
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace
(A goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus given,
A man divine, and choſen friend of Heaven).
To grace thoſe nuptials from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this miniſtrel-
God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial
Dame: [85
Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful offering ſtay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay);

Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corpſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corpſe to leave.
He added not; and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the meſſage flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps,
Between where Samos wide his foreſt ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves reſound);
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſs'd the Goddeſs through the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſacred cave:
There, plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly ſight?
Ah, may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies,
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face
(Minerva, riſing, gave the Mourner place;)
Ev'n Juno fought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corpſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent,
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ranſom given,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haſte, winged Goddeſs, to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his ſon:
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
Some thought there muſt be in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhower of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus, in whiſpers, greets his trembling ears:
Fear not, oh father, no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care;
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou, death, nor ſhalt thou danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;

for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay;
is ſons the king's command obey.
iſs'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
ere the treaſures of his empire lay;
ll'd his queen, and thus began to ſay:
ppy conſort of a king diſtreſt!
the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
ſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
ds me try Achilles' mind to move;
theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
pſe of Hector, at yon navy ſlain.
thy thought: my heart impels to go
h hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
cuba renews, and then replies:
hither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
here the prudence now, that aw'd mankind:
h Phrygia once, and foreign regions
l confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown?
to paſs through hoſts of foes! to face
art of ſteel)! the murderer of thy race!
v that deathful eye, and wander o'er
ands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
my Lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
hat his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
e! ſo many fallen! To calm his rage,
ere thy dignity, and vain thy age.
nt in this ſad palace, let us give
f, the wretched days we have to live.
ill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
his own and to his parents woe!
l, from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
, to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
his deareſt blood might I allay
e, and theſe barbarities repay!
could Hector merit thus, whoſe breath
not meanly in unactive death?
r'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
l a hero in his country's right.
not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
ords of omen, like a bird of night
d, unmov'd, the venerable man).
aven commands me, and you urge in vain.
y mortal voice th' injunction laid,
gur, prieſt, or ſeer, had been obey'd.
nt Goddeſs brought the high command,
heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
: Gods! obedient to your call:
on camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
t—By the ſame hand let me expire!
the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
ld embrace at laſt may be allow'd,
y laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
: coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
y veſts, as many mantles told,
velve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
ipods next, and twice two chargers, ſhine,
n pure talents from the richeſt mine:
t a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
edge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
: laſt look to buy him back to Troy:
the ſad father, frantic with his pain,
him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
O ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And generous Antiphon; for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious ſons, of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe remain!
Neſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy defolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice,
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam, to the Sire above)
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh firſt, and greateſt! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears;
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And through ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight ſuſtain.
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!

Now twilight veil'd the glaring f
And clad the duſky fields in ſober
What time the herald and the hoa
Their chariots ſtopping at the ſil
That circling Ilus' ancient marble
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a
Through the dim ſhade the herald
A man's approach, and thus to P
I mark ſome foe's advance: O kin
This hard adventure claims thy u
For, much I fear, deſtruction hov
Our ſtate aſks counſel. Is it beſt
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and f
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd
Pale grew his face, and upright
Sunk was his heart; his colour w
A ſudden trembling ſhook his age
When Hermes, greeting, touch
And gently thus accoſts with kin
Say whither, father! when ca
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wande
night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds t
Through Grecian foes, ſo numero
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould
ſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy
For what defence, alas! could'ſt
Thyſelf not young, a weak old
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink wi
From me no harm ſhall touch thy
From Greece I'll guard thee too;
The living image of my father ſ
Thy words, that ſpeak beneve
Are true, my ſon! (the godlike
Great are my hazards; but the
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardi
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of
Appear thy form, thy feature, a
Nor true are all thy words, no
(The ſacred meſſenger of Heave
But ſay, conveyſt thou through
What yet moſt precious of thy ſ
To lodge in ſafety with ſome fri
Prepar'd perchance, to leave thy
Or flyſt thou now?—What ho
tain;
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard an
The king, alarm'd: Say wh
thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a par
And know ſo well how godlike
Thus Priam ſpoke, and Hermes
You tempt me, father, and w
On this ſad ſubject you enquire
Oft have theſe eyes that godlike
In glorious fight, with Grecian
I ſaw him when, like Jove, his
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Ach
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd t
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonia
One ſhip convey'd us from our n
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd
Old like thyſelf, and not unknow
Of ſeven his ſons, by whom the
To ſerve our prince, it fell on m

his quarter my adventure falls:
c morn the Greeks attack your walls:
ey ſit, impatient to engage,
their rulers check their martial rage.
thou art of ſtern Pelid's train
nful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
e truly, where, oh! where are laid
lear relicks? what befalls him dead?
diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
nangled reſt his cold remains?
r'd of the Skies! thus anſwer'd then
r that mediates between Gods and men)
nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
he lies, negl[ected] in the tent;
welfth evening ſince he reſted there,
l by worms, untainted by the air.
urora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
figur'd, or in limb or face,
ne lies, with every living grace,
l in death! No ſtains are found
he corpſe, and clos'd is every wound;
nany a wound they gave. Some heavenly
re,
d divine, preſerves him ever fair:
hoſt of heaven, to whom he led
grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
poke to Priam the celeſtial guide!
ul thus the royal ſire reply'd:
ne man who pays the Gods above
tant tribute of reſpect and love;
ho inhabit the Olympian bower
'orgot not, in exalted power;
aven, that every virtue bears in mind,
he aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
of gratitude, for Hector's ſake;
ile the favouring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
elides' tent conduct my way.
om the latent God: O King, forbear
t my youth, for apt is youth to err:
l, abſent from my prince's ſight,
s in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
m our maſter's intereſt thus we draw,
icens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
g him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
the crime, I dread the conſequence.
r as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
thy life, an I partner of thy way:
attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
nleſs foreſt, or the roaring main.
d, then took the chariot at the bound,
ch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around!
r' inſpiring God, that urg'd them on,
rſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
v they reach'd the naval walls, and found
rds repaſting, while the bowls go round:
the virtue of his wand he tries,
rs deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
av'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
the trenches led the rolling cars.
through all the hoſtile camp they went,
v approach'd Peliides' lofty tent.
ne roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
eds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
ne'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
rk of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.

Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the power of Gods!) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand conſeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and preſer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The King, confirm'd from Heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurpriſe;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome powerful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
The beſt, the braveſt, of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!

For him, through hoſtile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Though not ſo wretched; there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſovereign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles different paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs through the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The reverend monarch by the hand he raiſ'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man;
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race!
Heaven ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' ſevere decree:
They, only they, are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heaven.
The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and power!
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddeſs to his wiſhes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhe
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live, to ſuffer more!
To whom the king; Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corpſe, and take the gifts; I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjo
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath fro
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give [Tro
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes);
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thee Hector, I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame);
Nor com'ſt thou but by Heaven: nor com'ſt alon
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high Jove's command
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more. [7
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous preſents bea
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire,
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouſe to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age, [7
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rag
This done, the garments o'er the corpſe th
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed: [ſprea
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:
If, in that gloom which never light muſt knov
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and, entering, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him reverend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:

Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Theſe Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Theſe boaſted twelve the avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone).
The Gods themſelves at length, relenting, gave
The unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock (for ſuch was Heav'n's high will)
Through deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed, whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus' ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide;
Each on the coals the ſeparate morſels lays,
And, haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His godlike aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage:
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, but ſleep not here;
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear;
Leſt any Argive at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of thy deſire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaughtering arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord; to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the funeral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gift of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age, and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crowds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In throngs they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair;
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;

But godlike Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear the cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.
Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad mine eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
New hoſtile fleets muſt waſt thoſe infants o'er
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek, whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,
Which never, never, could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
Oh, thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This ſelt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpſe was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain);
Ungenerous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with every living grace?
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair, as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below!
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cr
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the Gods join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are c
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind;
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow;
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I cauſ'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſh roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming e
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foe, nor ſecret ambuſh drea
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan t
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town,
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming
Behold the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn.
Again the mournful crowds ſurround the pyr
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fir
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers pla
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites done
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall.
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from Fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile power restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.
Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate opprest.
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her inchanted dome:
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?

Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worſt of human ills to prove,
Unbleſs'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas:
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reſide
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic * iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled powers report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,
To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the ſuitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawleſs power
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.
There, warm with filial love, the cauſe inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like ſire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: the ſandals of celeſtial mould,
Fledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' ætherial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſoar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land):
A glittering ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule ſurvey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury) the ſuitors ſate.
With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:
Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And from the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle ſhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul, theſe fancied triumphs ſwell'd;
The ſtranger gueſt, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Aſſianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd, in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſovereign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate
(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
Then drew his ſeat, familiar to her ſide;
Far from the ſuitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free gueſt, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize:
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering caniſters with bread.
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhall'd in order due, to each a ſewer
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger queſt'd, they all advance,
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt ſing
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Mean while, in whiſpers to his heavenly gueſt
His indignation thus the prince expreſt:
Indulge my riſing grief, whilſt theſe (my friend)
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treaſur'd ſtores the ſycophants conſume,
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

* *Ortygia.*

turf, lie naked on the plain,
welter in the whelming main.
arn, that troop ſo blithe and bold,
obes inwrought, and ſtiff with gold,
fear would wing their flight,
ir cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
eam!—th' appointed hour is fled!
long with vain deluſion fed,
mour of fallacious fame,
ll of death his glorious name!
eedom let me now demand
y lineage, and paternal land:
whence began thy courſe, recite,
hip I owe the friendly freight?
e this viſit doſt thou deign,
n my father's ſocial train?
v'd his choice he made his own,
much to know, he far was known.
boaſt (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
nchialus, renown'd and wiſe:
me; I rule the Taphian race,
s the deep circumfluent waves em-

ple, and induſtrious iſle,
nur'd, and ſtormy toil.
h iron from my native land,
age to the Brutian ſtrand;
nmerce for the labour'd maſs,
ion of refulgent braſs.
capital my ſhip reſides
ind ſecure at anchor rides;
; groves on airy Neion grow,
, and ſhade the deeps below.
fit your imperial dome,
ary gueſt I come:
riend. Laertes can relate
otted, and its early date;
th heart-corroding grief and years,
irt a rural ſhade prefers,
all his train, a matron ſage
homely food his drooping age,
ps from marſhalling his vines
when toilſome day declines.
ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
' ſafe return, I came;
wn of ſome celeſtial Power
by retards the bliſsful hour.
ul be ſunk in ſad deſpair:
eathes this heavenly vital air,
e race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.
which roll within my raviſh'd

, th' inſpiring Gods ſuggeſt;
r ſtudious, with prophetic eye
inged omens of the ſky,
rtain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
ntine bonds the chief reſtrain,
nt his wiſdom will defeat,
e him to his regal ſeat.
outh! ſincere and free declare,
anly growth, his royal heir?
s in your look appears,
atures, if the ſame his years.
ice, on which I dwelt with joy
aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides to

But, parting then for that deteſted ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulyſſes' ſon: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the great!
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtic reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine:
Oh true deſcendant of a ſcepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguiſh free
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.
But ſay, yon joyful troop ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whoſe lawleſs joy
Pains the ſage ear, and hurts the ſober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reſide;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (ſo heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter conſtraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hoſtile plain,
Had fall'n ſurrounded with his warlike train;
Or ſafe return'd, the race of glory paſt,
New to his friend's embrace, had breath'd his laſt!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes would raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe;
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honour grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt:
Vaniſh'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in miſery alone.
Nor for a dear, loſt father only flow
The filial tears, but woe ſucceeds to woe:
To tempt the ſpouſeleſs queen with amorous wiles,
Reſort the nobles from the neighbouring iſles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' ſylvan reign:
Ev'n with preſumptuous hope her bed t'aſcend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She ſeems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart deteſting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddeſs cried:
Soon may kind heaven a ſure relief provide!
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd,
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl)

He then from Epyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign,
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the ſuitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods atteſt:
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate,
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should fecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night:
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent griefs the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
And, ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
His virgin-ſword Ægyſthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood atton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of Fame.
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed:
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the favourite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.
Then firſt he recogniz'd th' ætherial gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng;
Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.
His tender theme the charming lyriſt choſe,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The ſhrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
R flecting to the queen the ſilver ſounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſovereign's ſtep a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richeſt texture wrought, ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minſtrel's tuneful hand:
Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame.
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's ætherial rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire:
Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber cloſ'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.

ıe cry'd} your female diſcord end,
ſh boaſters! and the ſong attend;
t ſweet compulſion, nor profane
onance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
ow prolong the jovial feaſt;
ı the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,
peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe:
r live the cankers of my court;
ur ſeveral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
wild riot what your land allows,
y the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
ny bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
d revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
and all th' immortal thrones above,
oath) each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
h inglorious gore this marble ſtain.
by the prince, and haughty, bold, and
ung, [tongue.
aw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
length the gay Antinoüs broke,
'd a ſmile, and thus ambiguous ſpoke:
d to your untutor'd youth affords
llong torrents of amazing words?
e delay thy reign, and cumber late
a genius with the toils of ſtate!
toils (Telemachus ſerene replies)
ırms, with all their weight, t' allure the
iſe.
ıe throne obſequious Fame reſides,
ith inceſſant rolls her golden tides.
ıntinoüs rage, if ſtrong deſire
h and fame a youthful boſom fire:
Jove his delegate of ſway,
ous pride the ſummons I'd obey.
Ulyſſes roams the realm of night,
ctious power diſpute my lineal right,
er Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
pretence their title would precede.
the ſceptre loſt, I ſtill ſhould reign
my vaſſals, and domeſtic train.
Eurymachus: To heaven alone
choice to fill the vacant throne.
rimonial ſtores in peace poſſeſs;
ed, all your filial claim confeſs a
Your private right ſhould impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid. [515
But ſay, that ſtranger gueſt who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage
His grave demeanour and majeſtic grace [ſhew.
Speak him deſcended of no vulgar race:
Did he ſome loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your ſcepter'd ſire? 520
Oh, ſon of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my ſire will glad theſe longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That ſtranger-gueſt the Taphian realm obeys, 525
A realm defended with encircling ſeas,
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old
High in Ulyſſes' ſocial liſt enroll'd.
Thus he, though conſcious of th' etherial gueſt,
Anſwer'd evaſive of the ſly requeſt. 535
Mean time the lyre rejoins the ſprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the ſtar of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of ſable night;
The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court, 530
And to their ſeveral domes to reſt reſort.
A towering ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the ſage Euryclea bears; 540
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: too wiſe, with jealous ſtrife 545
To taint the joys of ſweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch the prince himſelf addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt: 550
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd, [555
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the Goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

us, in the aſſembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the ſuitors, and inſiſts their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. uitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall ſend the queen to the court of Icarius her father; he refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the ſky, which an Augur expounds to be the the ſuitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire father's fortunes. Pallas, in the ſhape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes), helps him to a ſhip, him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the day from the opening of the poem.

continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his ſide,
Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majeſtic as a God.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſate,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all. At laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldeſt † hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;
But (hapleſs youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.
Three ſons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires;
The reſt with duteous love his griefs aſſuage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns:
Since great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whoſe commands we meet!
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate?
The preſent ſynod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!
He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtic roſe
(His royal hand, th' imperial ſceptre ſway'd);
Then thus, addreſſing to Egyptius, ſaid:
Reverend old man! lo here conſeſt he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſt land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your ſons the foes;
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome!
If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet through my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſte th' wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours ſupplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.

† *Antiphus.*

But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! inſufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger riſe!
Your fame revere, but moſt th'avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis, and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies,
Succeſs; and humbles, or confirms the wiſe.)
Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſuage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.
While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And daſh'd the imperial ſceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye,
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh,
Then ſilent ſate—at length Antinoüs burns
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns:
O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Elluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the ſun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wonderous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive queen, with artful ſighs:
"Though cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no more,
"Ceaſe yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;
"Ceaſe, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
"A taſk of grief, her ornaments of death;
"Leſt when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
"The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
"When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
"Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in Virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wonderous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen: and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves;

lant to prepare the bridal train,
a race of princes wait in vain.
i with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
l Minerva breathes within her breaſt,
derous arts than woman more renown'd,
nore than woman with deep wiſdom
crown'd;
h Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
eat Alcmena (the proud boaſt of Fame)
ius by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
nes with fatal excellence to thee:
hee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
hteous heaven reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.
ho' from pole to pole reſounds her name,
's deſtruction waits the mother's fame:
ll ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
owl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
le yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies:
ature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.
ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
ave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
ſail on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
les a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
o Icarius in the bridal hour
, by waſte undone, refund the dower?
rom my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
would my mother curſe my hated head?
while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?
r'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
arth's diſgrace, and human-kind my foe.
i diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away:
: in wild riot, what your land allows,
: ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
f, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
ou my bowls ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
: and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
m, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
ered oath) if heaven the power ſupply,
eance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
ith that, two eagles from a mountain's height
ove's command direct their rapid flight:
they deſcend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
h their broad plumes, and float upon the
wind,
e th' aſſembled peers they wheel on high
clang their wings, and hovering beat the ſky;
ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
ſhrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate,
cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they
rend,
from their plumes huge drops of blood de-
, ſailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
ow'rd the eaſt, and mount into the ſky.
e wondering rivals gaze with care-oppreſt,
chilling horrors freeze in every breaſt.
big with knowledge of approaching woes,
prince of augurs, Halitherſes, roſe:
cient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
re preſage from every wing that flew.
: ſons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
uction ſure o'er all your heads impends;
ſes comes, and death his ſteps attends.
to the great alone is death decreed;
nd our guilty Ithaca *muſt bleed.*

Why ceaſe we then the wrath of heaven to ſtay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I ſpeak from ſcience, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulyſſes fought the Phrygian ſhores
To ſhake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven ſeal'd my words, and you thoſe deeds behold.
I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams;
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go prophecy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain—I better read the
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulyſſes lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And intereſt, not the God, thy voice inſpires.
His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſled fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldſt redreſs.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.
To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my
wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs.
Yet this I aſk, (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty ſhades; I meaſure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his conſort to the nuptial bed.
He ceas'd; and while the peers abaſh'd attend,
Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he fought the ſcenes of war,
" My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
" Years roll'd on years my godlike ſire decay,
" Guard thou his age, and his beheſts obey.")
Stern as he roſe, he caſt his eyes around,
That flaſh'd with rage; and as he ſpoke, he

O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his truſt!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God:
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:
They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
Ere long ſhall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain!
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms, the Greeks, adviſe?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your powers in vain our ſtrength oppoſe!
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th'aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: the rival rout aſcend
The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wondering eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire thro' ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warrior-maid!
Deſcend once more propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his prayer the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke.
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide waves ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he ſtood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendents of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe:
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall,
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with ſpeed we plough the watery way,
My power ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companions of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend: and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Mean while the mariners, by my command,
Shall ſpeed abroad, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chooſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And, thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt:
Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part;
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſweeping tides.
Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle.—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow:
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt:
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyre with poiſons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or, who can ſay (his gameſome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day!
Mean time the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race;
Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavorous wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of Heaven).
Untouch'd they ſtood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.

A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Faſt by the door the wiſe Eurycléa waits:
Eurycléa, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the air:
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
'Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But thy due care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next theſe in words, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd:
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the evening hour.
For when the favouring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſts ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the watery way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die!
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh, beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!
Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth! theſe counſels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
'Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day;
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests th' all-ſeeing Sovereign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour,
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners, prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noëmon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.
The Goddeſs ſhow'd the veſſels from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.
Full in the openings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way!
There every eye with ſlumberous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground,
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command!
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Neſtor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming; and Neſtor relates what paſſed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heav'ns eternal brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood.
Each held five hundred a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Power of Wisdom march'd before,
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide immeasurable main
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.
Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet; or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.
To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind,
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend.
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where Nestor, encompast with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words address'd:
Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whose arms this ample globe embrac
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine;
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line:
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success.
Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims cr
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:
Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unkno
The lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we can
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching shades and pend woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses: fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall,
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clea
And, oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try.
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can se
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred Truth I ask, and ask of thee.
To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mi
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of pre
Dauntless we rov'd, Achilles led the way;
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal figh
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to nigh

There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my son—ah, once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?
Nor added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native island might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore,
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same
But when (by Wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd:
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate:
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim).
Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the king of men: he will'd to stay:
These sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to Fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep;
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
To bless our safe return we join in prayer;
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heaven decreed)
Wily Ithacus and Nestor disagreed;
Wise as he was by various counsels sway'd,
He there, though late, to please the monarch,
But I, determin'd, from the foamy floods, stay'd.
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste;
And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Syrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas's shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the Power divine;
The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Geresthus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er,
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here:
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend: as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely croft the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands to distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame; and, heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd the slaughter'd sire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heaven gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
Make future time thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Orestes was before!
The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.
Some God this arm with equal prowess bless! 250
And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land: 255
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn?
Thus he; and Nestor took the word: My son
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms 260
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?

Say, is the fault through tame submission thine?
Or, leagued against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy son will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In every danger, and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire;
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
Can touch my breast; that blessing, Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celestial favour were it given
Fortune or Fate will cross the will of Heaven.
What words are these, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know the Power above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundless grace:
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
Long labouring gains his natal shore at last:
Then who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd
Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind.
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what strange fraud Ægysthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Ægysthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days: Illustrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou hast guest) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies.
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the work of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Even to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil):
While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters and divides our fleet:
Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep.
And views Gortyna on the western side,
On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay
Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstan shores,
With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
Far from their fellows on the Ægyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores
Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
While curst Ægysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm restor'd,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,

e dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
: aſſaſſin, and adulterous dame.
y, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
d Atrides to the coaſt of Greece.
e to Argos' port his navy brought,
ſts of price and ponderous treaſure fraught.
warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
ıg a ſtran,er to my native land;
edleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
awleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
ı may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the
ou return with diſappointed toil, [ſpoil;
hy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
r my friend, indulge one labour more,
ck Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
ndering long, a wider circle made,
my-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
eaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips
he monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
gth of ocean and unbounded ſky,
ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
n; to Sparta take the watery way,
ıp and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
y land thou chooſe thy courſe to bend,
eds, my chariots, and my ſons attend:
o Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
of thy road, companions of thy way.
ım with truth to frame his free replies,
re he will; for Menelaus is wiſe.
ıs while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
vilight grey her evening ſhade extends.
hus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
re thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
mmelate the tongues, and mix the wine,
to Neptune and the Powers divine.
mp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
ſt approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
s it to prolong the heavenly feaſt,
ſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.
ake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial Maid.
ɔer train attended and obey'd.
:red heralds on their hands around
the full urns; the youths the goblets
crown'd:
ɔowl to bowl the holy beverage flows:
to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
ngues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
ɔur, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
ɔw, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
ɔuthful hero and th' Athenian Maid,
e departure from the finiſh'd rite,
ı their hollow bark to paſs the night;
is the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
.it, Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
rom my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
:h a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
ıs ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
ı Heaven denies the bleſſing to relieve?
ould you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway,
beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?
ong as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
my children imitate their ſire,
hall the wandering ſtranger find his home,
oſpitable rites adorn the dome.
l haſt thou ſpoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid replies)
l old man! benevolent as wiſe,
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip to give the orders due.
Preſcribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle through the liquid ſkies.
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the reverend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke:
Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian Deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of Almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Conſeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vows the favouring Goddeſs heard.
Then, ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years reſin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
In age his equal) on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner court, ſecurely clos'd,
The reverend Neſtor and his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſate
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace-gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſate, a ruſtic throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor fill'd it, and the ſceptre ſway'd.

His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt, Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger-guest.
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will:
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.
To Pallas, firſt of Gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,
Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfuſile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd:
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dextrous ſmith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With reverend hand the king preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thraſymed,
In act to ſtrike: before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.
The king himſelf initiates to the Power,
Scatters with quivering hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies; on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground,
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire;
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire,
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery veſt he threw,
And iſſued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat behind the king he found
(His people's father with his peers around);
All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car,
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glittering ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

with Piſiſtratus arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the is coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.
time the ſuitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is appriſed of this; but in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Iphthima.

ow proud Sparta with their wheels
eſounds:
oſe walls a range of hills ſurrounds;
dome the rapid labour ends;
Atrides, 'midſt his bridal friends,
le vows invoking Hymen's power,
s ſons and daughters nuptial hour.
y, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
the faireſt of the kind,
o crown the long-protracted joy;
efore the final doom of Troy:
s and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
e at home, to Megapenthes' bed
-choir Alector's daughter led.
apenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
s bed the Gods alone aſſign
, t' extend the regal line;
a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
g Venus in attractive ſtate.
his gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
val and mirth the roofs reſound:
iid the joyous circle ſings
attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;
arbling to the varied ſtrain, advance
ghtly youths to form the bounding dance.
, that, iſſuing through the palace gate,
did car roll'd flow in regal ſtate:
ght eminence young Neſtor ſhone,
eſide him great Ulyſſes' ſon:
oneus ſaw the pomp appear,
ding, thus addreſt the royal car:
uths approach, whoſe ſemblant features
ove
od devolving from the ſource of Jove.
eption deign'd, or muſt they bend
ibtful courſe to ſeek a diſtant friend?
te! (with a ſi,h the king replies)
, miſjudging, have I thought thee wiſe;
elentleſs folly ſteels thy breaſt,
to reject the ſtranger-gueſt;
dear hoſpitable rites a foe,
my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
he bounty of another's board,
ng Jove my native realm reſtor'd —
be the courſers from the car releaſt,
the youths to grace the genial feaſt.
menial rebuk'd in haſte withdrew;
ual haſte a menial train purſue;
Part led the courſers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choiceſt grain ſurcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profuſely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vaſt delight;
Reſplendent as the blaze of ſummer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend:
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, deſcend;
Where a bright damſel-train attend the gueſts
With liquid odours, and embroider'd veſts.
Refreſh'd, they wait them to the bower of ſtate,
Where circled with his peers Atrides ſate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The pureſt product of the cryſtal ſprings;
High on a maſſy vaſe of ſilver mold,
The burniſh'd laver flames with ſolid gold;
In ſolid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a ſecond banquet roſe.
When thus the king with hoſpitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waſte of nature let the feaſt repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare;
Say from what ſcepter'd anceſtry ye claim,
Record-! eminent in deathleſs fame?
For vulgar parents cannot ſtamp their race
With ſignatures of ſuch majeſtic grace.
Ceaſing, benevolent he ſtraight aſſigns
The royal portion of the choiceſt chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haſte
They ſhare the honours of the rich repaſt.
Suffic'd, ſoft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art, and wondrous coſt!
Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines:
The ſpoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
Preſumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove conteſt,
Unchang'd, immortal, and ſupremely bleſt!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchaſe dearly paid.
For eight flow-circling years by tempeſt toſt,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coaſt

(Sidon the capital), I ſtretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore;
Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Lybian wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offſpring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains, with ſure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.
Whilſt, heaping unwiſh'd wealth I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead for ever dear
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft power can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
  While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
  In this ſuſpenſe bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings;
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter, divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whoſe ſovereign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Arides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt;
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd:
And bounteous from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd:
  Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The features of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſt Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T' avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
  Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wondering eyes:
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape, the ſame:
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow:
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!
And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;
Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
  See there confeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic fire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
  Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,

: an equal space had e'er poſſeſt,
ffection in my grateful breaſt.
irm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
ode a capital prepar'd;
: ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
e plan the future palace roſe,
y Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
ion to his tribes the wide domain.
my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
ming plenty to reward their toil.
th commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
dear benevolence and love:
in peace, not rivals in command,
h alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
ious Power the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
are all the viſionary joys:
of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
vander from this natal coaſt!
s'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe,
ms a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
the fire the filial ſorrows flow;
ing monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
ks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
ur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
ial † brother: on the Phrygian plain
pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
e from the ſon of Neſtor broke,
lting with fraternal pity, ſpoke:
nt, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
m attention with thy copious praiſe:
thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
of a firm capacious mind:
ſuperior attribute control
railing impotence of ſoul.
our roof with echoing grief reſound,
he feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd;
, from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
reaks the ſky with orient light,
leplore his deed: the rites of woe
las! the living can beſtow:
congenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
ful curl, and drop the tender tear.
ngling in the mourniful pomp with you,
y brother's ghoſt a warrior's due,
rn the brave Antilochus, a name
orded in the rolls of Fame:
ngth and ſpeed ſuperior form'd in fight
he foe, or intercept his flight:
ſnatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
witneſs of his worth in thee.
and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins,)
new'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
r the care of that conſummate ſage,
loom an oracle of age.
his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhower
he natal, and the nuptial hour;
great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
py Neſtor! was thy glorious doom,
ee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
arms, and prudent in debate;
of heaven to guard thy hoary ſtate.
let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
d partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
en's revolving lamp reſtores the day.

† *Antilochus.*

Vol.

He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſavoury viands ſhare.
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt:
Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf, aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Scam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave,
The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:
And, ſafe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Loud grief reſounded through the towers of Troy
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy:
For then, with dire remorſe and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And of't in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord.

Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:
Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus unrival'd, in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabric of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' inſidious pile:
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke:
The pleaſing ſounds each latent warrior warm'd
But moſt Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threatening to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Mean time Minerva, from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the hoiſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd: the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumberous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with interwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt;
While to his regal bower the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,
The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glitt'ring zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favoured delegate of Jove!
(Repli'd the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
An anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſovereign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the ſire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious daſtard trai
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery law
Mean time return'd, with dire remorſeleſs fw
The monarch ſavage rends the trembling prey
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom Gods and men rever
And thou* to whom 'tis given to gild the ſph
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore
His proweſs Philomelidus confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of Fate.
Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a proſperous win
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale reſtrain
Jealous, to ſee their high beheſts obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:
Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,
A galley meaſures: when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lie,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun, deſcending lave
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores,
When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;

* Apollo.

er ſire divine. With pity preſs'd,
he daughter of the deep addreſs'd;
ie, with hunger pin'd, my abſent mates
: wild iſle in ſearch of rural cates,
arb'd ſteel, and from the ſiſhy flood
h' afflictive fierce deſires of food.
r thou art (the azure Goddeſs cries)
uſt ill deſerves the praiſe of wiſe:
y choice, or miſery thy boaſt,
inglorious on a barren coaſt
aſſociates droop, a meagre train
ne pale, and aſk thy care in vain?
with the kind reproach, I ſtraight reply;
hy title in thy native ſky,
ſure! for more than mortal grace
deſcendant of ætherial race:
, that here of choice my fleet remains;
'enly power averſe my ſtay conſtrains:
of my fate, vouchſafe to ſhew
's ſequeſter'd from celeſtial view?)
er becalms th' innavigable ſeas?
provokes him, and what vows appeaſe?
when affable the Goddeſs cry'd;
nd in the truths I ſpeak confide:
ous ſeer frequents the Pharian coaſt,
ſe high bed my birth divine I boaſt:
name tremendous o'er the main,
te of Neptune's watery reign.
h inſidious care, his known abode;
in chains conſtrain the various God:
d, obedient to ſuperior force,
will preſcribe your deſtin'd courſe.
of your realms, you then demand
, ſince laſt you left your natal land;
God obſequious will diſcloſe
ks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
d, and ſuppliant thus I made reply:
! on thy aid my hopes rely;
pitious to my duteous ear,
an captivate the changeful ſeer?
s th' aſſay, unheard the toil,
e preſcience of a God by guile.
the Goddeſs mild my ſuit I end.
Obedient to my rule, attend:
ugh the zone of heaven the mounted

ey'd half, and half remains to run;
while zephyrs curl the ſwelling deep,
e breezy ſhore, in grateful ſleep,
mbs. Emerging from the wave,
e ſwift ſurround his rocky cave,
nd full; the conſecrated train
hoſe azure trident awes the main:
owing warm, th' enormous herd ex-
s
eam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
eſs, commodious for ſurpriſe,
le light ſhall next ſuffuſe the ſkies,
epair; and from thy warrior band
en chiefs of dauntleſs ſoul command:
xiliar force befriend the toil:
the God, and perfected in guile.
n the ſhelly ſhore, he firſt ſurveys
ng herd aſcending from the ſeas;
ber ſ mm'd, repos'd in ſleep profound
harge their guardian God ſurround;

Amphitrite.

So with his battering flocks the careful ſwain
Abides, pavilion'd on the graſſy plain.
With powers united, obſtinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the ſcaly fold:
Inſtant he wears, eluſive of the rape,
The mimic force of every ſavage ſhape:
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murmuring ſtream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain paſſive form conſtrains his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands,
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſoothe the vanquiſh'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſay
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who ſtraight, propitious, in prophetic ſtrain
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymph the waves reſounding roar.
High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep,
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, ſhe ſcoops the hilly ſand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath her finny ſpoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun;
New from the corſe the ſcaly fraud diffuſe
Unſavory ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze;
But the bright ſea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the ſickening ſenſe reſtor'd.
Thus till the ſun had travell'd half the ſkies,
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe:
When, thronging thick to baſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters ſleep;
Then, Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the ſum complete).
Pleas'd with the falſe review, ſecure he lies
And leaden ſlumbers preſs his drooping eyes.
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious ouſet with the ſound of war,
And ſhouting ſeize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he ſoon reſumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our hands a ſpotted pard reſtrain;
Then, arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a ſtream he glides:
nd laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with ſuperior power compreſs'd,
Me with reluctance thus the ſeer addreſs'd:

Say, ſon of Atreus, ſay what God inſpir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon deſir'd?
Thus; O thou whoſe certain eye foreſees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this deſert iſle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! ſay,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appeaſe,
To ſpeed a proſperous voyage o'er the ſeas?
To Jove (with ſtern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended ſynod of the ſkies,
Juſt hecatombs with due devotion ſlain,
Thy guilt abſolv'd, a proſperous voyage gain.
To the firm ſanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor ſight of natal ſhore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but ſtill art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the ſecret ſource
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends with ſweepy force,
Muſt view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his ſanguine ſhore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a ſafe return accord.
He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A ſhelfy tract and long!) O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay,
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?
Or did the kind domeſtic friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the God; but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, ſafe Oïlean Ajax ſate,
His ſhip o'erwhelm'd; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own prowеſs all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant, for ſuch high diſdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial ſummit from the marble baſe;
The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery waſt,
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
'Till coaſting nigh the cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds;
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore
Acroſs the deep his labouring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the King of Men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil;
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand,
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill-perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courſers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal gueſt,
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt.
The troop, forth iſſuing from the dark receſs,
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.
He ſaid; chill horrors ſhook my ſhivering ſoul;
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roll;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the ſun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, ſuperior to the rage of woe,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To Fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be Fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword:
Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.
He ſaid: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient Godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the Fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſart of the main:
Or, in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon: girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.

Calypso's cave of late I view'd, 755
reaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
nour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
l sunk, and dear companions lost,
reluctant on a foreign coast. 760
belov'd by Heaven! reserv'd to thee
r lot the smiling Fates decree;
n that law, beneath whose mortal sway
is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
shall be thine; the blissful plains 765
st earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
r young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
wide circle of th' eternal year:
nter smiles on that auspicious clime;
ls are florid with unfading prime; 770
e bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
he round hail, or flake the fleecy snow:
n the breezy deep the blest inhale
grant murmurs of the western gale.
ce peculiar will the Gods afford 775
the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's
ord.
as'd, and, plunging in the vast profound,
the God the whirling billows bound.
eeding back, involv'd in various thought,
nds attending at the shore I sought. 780
the rage of hunger we control,
ht with silent shade invests the pole;
se the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
the morn reveals the roseate east,
ils we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
the fleet, and rush into the sea. 786
on the banks, beneath our equal oars
url the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
tcering backward from the Pharian Isle,
the stream of Jove-descending Nile: 790
quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
tual hecatombs the Gods adore:
rath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
aph I raise of deathless fame.
ites to piety and grief discharg'd, 795
ndly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
t swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
cian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!
patient ear hath heard me long relate
, fruitful of disastrous fate: 800
w, young prince, indulge my fond request;
ta honour'd with his royal guest,
m his eastern goal, the joyous sun
lfth diurnal race begins to run.
me my train the friendly gifts prepare,
prightly coursers and a polish'd car: 806
ese, a goblet of capacious mould,
with art to dignify the gold,
l for libation to the Gods; shall prove
ge and monument of sacred love. 810
quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
my fate my needful haste constrain,
d by your speech, so graceful and humane,
delight the circling year would roll, 815
deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
w to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
r'd associates chide my long delay:
remembrance of your royal grace,
the present of the promis'd vase; 820
The coursers, for the champain sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain;
Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed 825
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounding realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.
His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd: 830
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice
Not mean, the massy mould of silver, grac'd 835
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare: 840
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowls supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Mean while, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers 845
In active game divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sate spectator of the sport; 850
With great Eurymachus of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest:
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addrest:
My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing from the Pylian court, 855
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed, [feed.
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace. 861
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile, 866
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his sacred course, 870
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs [875
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came. 885
Antinous first th' assembled peers addrest, [breast.
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his

O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighbouring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For ambuſh cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands:
What will the ſuitors? muſt my ſervant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heaven grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!
Or, if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love?
Forbear, ye ſons of Inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.
In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant minions veſt the power:
Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.
He thus: O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-ſailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love:
Why raſhly would my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon given
To know, if ſome inhabitant of Heaven,
In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.
The ſage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that ſwell her labouring ſoul,
Nelling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.

Words to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſup
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſovereign wept the menial fr
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſp
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods cc
To woe! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian bc
Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts
Our other column of the ſtate is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhews of duteous zeal
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal':
Though at the ſolemn midnight hour he r
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother, pierc'd with grief, exp
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlav
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with inceſſant
He ſhall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot re
And to their power to ſave his race appeal
Then Euryclea thus: My deareſt dread
Though to the ſword I bow this hoary he
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven r
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the ‖ martial Maid,
And reſt affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:
Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attentio
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears
She bathes, and, rob'd, the ſacred dome a
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:
The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreaded
If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear, Goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations v
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy power befrie
And on the ſuitors let thy wrath deſcend.
She ceas'd; ſhrill extacies of joy declare
The favouring Goddeſs preſent to the pray
The ſuitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful
A ſignal of her hymenæal choice:
Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the boar
"Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:

‖ Minerva.

"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd:
Theſe empty vaunts will make the voyage vain:
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with male and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſperate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.
Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew;
In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumberous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, on embodied air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide-ſtretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O, why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing inſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy ſon the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilſt yet her penſive mind
W[illegible]s in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my deathleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And, with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?
Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.
Mean time the ſuitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſſening Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,
A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty; and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death: till Leucothea, a Sea Goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phæacia.

The ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with ſacred light,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty;
Pallas, to thoſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates:

Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.
Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God;
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are these, (reply'd the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with storms)
Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore:
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated, measure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil).
His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.
He spoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the bounceless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant isla.d rose in view:
Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, ... which the nymph he found
[The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She sate, and sung: the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the looms the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round,
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For Powers celestial to each other's view
Stand still confest, though distant far they lie
To 'habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:
What mov'd this journey from my native sk..,
A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wings would sweep
Such length of ocean and unmea r'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What power so great to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery:
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a lucky hour
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

e guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
s purſu'd them through the liquid
l.
veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
lear companions found their grave!
he jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
w orders to his native lands
ifmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:
te his near return attends,
a to his country and his friends.
r inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
r anguiſh and her paſſion broke:
ods with ſpite and envy curſt!
own æthereal race the worſt!
tal and immortal joy,
: only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
ldeſs by her charms engage
ortal, and not feel your rage?
rora ſought Orion's love,
urb'd your bliſsful hours above,
gia, Diana's winged dart
he hapleſs hunter to the heart.
covert of the thrice ear'd field
ceres to her paſſion yield,
laſion taſte her heavenly charms,
ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her

v my turn, ye mighty Powers!
ry of your bliſsful bowers?
reaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
ime to pity, and to ſave;
o thunders rent his bark in twain,
brave companions in the main.
on'd, in mid ocean toſt,
vinds, and driven from every coaſt,
an of miſeries I led,
friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
l (vainly promis'd) to beſtow
, exempt from age and woe.
d Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
re, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
nay (he muſt, if He ordain,
dangers, all theſe deeps, again):
ever ſhall Calypſo ſend
theſe, her huſband and her friend.
ave I, what ſailors to convey,
cut the long laborious way?
t the ſafeſt means to go:
rice is all I can beſtow.
he Power who bears the charming

aan, nor irritate the God:
rage of him who reigns above,
dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
ment vaniſh'd from her eye.
obedient to divine command,
ſes, pac'd along the ſand.
on the lonely beach ſhe found,
ng eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
ing for his native ſhore:
ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
ctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
y in her deſiring arms,
ore the heavy night away,
. ſheres conſum'd the tedious day;

There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Here, on his muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt:
Unhappy man! to waſting foes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Subſime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſperous gales to waft thee on the way.
Theſe, if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.
With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke:
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea,
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt-built ſhip, though Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.
Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, O earth! and hear, ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But given the ſenſe, to pity and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He ſill'd the throne where Mercury had ſate.
For him the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her godlike gueſt:
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than man;
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run,
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in the cloak and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty axe with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhow'd him, and with tears withdrew.

Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſt groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles or the work Calypſo found)
With thoſe he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,
With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves), and ſteer the ſteady courſe).
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future ſails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſs'd him, (odorous garments given)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heaven.
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of every kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now, rejoicing in the proſperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſate, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor cloſ'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſeventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt:
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watery waſte.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth the ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night: eaſt, weſt, together roar;
And ſouth, and north, roll mountains to the ſhore;
Then ſhook the hero, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſts rears;
Death, preſent death, on every ſide appears,

thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
d I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
ne diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall
was that, when ſhowers of javelins fled
nquering Troy around Achilles dead);
ce had paid me ſolemn funerals then,
ead my glory with the ſons of men.
ful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
t, un-noted, and for ever dead!
ghty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
is cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
rom the deck, and from the rudder torn,
he ſwelling ſurge the chief was borne:
y the howling tempeſt rent in twain
l and ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.
eſs'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
by the cumbrous veſt Calypſo gave:
th, emerging from his noſtrils wide
ſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
n not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
d the raft, and leapt into his ſeat.
with the fear of death. The rolling flood
re, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
n a heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
, now fro, before th' autumnal blaſt;
r clung, it rolls around the field;
l the float, and ſo its texture held:
w the ſouth, and now the north, bear
w the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
w the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.
ndering chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
ea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt
a mortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
an azure ſiſter of the main).
a ſea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
ant on the raft the Goddeſs ſtood:
hus addreſs'd him: Thou, whom Heaven
decrees
tune's wrath, ſtern tyrant of the ſeas,
al conteſt! not his rage and power,
he is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
ſuggeſt, thy wiſdom will perform;
thy float, and leave it to the ſtorm;
thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
ked ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.
h Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
'ate decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.
avenly ſcarf beneath thy boſom bind,
e; give all thy terrors to the wind.
thy arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
the gift, and caſt it on the main;
my orders, and with heed obey,
far off, and turn thy eyes away.
that her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
own the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe
roſe;
ent ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
was cover'd with the curling ſea.
k with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
ds ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
tall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
er Gods intend me other woes?
r thou art, I ſhall not blindly join
aded reaſon, but conſult with mine:
ce in ken *appears that diſtant iſle,*
e foretels me ſhall conclude my toil.

Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſts yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread
Burſts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſparted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſcumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt;
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid;
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay!
Go, wander helpleſs on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce earth ſhaking power.
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves ſhe bade the winds to fly,
And huſh'd the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
The drier blaſts alone of Boreas ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where Fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waſte:
Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain:
The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a dead ſilence ſtill'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he 'ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes,
As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by ſome dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life reſtore);
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore,
And ſees, (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſtening ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring ſurges breaking on the ſhore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white:
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his ſoul apart:

Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around,
Roar the wild wave; beneath is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,
Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heavenly foe.

While thus he thought, a monſtrous wave upbore
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then, backward
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands:
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes' hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all ſubduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he 'ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſea as the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God adoreſt:

Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.

He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer ſmooths the watery way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd;
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd!
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;
Where on the flowery herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay:

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high?
And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
When morning riſe?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gently ſleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte;
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below.
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhower;
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulyſſes crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt through the bowery ſhade);
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky.
This ſtore, with joy the patient hero found,
And, ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

earing in a dream to Nauſicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to deſcend to , and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to , where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices Ulyſſes, who, addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in anner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland.

.E thus the weary wanderer ſunk to reſt,
ſpeaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt
ial Maid from heaven's aerial height
hæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
nes the ſoft Phæacian train
ſleſt the wide Hyperian plain;
yclopean race in arms aroſe,
nation of Gigantic foes:
t Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
eas retreating from the ſound of war,
unt nation to fair Scheria led,
r ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head:
nd his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd:
the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
d the lands, and gave the lands their
nds.
e ſilent grave the monarch lay,
Alcinous held the regal ſway.
high palace through the fields of air
eſe ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care.
he night in ſilence roll'd away,
of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:
the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
phe the portals guard, each nymph a
ace.
he viewleſs air the Warrior-Maid
o' the valves, and hovers round her head;
e virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
nas ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
lent! to waſte thy hours away!
ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day?
d ornament neglected lies;
pare the bridal train, ariſe!
lauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
he ſtream! Companion of thy care,
ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
vake! the marriage hour is nigh,
n their thrones thy kindred monarchs
car at early dawn obtain, [ſigh!
mules obedient to the rein;
the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
eir fair veſts Phæacian virgins lave.
ide forth; for pomp becomes the great,
ſty derives a grace from ſtate.
the palaces of heaven ſhe ſails,
t on the wings of waſting gales:
The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendors glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Thro' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up roſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night. [ſtow'd
The queen ſhe ſought: the queen her hours be-
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council ſate;
From his high dome the king deſcends in ſtate,
Then with a filial awe th royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing and ſubmiſſive ſaid:
Will my dread ſire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſhall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day,
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay.
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious ſire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.

They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills;
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt renieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play
(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſkies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; Nauſicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling ſweet, makes earth and heaven re-joice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendant o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and favourite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embowering ſhade, Ulyſſes lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
Or what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores: [bowers,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood;
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood;
Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintry ſhowers,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey
(The ſteer or ſtag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighbouring groves
Rough from the toſſing ſurge, Ulyſſes moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid:
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coaſt,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-hoſt,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my fatal voyage,
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes)!
Raptur'd I ſtood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, O queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to ſpare! but Heaven,
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let ſoft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs, on a foreign land,
Propitious to my wants a veſt ſupply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Bleſt with a huſband be thy bridal bed:
Bleſt be the huſband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The Gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our ſtate.
To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe thy fear;
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear: [care

rs of earth, in dubious ſcales,
ffers, while the bad prevails:
reſign'd, the will of Jove;
muſt mourn: thy woes are from
ead'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
the wretched grieve no more,
ked, and thy way to guide---
cian tribes this land divide;
nous' royal loins I ſpring,
and an happy king.
maids: Why, why, ye coward

flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
diſmiſs that idle dread,
hoſtile ſteps theſe ſhores to tread:
of Heaven, an ocean flows
lm, a barrier from the foes;
n of ſorrow to relieve,
art, nor let affliction grieve.
nger and the poor are ſent;
ſe we give, to Jove is lent.
y, and bathe his fainting limbs
adesobſcure the mazy ſtreams.
he call, the chief they guide
rent of the ſecret tide:
am a royal dreſs they lay,
, with rich embroidery gay;
in a vaſe of gold ſupply,
fragrance through the balmy ſky.
king: No longer I detain
are: retire, ye virgin train!
om my weary'd limbs I lave
ion of the briny wave:
this worn frame refection knew,
ve I ſurvey'd of dreadful view!
:cede! ſage chaſtity denies
iſh, or pain the modeſt eyes.
withdrawn, at once into the tide
ds; the flaſhing waves divide:
s his hands the wave diffuſe,
ocks compreſs the weedy ooze;
a fragrant ſhower, he ſheds;
pomp magnificently treads,
oddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
nlarg'd, and air divine:
brow a length of hair unfurls,
: locks deſcend in wavy curls.
ift, to whom Vulcan gives
, a breathing ſtatue lives;
it, he frames the wondrous mould,
lver pours the fuſile gold.
eroic frame improves
bloom, and like a God he moves.
eathes around: majeſtic grace
ps: th' aſtoniſh'd virgins gaze.
s along the murmuring ſeas,
eſs from the fanning breeze.
ring nymph his glorious port ſur-
nſcls with amazement ſaid: [vey'd,
t care divine the ſtranger treads
y; his ſteps ſome Godhead leads:
:ſtroy him, ſure he had been driven
alm, the favourite iſle of Heaven.
ſtacle of woe, he trod
ds, and now he looks a God.
in my connubial hour decree
ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he!

But haſte, the viands and the bowl provide---
The maids the viands, and the bowl ſupply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirſt aſſwag'd.
Now on return her care Nauſicaa bends,
The robes reſumes, the glittering car aſcends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as ſhe preſs'd
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſtening chief addreſs'd:
Stranger, ariſe! the ſun rolls round the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wiſdom in thy ſoul preſides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at diſtance while I paſs the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-aſcend—With airy mounds
A ſtrength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full thro' the narrow mouths deſcend the tides:
The ſpacious baſons arching rocks encloſe,
A ſure defence from every ſtorm that blows.
Cloſe to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble ſhines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to
ſtore,
Shape the broad ſail, or ſmooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall maſt above the veſſel rear,
Or teach the fluttering ſail to float in air.
They ruſh into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the ſteep ſurge, and thro' the tempeſt fly;
A proud, unpoliſh'd race---To me belongs
The care to ſhun the blaſt of ſlanderous tongues;
Leſt malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile cenſure taint my ſpotleſs name:
"What ſtranger this whom thus Nauſicaa
"leads?
"Heavens, with what graceful majeſty he treads!
"Perhaps a native of ſome diſtant ſhore,
"The future conſort of her bridal hour;
"Or rather ſome deſcendant of the ſkies;
"Won by her prayers, th' aerial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour his choiceſt influence ſhed,
"That gave a foreign ſpouſe to crown her bed!
"All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
"This realm, ſhe flies: Phæacia is her ſcorn."
And juſt the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence.
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaſte, I blame;
And the leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,
Till our conſenting fires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.
But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain,
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars
crown'd,
To Pallas ſacred, ſhades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount diſtils
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous ſcene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waſte of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.

There wait embower'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp ſuperior known;
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wonderous work deſigns,
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wood diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Though mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd:
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I fought thy aid
When booming billows cloſ'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rang'd with vengeance unſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princeſs Nauſicaa returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the queen Arette. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their coaſts.
The ſame day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient, heavenly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud ſtreets ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.
Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief commands)
The houſe of him who rules the happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtions needleſs, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſterous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the watery way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift, as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial leads
The footſtep of the Deity he treads,
And ſacred moves along the crowded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phæacian race.

order'd, Pallas to their eyes
ject'ed, and condens'd the skies,
with wonder sees th' extended streets;
ing harbours, and the rising fleets;
ir princess lofty domes admires,
islands crown'd with rising spires;
ntrenchments and high walls of stone,
he city like a marble zone.
he kingly palace-gates he view'd:
p'd the Goddess, and her speech re-
'd:
is done; the mansion you inquire
fore you: enter, and admire.
'd, and feasting there thou shalt behold
:d rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
oldness ever meets with friends,
nd ev'n a stranger recommends,
: queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
ueen, Arete is her name,
her parents, and her power the same.
from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
-a, beautiful and young
on's last hope, who rul'd of old
f giants, impious, proud, and bold;
e nation in unrighteous war,
e prince, and left his only heir),
by Neptune's amorous power compress.
monarch that his people blest,
prince of the Phæacian name;
Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
y Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
viv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
Alcinous chose his royal mate.
urs yet to womenkind unknown,
he graces, and divides the throne:
nderness her sons conspire,
: children emulate their sire.
ugh the streets she gracious deigns to
ve,
e wonder and the public love)
es of all with transport sound her praise
f all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
ie triumph of a generous breast:
visions, to relieve th' oppress;
ich; in blessing others, blest.
cure, they humble suit prefer,
hy country and thy friends to her.
at the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
e world of waters wing'd her way:
Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
s to Marathon the virgin bore,
where proud Athens rears her towery
ing streets and shining structures spread,
lelighted with the well known seats;
edheus' sacred dome retreats.
rhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
se, and anxious with his soul debates,
maze before the royal gates.
appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
the lamp of night, or orb of day,
were massy brass; the cornice high
ls crown'd, in colours of the sky:
s of gold the folding doors incase;
silver, on a brazen base;
lintels deep projecting o'er,
the ringlets that command the door.

Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the princess prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty hand maids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defending and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;

Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the † God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees the much enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſued. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echenus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſtening king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt belov'd);
There next his ſide the godlike hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize,
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began;
Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night:

† Mercury.

But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe).
Mean time, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear:
This interval, Heaven truſts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge reſign'd,
Heaven 's his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are miſery and man!
But if, deſcended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal power;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heaven the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſert way:
With ſocial intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-ſons of earth.
Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind,
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare!
But ſtill long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpriſe
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th' aſſembled peers with general praiſe approv'd
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gift of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beſide him, on a ſplendid throne
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.

en, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd,
i the garments her own hands had made;
bout wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
ds addreſſing to the godlike man:
ſt thou not hither, wondrous ſtranger! ſay,
ads remote, and o'er a length of ſea!
n whence art thou? whence that princely
ir?
es like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair?
is the taſk, oh princeſs! you impoſe:
ghing ſpoke the man of many woes)
, the mournful ſcries to relate
f ſorrows ſent by Heaven and Fate!
it you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
theſe tracts, and under other ſkies,
nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
wells Calypſo, dreadful in her charms!
from Gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
ie terrors of the rolling main.
y me, the hand of fortune bore
! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
ove tremendous in the ſable deeps
d his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
ll my fleet, and all my followers loſt,
a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
drove my wreck th' Ogygian iſle to
ind,
e days floating to the wave and wind.
the Goddeſs there with open arms,
'd my ſtay with more than human charms;
mis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
l life, exempt from age and woe:
ker blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
ſh from my breaſt my country's love.
luctant ſeven continued years,
ter her ambroſial couch with tears.
hth ſhe voluntary moves to part,
l by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
as form'd, to croſs the ſurging ſea;
ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array,
e the gales to waft me on the way.
teen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
ody mountains half in vapours loſt.
h'd my ſoul; my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
y Neptune rous'd the raging main;
l winds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
tting raft the furious tempeſt tore;
ms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
heir rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
ked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
h this iſle: but there my hopes were
oſt,
e impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
he ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
s mouth impervious to the wind,
ar of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
ok the ſhelter of the neighbouring wood.
ight; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
ng'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
t I ſlept, oblivious of my pain:
dawn'd and Phœbus ſhin'd in vain,
oblique he ſlop'd his evening ray,
nus dry'd the balmy dews away.
nale voices from the ſhore I heard:
midſt them, goddeſs-like, appear'd:
ſued, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs;
e in beauty, nor in virtue leſs.

Who from ſuch youth could hope conſiderate care
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with juſt ſupplies
My wants, and lent theſe robes that ſtrike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want ſhould ſink me to a lie,
To this the king: Our daughter but expreſt
Her cares imperfect to our godlike gueſt.
Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not herſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulyſſes thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my ſteps detain,
Leſt raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.
Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, ſtranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon.
In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But, if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay!
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let ſlumber cloſe their careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe;
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's ‖ giant-ſon to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew;
This land, from whence their morning courſe begun,
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our ſail.
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward liſts his eyes)
O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Mean time Arete, for the hour of reſt,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering veſt;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt,
And finiſh'd all the queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt:
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt.
There, ſoft-extended, to the murmuring ſound
Of the high porch, Ulyſſes ſleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies,
And faſt beſide were cloſ'd Arete's eyes.

‖ Tityus.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c.; where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.
She spoke and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shores rebounds:
At once the seats they fill and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toss'd by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend:
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.
Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song;
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then, fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious string;
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day;

'd, th' admiring ſtranger may pro-
gions the Phæacian fame:
the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
the race devour the way;
leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
e the king; th' attending peers obey:
move, Alcinous leads the way:
yre Demodocus unſtrung,
olumn in the palace hung:
by a herald's guardian cares,
the lists of Fame repairs.
rms the populace; a countleſs throng,
oar age: and man drives man along:
egin; ambitious of the prize,
hoon, and Eretmus riſe;
cyalus and Prymneus claim,
id Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
us, Neates, Eratreus appear,
Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
e Mars terrific roſe,
n wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
with grace unequall'd ſhone,
by Laodamas alone.
came forth Ambaſineus the ſtrong;
rave ſons, from great Alcinous ſprung.
a line the ready racers ſtand,
he goal, and vaniſh'd o'er the ſtrand:
wings of winds upborne they fly,
f riſing duſt involve the ſky:
ace, what ſpace the hinds allow
mule and ox from plough to plough;
rung: he wing'd the rapid way,
unrivall'd honours of the day.
embrace the brawny wreſtlers join:
ſt, great Euryalus is thine.
ſprung forward with a bound,
the leap, a length of ground:
us' ſtrong arm the diſcus flies,
ith unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
n whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
of death, victorious in the fray.
s the peerage in the games contends,
ak, Laodamas aſcends:
, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well
d
lluſtrious labours of the field:
brave; then grant the brave man's
ero to his ſhare of Fame.
us arms he boaſts! how firm his tread
ow turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders
id-
roke!---but all-conſuming care
erhaps, that ſtrength that time woulo
ocean, dread in all its forms!
lecay, when man contends with ſtorms.
thou ſpoke (Euryalus replies):
gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
word advancing from the crowd
eiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud:
es the reverend ſtranger to diſplay
worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
e! for thee thy port proclaims
nquer in the ſolemn games.
ſe! for what more fame *can yield*
rils race, or conflict of the field?

Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply;
Ah! why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have run,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the king and peers implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong
Retorts Euryalus): he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main:
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame:
Such was my boaſt while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.---Slander ſtings the brave.
Then, ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky;
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;

Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcuſs fly,
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield
Or ye, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtyle him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth, unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer-God).
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign;
By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.
Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wanderings end
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race.
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrivall'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Raiſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the powers belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay,
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band
Graceful before the heavenly minſtrel ſtand:
Light bounding from the earth, at once they riſe
Their feet half viewleſs quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Mean time the bard, alternat to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern God, enamour'd with her charms
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the ſun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heavens, diſcloſ'd the lawleſs joy
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! Then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure encloſure folds the genial bed;
Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the ſpider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores,
His favourite iſle! obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the Goddeſs flies:
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of Love
Deſcends ſmooth gliding from the courts of Jove
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he preſt
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſt:
Come, my belov'd, and taſte the ſoft delights:
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms:
Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he leads
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they ſtrive, th' entangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
Warn'd by the God who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way.
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven turns:
O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, awkward me, ſhe ſcorns; and yields charms
To that fair letcher, the ſtrong God of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By Fate impoſ'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too n

remain, ye guilty in my power,
refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dower.
I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
chaſte is beauty in diſgrace.
while the Gods the dome of Vulcan
long,
mes, and Neptune comes along;
e gay Hermes trod the ſtarry plain;
ſty withheld the Goddeſs-train.
n beholds impriſon'd as they lie,
ſinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſky.
mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on
ong [ſtrong!
geance waits; and art ſubdues the
re a God on all th' Olympian brow
t than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow?
n conquers, and the God of arms
he penalty for lawleſs charms.
rious they; but he who gilds the ſkies,
Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
hou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare the joy?
d ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd),
e the chains, and thrice more firmly
d;
e Gods, and every Goddeſs gaze,
would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.
augh the reſt, even Neptune laugh'd
ud,
nportunate to looſe the God:
he cries, O Vulcan! free from ſhame
es; I inſure the penal claim.
ptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
that lewd ſcandal of the ſky,
reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
hou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
m appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
tune ſues, my part is to obey.
e ſnares his force the God applies;
; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
Cyprian ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
aphos and her blooming groves;
the Power an hundred altars riſe,
hing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
ſhe bathes in conſecrated bowers,
unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhowers.
that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
drous robes; and full the Goddeſs
oms.
ng the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
the ſports his ſons the king commands,
ming youth before the monarch ſtands,
nmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
t of Polypus, divinely wrought);
with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
ing backward whirls it to the ſky;
r, ſpringing with an active bound,
e intercepts it from the ground:
iſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
ly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
us Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
eſt ſhines *in all the rolls of Fame*:

In ſubjects happy! with ſurpriſe I gaze!
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy
praiſe. [tears,
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers:
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a ſlanderous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this beſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid: and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind thoſe words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
And bleſt be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring ſkies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid; and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſate.
Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name:
To raiſe in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice.
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with hands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands;
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends
Unaſſay'd joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour
He ſail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted every ſenſe with every joy.
He bathes: the damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads,
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wondering eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
Hail, godlike ſtranger! and when Heaven reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
Think ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.
O royal Maid! Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms)
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,
Reſtore me ſafe, through weary wanderings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,
As, while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows:
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſate
Full by Alcinous on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The Muſe indulgent loves th'harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid:
Oh more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent as the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th'Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, ſing:
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In every land, the monument of praiſe.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in death's dark bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of differing mir
An offering ſacred to th'immortal Powers:
Th'unwiſe award to lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human bloo
He ſung the Greeks ſtern iſſuing from the f
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground dew;
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe fi
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wou
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mock her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores:
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tear, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtrin
To every note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous wo
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial rite demands: for him the ſails,
loating in air, invite th'impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wiſe and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bo
Impoſ'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realms aſſign'd,
In wonderous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with m
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumb
ſky, fly:
Fearleſs through darkneſs and through clouds t

h tempeſts rage, though rolls the ſwelling
main,
s may roll, the tempeſts rage in vain;
ıe ſtern God, that o'er the waves preſides,
they paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
ıry burns; while careleſs they convey
ıuous every gueſt to every bay.
ars have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
ıful ſtory big with future woes,
'eptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
ıoted in a ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
ıment of wrath: how mound on mound
bury theſe proud towers beneath the ground.
ı the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
the purpoſe of th' Eternal Will.

But ſay through what waſte regions haſt thou
ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd;
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares.
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy
tears?
Juſt are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to
bleed:
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

egins the relation of his adventures; how, after the deſtruction of Troy, he with his companions made an ion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulſed; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the Lotophagi. From thence they ſailed to the land of the Cyclops, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly chaſtiſed. The giant Polyphemus and his cave deſcribed; the uſage Ulyſſes and his companions met with there; ſtly, the method and artifice by which he eſcaped.

EN thus Ulyſſes: Thou, whom firſt in ſway,
firſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey;
reet the products of a peaceful reign!
ıven-taught poet, and enchanting ſtrain;
ll-fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
rejoicing, and a people bleſt!
ıodly ſeems it ever to employ
ocial days in union and in joy;
r teous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
r the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
it theſe joys, why ſeeks thy mind to know
ıappy ſeries of a wanderer's woe:
brance ſad, whoſe image to review,
nuſt open all my wounds anew!
! what firſt, what laſt ſhall I relate,
s unnumber'd ſent by Heaven and Fate?
r firſt the man (though now a wretch diſ-
treſt)
pes thee, monarch, for his future gueſt.
Ulyſſes! no ignoble name,
ounds my wiſdom, and high heaven my
ative ſoil is Ithaca the fair, [fame.
high Neritus waves his woods in air:
ani, Samè and Zacynthus crown'd
ady mountains, ſpread their iſles around
o the north and night's dark regions run,
Aurora and the riſing ſun).
s our iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
re her ſons, though rocky are her ſhores;
ae, ah! none ſo lovely to my ſight,
the lands that Heaven o'erſpreads with
ight!

In vain Calypſo long conſtrain'd my ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe ſtrove,
And added magic, to ſecure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My abſent parents roſe before my ſight,
And diſtant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my paſſage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' ſhore,
Beneath cold Iſmarus our Veſſels bore.
We boldly landed on the hoſtile place,
And ſack'd the city, and deſtroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And every ſoldier found a like reward.
I then adviſ'd to fly; not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtay'd to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and fat'ning bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day.
Mean time the Cicons to their hold retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or riſing flowers
O'erſpread the land, when ſpring deſcends in
ſhowers:
All expert ſoldiers, ſkill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.
Now fortune changes (ſo the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taſte our ſhare of pain.

Close at the ships the bloody sight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heavens pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th'unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
Mean while the God whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with storms!
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
The went and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends.
The three we sent, from off th'enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The [illegible] smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And [illegible] in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey:
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets rove
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground:
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thoug
Through all surrounding shade our navy brough
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing gro
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early daw
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the law
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we pa
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous God affords a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fle
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the li
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from [illegible] jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

l of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
e of goats and bleating flocks we hear.
n their mountains rising smokes appear.
k the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
of things: along the sea-beat shore
e sleep: but when the sacred dawn
glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
ny fellows, and these words address:
associates, here indulge your rest:
with my single ship, adventurous I
, the manners of yon men to try;
a race unjust, of barbarous might,
nd unconscious of a stranger's right;
who harbour pity in their breast,
he Gods, and succour the distrest?
said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
a obey'd me, and the ship unty'd.
seated on their banks, they sweep [deep.
's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
o the nearest verge of land we drew,
the sea a lonely cave we view,
nd with darkening Laurels cover'd o'er;
sheep and goats lay slumbering round the
hore.
is, a fence of marble from the rock.
vith o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
shepherd here his flock maintains
n the rest, and solitary reigns,
er thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
omy mischiefs labour in his mind.
enormous! far unlike the race
an birth, in stature, or in face;
lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
d with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
y vessel at the point of land,
ise to guard it, gave our crew command:
nly twelve, the boldest and the best,
h' adventure, and forsake the rest.
ook a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
t of Maron of Evanthеus' line
riest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine).
ed shade his honour'd mansion stood
Apollo's consecrated wood;
nd his house, Heaven mov'd my mind to save
stly presents in return he gave;
golden talents to perfection wrought,
r bowl that held a copious draught,
relve large vessels of unmingled wine,
ious, undecaying, and divine?
now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
ary fire in gratitude reveal'd;
as the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
twenty measures from the living stream
l one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
'd aromatic fragrancies around.
an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
ought another with provisions stor'd.
l forebode I should find the bower
e fell Monster, fierce with barbarous power,
stic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
nning laws, and trampling on the right.
we we found, but vacant all within
ock the giant tended on the green):
und the grot we gaze; and all we view,
r rang'd, our admiration drew:
nding shelves with *loads of cheeses* prest,
lded flocks each separate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door,
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driven before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and
strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he
prest,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er
the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Through various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command.
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow:
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:

'Tis what the Gods require : thoſe Gods revere,
The poor and ſtranger are their conſtant care ;
To Jove their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are ! (the ſavage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove :
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd ? near or off the ſhore ?
Thus he His meditated fraud I find
(Vers' in the turns of various human kind) ;
And, cautious, thus : Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by our ſhore the gallant veſſel broke,
Scarce with theſe few I 'ſcap'd ; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main ;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band ;
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtony floor :
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he ſpreads his horrid feaſt,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beaſt :
He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd ;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock.
To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumbering monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impels me ; and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword ; but wiſdom held my hand.
A deep ſo raſh had finiſh'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay,
And ſigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
The taſk thus finiſh'd of his morning hours,
Two more he ſnatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whiſtling, drives his flock before :
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And ſhuts again : with equal eaſe diſpos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and cloſ'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills :
His flocks, obedient, ſpread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, ev'n in the laſt deſpair
I thought, deviſ'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breaſt ;
But this of many counſels ſeem'd the beſt :
The monſter's club within the cave I ſpy'd,
A tree of fleetlieſt growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood : of height and bulk ſo vaſt,
The largeſt ſhip might claim it for a maſt.
This ſhorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to ſhape it and to plane ;
The narrower end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire ;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the venturous deed ſhould try
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood.
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four :
Myſelf the fifth. We ſtand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening : all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock :
Not one, or male or female ſtay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd) ;
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cruſh'd
Brain'd on the rock ; his ſecond dire repaſt.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er ;
Cyclop ! ſince human fleſh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt :
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we loſt,
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt.
We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear,
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare,
But oh ! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſhore,
And never ſhalt thou taſte this nectar more.
He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, ſwill'd the large luxurious draught.
More ! give me more, he cry'd : the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine !
Declare thy name ; nor mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbleſt Cyclopean climes produce
(Though ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yields,
And Jove's ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench our fields) ;
But this deſcended from the bleſt abodes,
A rill of nectar, ſtreaming from the Gods.
He ſaid, and greedy graſp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his ſoul.
His ſenſe lay cover'd with the dozy fume ;
While thus my fraudful ſpeech I reaſſume :
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop ! now I claim,
And plead my title ; Noman is my name.
By that diſtinguiſh'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then : Our promis'd grace receive,
The hoſpitable boon we mean to give :
When all thy wretched crew have left my power
Noman ſhall be the laſt I will devour.
He ſaid : then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine
His neck obliquely o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Preſs'd with the weight of ſleep that tames the ſtrong !
There lolch'd the mingled ſtreams of wine and blood,
And human fleſh, indigeſted food,
Sudden I ſtir the embers, and inſpire
With animating breath the ſeeds of fire ;
Each drooping ſpirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

now glow'd beneath the burning bed
it was) and ſparkled fiery red.
h the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
ing hearts my fellows form a ring.
ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
ed torment on his viſual ball.
ove them from a riſing ground
e ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and
und.
a ſhipwright ſtands his workmen o'er,
the wimble, ſome huge beam to bore;
all hands, it nimbly ſpins about,
deep-piercing till it ſcoops it out:
ad eye ſo whirls the fiery wood;
ir pierc'd pupil ſpouts the boiling blood;
re his brows; the ſcorching lids grow
bubbles, and the fibres crack. [black,
hen armourers temper in the ford
-edg'd pole axe, or the ſhining ſword,
ot metal hiſſes in the lake,
is eye ball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
a dreadful groan: the rocks around
all their inmoſt winding caves reſound.
receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
and daſh'd on earth the gory brand;
s the Cyclops, all that round him dwell;
ce like thunder, and a direful yell.
their dens the one-ey'd race repair
ed rocks and mountains bleak in air.
aſſembled, at his well-known roar,
he cauſe, and crowd the cavern-door.
hurts thee, Polypheme? what ſtrange af-
ight,
aks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the night?
mortal, in th' unguarded hour
oppreſs thee, or by fraud or power?
s inſidious theft our flock ſurpriſe?
y: the Cyclop from his den replies:
ls, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
oppreſſes me with fraudful power.
nan hurt thee, but the hand divine
diſeaſe, it ſits thee to reſign:
ve or to thy father Neptune pray,"
hren cry'd, and inſtant rode away.
uch'd my ſecret ſoul and conſcious heart,
with th' effect of counſel and of art.
me the Cyclop raging with his wound,
his wide arms, and ſearches round and
ound:
he ſtone removing from the gate,
nds extended in the midſt he ſate:
rch'd each paſſing ſheep, and felt it o'er,
o ſeize (as here we reach'd the door
his ſhallow wit he deem'd was mine):
et I revolv'd the deep deſign;
or our lives my labouring boſom wrought;
cheme I turn'd, and ſharpen'd every
thought;
y and that I caſt to ſave my friends,
reſolve my varying counſels ends.
g were the rams, with native purple
fair,
l, and largeſt of the fleecy care.
hree and three, with ozier bands we ty'd
vining hands the Cyclop's bed ſupply'd)
himſelf bore a man: the outward two
each ſide: to bound we all the crew.

One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock:
In his deep fleece my graſping hands I lock,
And faſt beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When roſy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to paſture all the luſty males:
The ewes ſtill folded, with diſtended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in diſtreſsful cries.
But heedleſs of thoſe cares, with anguiſh ſtung,
He felt their fleeces as they paſs'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them ſafely go,
All unſuſpecting of their freight below.
The maſter ram at laſt approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulyſſes fate:
Him while he paſt the monſter blind beſpoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
Firſt thou were wont to crop the flowery mead,
Firſt to the field and river's bank to lead,
And firſt with ſtately ſtep at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows uſher to their bower.
Now far the laſt, with penſive pace and ſlow
Thou mov'ſt, as conſcious of thy maſter's woe!
Seeſt thou theſe lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didſt thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of ſpeech afford,
Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret here
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and daſh'd from rock to
rock,
His batter'd brains ſhould on the pavement ſmoke.
No eaſe, no pleaſure, my ſad heart receives,
While ſuch a monſter as vile Noman lives.
The giant ſpoke, and through the hollow rock
Diſmiſs'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No ſooner freed, and through th' incloſure paſt,
Firſt I releaſe myſelf, my fellows laſt:
Fat ſheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our veſſel on the winding ſhore.
With joy the ſailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of tranſport ſtand in every eye:
I check their fondneſs, and command to fly.
Aboard in haſte they heave the wealthy ſheep,
And ſnatch their oars, and ruſh into the deep.
Now off at ſea, and from the ſhallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the diſtant giant I accoſt:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious hoſt!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble ſlave,
Thou mediat'ſt thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the inſtrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hoſpitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.
The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,
High o'er the billows flew the maſſy load,
And near the ſhip came thundering on the flood.
It almoſt bruſh'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole ſea ſhook, and refluent beat the ſhore.
The long concuſſion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the veſſel to the iſland's ſide:
Again I ſhov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and every oar we ply,
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now we [illegible]
We twice as far had furrow'd [illegible]

Once more I rais'd my voice: my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design diſſuade,
What boots the godleſs giant to provoke,
Whoſe arms may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew,
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who diſfigur'd thus that eyeleſs face?
Say 'twas Ulyſſes, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulyſſes, ſack in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty ſeer who on theſe hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulyſſes as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's bleſſing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,
And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as Neptune cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry ſkies:
Hear me, O Neptune! thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy ſon;
Let not Ulyſſes breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and ſufferings long and late;
His loſt companions let him firſt deplore;
Some veſſel, not his own, tranſport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign ſufferings freed,
More near and deep, domeſtic woes ſucceed!
With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it ſung acroſs the main:
It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our ſight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to every ſailor fall;
The maſter-ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulyſſes' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies,
Averſe, beholds the ſmoking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wandering ſtill from coaſt to coaſt,
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous eates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Leſtrigons, and Circe.

Ulyſſes arrives at the iſland of Æolus, who gives him proſperous winds, and incloſes the adverſe ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they ſail to the Leſtrigons, where they loſe eleven ſhips, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the iſland of Circe. Eurylochus is ſent firſt with ſome companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are tranſformed into ſwine. Ulyſſes then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's ſtay with her, he prepares, at her inſtigation, for his voyage to the infernal ſhades.

At length we reach'd Æolia's ſea-girt ſhore
Where great Hippotades the ſceptre bore,
A floating iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And ſix fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
Theſe ſons their ſiſters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleaſure of their reign.

feaſt, all day the bowls flow round,
muſic through the iſle reſound:
h pair on ſplendid carpets lay,
d with love the pleaſures of the day.
ert affords our wandering fleet
reception, and a ſafe retreat.
monarch urg'd me to relate
lion, and the Grecian fate;
d; at length for parting mov'd;
th mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd.
winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling
mighty Sire of Gods aſſign'd [blaſt:
's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
one the liſtening ſtorms obey,
the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
er'd by a ſilver throng;
as exempt, with friendly gales
o fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
but oh, what gift to fools avails!
perous days we pay'd the labouring oar;
reſents our welcome native ſhore:
play the beacon's friendly light,
mountains gain upon our ſight.
ny eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
take the balmy gifts of reſt;
ny hands did from the rudder part
he love of home poſſeſs'd my heart);
on board a fond debate aroſe;
device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
what prize from Æolus I brought?
is neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
nce, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
hall pleaſe, who muſt our hero give?
his coffers groan'd with Trojan ſpoils;
the wretched partners of his toils,
by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
ch in barren fame return.
s, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
ny friends, theſe myſtic gifts explore.
: and (oh curſt fate) the thongs un-
id:
g tempeſt ſweeps the ocean round;
the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.
n my fatal ſleep, I long debate
e, or deſperate plunge to Fate:
ting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
coward thought of death gave way.
hile our veſſels plough the liquid
n
he known Æolian coaſt regain
the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
nd hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
two choſen heralds ſtraight attend
progreſs to my royal friend:
midſt his jovial ſons we found;
et ſteaming, and the goblets crown'd:
ably ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame and
;
than the gate preſum'd to draw.
is ſons their well-known gueſt deſcry'd
g from their couches loudly cry'd:
e! what dæmon could'ſt thou meet
thy paſſage, and repel thy fleet?
Waſt thou not furniſh'd by our choiceſt care
For Greece, for home, and all thy ſoul held dear?
Thus they: in ſilence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length theſe words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in ſleep, my faithleſs crew bereſt
Of all the bleſſings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loſs we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their ſtern ſire reply'd:
Vile wretch, begone! this inſtant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.
Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors, ſpent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud Lamos' ſtately towers appear,
And Leſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;
But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care.
So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halſers to the ſhore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whoſe airy brow
Commands the proſpect of the plains below:
No tracts of beaſts, or ſigns of men, we found,
But ſmoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With ſpeed to learn what men poſſeſs'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's ſmooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beſide a cryſtal ſpring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's ſilver ſtreams came down
(Artacia's ſtreams alone ſupply the town):
The damſel they approach'd, and aſk'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary ſtrangers heard,
And ſhow'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entering ſaw the queen
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's height),
A ſudden horror ſtruck their aching ſight.
Swift as her call her huſband ſcour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the deſtin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton flew.
But two ruſh'd out, and to the navy flew.
Bulk'd of his prey, the yelling monſter ſtrides,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;

A ghaſtly band of giants hear the roar, [ſhore.
And, ponring down the mountains, crowd the
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And daſh the ruins on the ſhips below:
The crackling veſſels burſt; hoarſe groans ariſe,
And mingled horrors echo to the ſkies;
The men, like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human
Whilſt thus their fury rages at the bay, [food.
My ſword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh, [fly,
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
Each nerve to ſtrain, each bending oar to ply,
The ſailors catch the word, their oars they ſeize,
And ſweep with equal ſtrokes the ſmoky ſeas:
Clear of the rocks th' impatient veſſel flies;
Whilſt in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earneſt haſte my frighted ſailors preſs,
While kindling tranſports glow'd at our ſucceſs;
But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
Her mother Perſe, of old Ocean's ſtrain,
Thus from the Sun deſcended and the Main
[From the ſame lineage ſtern Æætes came,
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantreſs dame);
Goddeſs, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding ſong.
Some God directing to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [roll'd on,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.
I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear?
Or cheerful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke aſcending blue,
And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace boſom'd in the grove.
Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to ſhore,
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view.
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall ſtag, deſcending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the cryſtal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the ſunny ray.
I launch'd my ſpear, and with a ſudden wound,
Tranſpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital ſpirit flies.
I draw, and caſting on the river's ſide
The bloody ſpear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining oziers, which the bank ſupplied.
An ell in length the pliant whilp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my ſhoulders heav'd:
Then, leaning on my ſpear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and preſs'd the ſinking ſands
With weighty ſteps, till at the ſhip I threw
The welcome burden, and beſpoke my crew:
Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghoſts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the deſart land, behold! is given;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.

The joyful crew ſurvey his mighty ſize,
And on the future banquet feaſt their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beaſt:
Then waſh their hands, and haſten to the feaſt.
There, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the light,
They ſate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening roſe, and darkneſs covered o'er
The face of things, we ſlept along the ſhore.
But when the roſy morning warm'd the eaſt,
My men I ſummon'd, and theſe words addreſt:
Followers and friends, attend what I propoſe:
Ye ſad companions of Ulyſſes' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counſel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coaſt, a region flat and low;
An iſle incircled with the boundleſs flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some ſmoke I ſaw amid the foreſts riſe,
and all around it only ſeas and ſkies!
With broken hearts my ſad companions ſtood,
Mindful of Cylop and his human food,
And horrid Leſtrigons, the men of blood.
Preſaging tears apace began to reign;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
In equal parts I ſtraight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other ſide
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune caſts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd with twice eleven in his train:
Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.
The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of ſtone; a ſhaded ſpace around;
Whe mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandiſhments our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
Domeſtic thus the griſly beaſts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threſhold of the dome they ſtood,
And heard a voice reſounding through the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within the Goddeſs ſung;
The vaulted roofs and ſolid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the riſing figures ſhine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the reſt the queſtion mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):
What voice celeſtial, chanting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddeſs) echoes from the room?
Say, ſhall we ſeek acceſs? With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The Goddeſs, riſing, aſks her gueſts to ſtay,
Who blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suſpecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With ſemblance fair, but unhappy mien ſhe plac'd.

ly preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
r freſh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
d was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
s of force to darken all the ſoul:
e luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
: oblivion of their native coaſt.
circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
ansforms them, and the ſty receives.
as ſeen the human form divine;
, and members, briſtle into ſwine:
with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
own voice affrights them when they
an.
s the Goddeſs in diſdain beſtows
nd acorn, brutal food! and ſtrows
of cornel, as their feaſt, around;
and groveling on unſavoury ground.
ius, with penſive ſteps and ſlow,
:rns; the meſſenger of woe,
fate. To ſpeak he made eſſay,
y'd, nor would his tongue obey,
g heart deny'd the words their way:
ig tears the want of words ſupply,
il ſoul burſts copious from his eye:
, anxious for our fellows' fates,
o hear what ſadly he relates:
t, Ulyſſes! (ſuch was thy command)
ne lone thicket and the deſart land.
a woody vale we found,
h dark foreſts, and with ſhades around.
leſtial echoed from the dome,
, or Goddeſs, chanting to the loom.
ought, nor was acceſs denied:
: came: the portal's open'd wide:
ſs mild invites the gueſts to ſtay:
ly follow where ſhe leads the way.
: behind, of all the train;
ng, and ey'd the doors in vain:
e vaniſh'd, none repaſs'd the gate;
man appears to tell their fate.
and inſtant o'er my ſhoulders flung
1 which my weighty faulchion hung
blade); then ſeiz'd the bended bow,
im guide the way, reſolv'd to go.
ite falling, with both hands embrac'd
and, weeping, thus his ſuit addreſs'd:
belov'd of Jove! thy ſervant ſpare,
yſelf the raſh attempt forbear!
l thou never ſhalt return,
wretched for whoſe loſs we mourn.
remains from certain ruin fly,
he few not fated yet to die.
'd ſtern: Inglorious then remain,
and loiter, and deſert thy train.
riended, will I tempt my way;
f Fate compel, and I obey.
l, and ſcornful turning from the ſhore
ty ſtep, I ſtalk'd the valley o'er.
pproaching nigh the magic bower;
'elt th' enchantreſs ſkill'd in herbs of
ver,
rine forth iſſued from the wood
Hermes with the golden rod)
ſemblance. On his bloomy face
l'd celeſtial, with each opening grace.
ny hand, and gracious thus began:
ier r. am'ſt thou, much enduring man?

Oh blind to fate! what led thy ſteps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you ſeek in yon incloſure lies,
All loſt their form, and habitants of ſkies.
Think'ſt thou by wit to model their eſcape?
Sooner ſhalt thou, a ſtranger to thy ſhape,
Fall prone their equal: firſt thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods beſtow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl ſhall ſparkle, and the banquet riſe;
Take this, nor from the faithleſs feaſt abſtain,
For temper'd drugs and poiſons ſhall be vain.
Soon as ſhe ſtrikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandiſh thy refulgent ſword,
And menace death: thoſe menaces ſhall move
Her alter'd mind to blandiſhment and love.
Nor ſhun the bleſſing proffer'd to thy arms,
Aſcend her bed, and taſte celeſtial charms:
So ſhall thy tedious toils a reſpite find,
And thy loſt friends return to human kind.
But ſwear her firſt by thoſe dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Bleſſed in the ſky;
Leſt to thee naked ſecret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.
Thus while he ſpoke, the ſovereign plant he drew
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And ſhow'd its nature and its wonderous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is eaſy to th' ætherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland ſhade.
While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I ſpeed my paſſage to th' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I ſtay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddeſs wide diſplay'd;
She leads before, and to the feaſt invites:
I follow ſadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with ſtarry ſtuds, a ſilver ſeat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footſtool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of ſoul;
The poiſon mantled in the golden bowl.
I took and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was given.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a beaſt!—I heard, and yet was man.
Then ſudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the dame.
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
Oh more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength, theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes? oh! thy threatening fury ceaſe,
Sheathe thy bright ſword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual truſt combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden baskets grac'd
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites, the feast to share:
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address'd:
Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?
I answer'd: Goddess! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or rit t in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? For them thy cares employ,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.
With that she parted: in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the brisly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts such meet to the eye.
New touch'd by counter charms, they change again
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those bristles, of late that bristled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eye
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harm
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.
She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found.
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath
But, ah! relate our lost companions death.
I answer'd chearful: Haste, your galley moor
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run!
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclop, and his bloody dead;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.
I heard incens'd, and first revolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebels head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground.
But all at once my interposing train
Her mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince defy
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shade
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
Mean while the Goddess, with indulgent care
And [illegible], the late transform'd repairs;

, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
:fulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
ng with joy their eager eyes behold
:r's face, and each his story told;
hing tears the narrative confound,
i their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
sh'd their passion, thus the Goddess
ught by labours to be wise, cries:
hort memory of grief suffice.
e known the various woes ye bore,
by sea, in perils on the shore;
hatever was in Fortune's power.
e the pleasures of this genial hour.
our minds as ere ye left your coast,
d to sorrow for a country lost.
l wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
ful memory renews your woe;
e remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
oul saddens by the use of pain.
nd entreaty mov'd the general breast;
h long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
, the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
ull circle of the year came round.
i the seasons, following in their train,
back the months, the days, and hours
a lethargy at once they rise, [again;
: their chief with animating cries:
Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
ie name of Ithaca forgot?
er the dear land in prospect rise,
v'd palace glitter in our eyes?
g I heard; yet till the sun's decline
d the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
n the shades came on at evening hour,
ay slumbering in the dusky bower;
suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
ler moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
idful, Goddess, of thy promise made;
Ulysses ever be delay'd?
their lord my sad companions mourn,
ast beats homeward, anxious to return:
moment parted from thy eyes,
ars flow round me, and my heart complies
en, (she cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
e, but the Fates, your wish deny.
: not yet to breathe thy native air!
r journey first demands thy care;
l th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
v the realms of darkness and of death.
ek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight:
irradiate with prophetic light;
m Persephone, entire and whole,
retain th' unseparated soul:
are forms, of empty æther made;
e semblance, and a flitting shade.
: at the word, my very heart was dead:
I sate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
the light and life my soul begun,
r that all was grief beneath the sun.
'd at length, the gushing tears suppress,
tost limbs now weary'd into rest:
ll I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! say,
k descent, and who shall guide the way?
ng eyes behold the realms below?
ark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
ated road (the magic power reply'd)
Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.

Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy faulchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades,
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the slay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song apply'd
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd.
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height,
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night.

The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The reſt crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a ſigh, and thus beſpoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native ſhore:
Alas! far otherwiſe the nymph declares,
Far other journey firſt demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkneſs and of death:
To ſeek Tireſias' awful ſhade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My ſad companions heard in deep deſpair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
Sadly they ſar'd along the ſea-beat ſhore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and ſtill their eyes run o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The ſable ewe and ram, together bound,
For ſwift as thought the Goddeſs had been there,
And thence had glided viewleſs as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who eyes their motion? who ſhall trace the way?

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Deſcent into Hell.

Ulyſſes continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he perform to invoke the dead. The manner of his deſcent, and the apparition of the ſhades: his converſation with Elpenor and with Tireſias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the ſtate of his family. He ſees the ſhades of the ancient heroines, afterwards the heroes, and converſes in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a ſullen diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Siſyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from farther curioſity by the apparition of horrid ſpectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

NOW to the ſhores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the maſt we rear, at once unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:
Then pale and penſive ſtand, with cares oppreſt,
And ſolemn horror ſaddens every breaſt.
A freſhening breeze the * Magic Power ſupplied,
While the wing'd veſſel flew along the tide;
Our oars we ſhipp'd: all day the ſwelling ſails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Now ſunk the ſun from his aer al height,
And o'er the ſhaded billows ruſh'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmoſt bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The duſky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.
The ſhip we moor on theſe obſcure abodes;
Diſbark the ſheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach deſcry
The doleſome paſſage to th' infernal ſky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the ſcabbard drew the ſhining ſword;
And, trenching the black earth on every ſide,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring
Then living waters from the cryſtal ſpring;
O'er theſe was ſtrew'd the conſecrated flour,
And on the ſurface ſhone the holy ſtore.
Now the wan ſhades we hail, th' infernal Gods
To ſpeed our courſe, and waft us o'er the floods:
So ſhall a barren heifer from the ſtall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our ſafe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile ſhall burn;
So ſhall a ram the largeſt of the breed,
Black as theſe regions, to Tireſias bleed.
Thus ſolemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the ſheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns ſmok'd with ſtreaming blood
When, lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,
Thin, airy ſhoals of viſionary ghoſts;
Fair, penſive youths, and ſoft enamour'd maids,
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled ſhades;
Ghaſtly with wounds the forms of warriors ſlain
Stalk'd with majeſtic port, a martial train:
Theſe, and a thouſand more ſwarm'd o'er the ground,
And all their dire aſſembly ſhriek'd around.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, aghaſt I ſtood,
And a cold fear ran ſhivering through my blood
Straight I command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Straight the ſlay'd victims to the flames are caſt,

* Circe.

:er'd vows, and myſtic ſong applied
Pluto, and his gloomy bride. 60
wift I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
:ed the pale throngs, and trembling ſtood.
e black trench the gore untaſted flows,
l from the ſhades Tireſias roſe.
wandering through the gloom I firſt ſur-
y'd, 65
he realms of death, Elpenor's ſhade:
remains all naked to the ſky,
t ſhores unwept, unburied lie.
e ſight I ſtand, deep ſix'd in woe,
I ſpoke the tears began to flow: 70
what angry power Elpenor led
in ſhades, and wander with the dead?
ld thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas disjoin'd,
the nimble ſail, and leave the lagging
ind?
ioſt replied: To hell my doom I owe, 73
accurſt, dire miniſters of woe!
through wine unfaithful to their weight,
me tumbling from a towery height,
ig I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
e neck-joint—my ſoul deſcends to hell. 80
me aid, I now conjure thee lend
oft tie and ſacred name of friend!
ond conſort! by thy father's cares!
Telemachus's blooming years!
I know that ſoon the heavenly Powers 85
e thee back to day, and Circe's ſhores:
eus on my cold remains attend,
ll to mind thy poor departed friend.
ate of a tear is all I crave,
poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave. 90
nheard, in vain compaſſion plead,
he Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
along the watery margin raiſe,
b with manly arms and trophies grace,
poſterity Elpenor was. 95
igh in air, memorial of my name,
mooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
iom with tears: Theſe rites, O mournful
hade,
hy ghoſt, ſhall to thy ghoſt be paid.
I ſpoke, the phantom ſeem'd to moan, 100
low'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
ny waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
le withdrew; and mutter'd empty ſounds.
as the wondrous viſions I ſurvey'd,
aſcends my royal mother's ſhade: 105
, to Troy ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
hin form is all Anticlea was!
t the ſight, I melt with filial woe,
wn my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,
ſhook my faulchion o'er the blood, 110
eſs of her ſon the parent ſtood.
lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
e his ſteps he bore a ſtaff of gold;
e trod! majeſtic was his look!
m his holy lips theſe accents broke: 115
, mortal, wandereſt thou from cheerful
day,
d the downward, melancholy way?
ngry Gods to theſe dark regions led
t alive, companion of the dead?
the thy poignard, while my tongue relates
's ſiedfaſt [illegible], and thy future fates.

While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then expreſt
Dark things to come, the counſels of his breaſt: 125
Weary of light, Ulyſſes here explores
A proſperous voyage to his native ſhores;
But know—by me unerring Fates diſcloſe
New trains of dangers, and new ſcenes of woes;
I ſee! I ſee thy bark by Neptune toſt, 130
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball loſt!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou pleaſe, and how to pleaſe attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant ſhores; 135
Though hunger preſs, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are ſacred to the God of Day,
Who all ſurveys with his extenſive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the ſky!
Rob not the God; and ſo propitious gales 140
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:
But, if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulyſſes ſcarce ſurvives!
Ulyſſes at his country ſcarce arrives! 145
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtic ends attend!
There ſoul adulterers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from ſea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Or ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main! 155
Bear on thy back an oar: with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the oar ſurveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring, 160
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays: 165
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft with
death:
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!
Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate; 170
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wiſe with courage bear.
But ſay, why yonder on the lonely ſtrands,
Unmindful of her ſon, Anticlea ſtands? 175
Why to the ground ſhe bends her downcaſt eye?
Why is ſhe ſilent, while her ſon is nigh?
The latent cauſe, O ſacred ſeer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the ſeer, will I conceal.
Know, to the ſpectres, that thy beverage taſte, 180
The ſcenes of life recur, and actions paſt:
They, ſeal'd with truth, return the ſure reply;
The reſt, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and ſunk from
To the black palace of eternal night. 185 [illegible]
Still in the dark abodes of death I ſtood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and [illegible]

Straight all the mother in her ſoul awakes,
And, owning her Ulyſſes, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Com'ſt thou, my ſon, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleſome realms of darkneſs and of death;
Com'ſt thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, diſmal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppoſe their waves,
There the wide ſea with all his billows raves!
Or (ſince to duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers)
Com'ſt thou a wanderer from the Phrygian ſhores?
Or ſay, ſince honour call'd thee to the field,
Haſt thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld?
Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom; for, toſt from woe to woe,
In every land Ulyſſes finds a foe;
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers.
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled,
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt;
Though tempted, chaſte, and obſtinately juſt!
Or if no more her abſent lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wiſe prevails?
Thus I, and thus the parent-ſhade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites ſhe pays;
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the great.
Thy ſire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroidery ſhines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the ſkies,
Rank'd with his ſlaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his ſighs, his viſage pale, his dreſs
The garb of woe, and habit of diſtreſs.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours ſcattering on the ground;
Regardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days conſume,
And bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons ſtray:
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and ſlow,
Nor bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
No dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my ſon, wert my diſeaſe and death;
Unkindly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.
Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,
Thrice through my arms ſhe ſlipp'd like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illuſions of the mind.
Wild with deſpair, I ſhed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with ſighs reply'd;
Fly'ſt thou, lov'd ſhade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that ſmile at human harms!
Too great a bliſs to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?
O ſon of woe, the penſive ſhade rejoin'd,
Oh moſt inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wondrous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's Empress brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the bloo
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſtood!
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceeds,
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.
Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery ſtore, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God deſcends into her arms:
Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe:
Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleaſing tranſport, and completes his loves.
Then, ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſs'd,
And as he ſpoke, her tender hand he preſs'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be-born:
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'ſt! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their God.
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias ſtretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain;
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æſon bred;
From the ſame fountain Amythaon roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſhouts of foes.

mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
t th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
rung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
hold in open field, they yet surround
with walls, and mound inject on mound;
parts stood, there towers rose high in air,
e through seven wide portals rush'd the
ar.
with soft step the fair Alcmena trod
e Alcides to the Thundering God:
gara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
n'd his stern soul to tender love.
and scur with discontented mien
own'd, th' incestuous Theban queen:
own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
father's blood imbrued his murderous
ands:
s and men the dire offence detest,
ls with all their furies rend his breast:
Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
ous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
: self-murder'd from a beam depends;
foul soul to blackest hell descends;
o her son the choicest plagues she brings,
fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
ow the beauteous Chloris I descry,
shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
ts unnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
l too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
'd the sceptre with imperial state.
allant sons the joyful monarch told,
flor, Periclimenus the bold,
romius last; but of the softer race,
aph alone, a miracle of grace.
i their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
denies, and kings rejected mourn.
alone the beauteous prize he yields,
rm should ravish from Phylacian fields
ds of Iphiclus, detain'd in wrong;
rious herbs, unconquerably strong!
es a seer, but nought a seer prevails,
y's cause illustriously he fails;
moons the foe the captive youth detains
il dungeons, and coercive chains;
at last, from durance where he lay,
revering, gave him back to day;
prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
last purpose of th' Almighty will.
grateful port advancing now I spy'd
e fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
'ollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
thful gauntlet matchless in the fray;
flor glorious on th' embattled plain
he proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
s they visit this æthereal sky,
e alternate, and alternate die:
eneath, on earth, in heaven above,
he twin gods, the favourite sons of Jove.
: Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
arm'd the Monarch of the boundless main;
Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
erce than giants, more than giants strong;
th o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their
weight,
t Orion o'er surpass'd their height.

The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they sound,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold:
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.
He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till, rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
What wonderous man Heaven sends us in our guest!
Through all his woes the hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For, since kind Heaven with wealth our realm has blest,
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distrest.
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey.
While life informs these limbs, (the king reply'd)
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along th' æthereal plain:
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory as the first in place.
To whom the prince: This night with joy I stay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in sway!

If thou the circling year my ſtay control,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like muſic every breaſt control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.
But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the worthies of the Grecian hoſt?
The godlike leaders who, in battle ſlain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly preſt the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous ſcenes in hell,
Till in the vault of Heaven the ſtars decay.
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the power the Gods aſſign'd
(Ulyſſes thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd Proſerpine to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vaniſh'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes ſlain
By ſtern Ægiſthus, a majeſtic train;
And high above the reſt, Atrides preſt the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and ſtraight his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty ſhade.
Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind;
At laſt with tears—O what relentleſs doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say, while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly fenc'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?
The ghoſt returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly fenc'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithleſs bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtabb'd his gueſt;
Thus by the gory arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends!
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurious lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound,
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every ſoul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dread'ful tide
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Caſſandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My ſwer I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain;
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O woman, woman, when to i'l thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſwo
Thro' the fond boſom where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive Hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemneſtra, they will curſe the kind.
O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand
And Greece by woman lies a deſert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the ſhade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe;
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt;
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When Troy firſt bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The ſire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my Oreſtes never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn
Ev'n to thy queen diſguis'd, unknown, return;
For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, not ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or ſay in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of nigh
Then I: thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day:
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies:
Truth I revere: for Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

ıy ſide along the dreary coaſt
l Achilles' and Patroclus' ghoſt,
r pair! near theſe the † Pylian ſtray'd,
ring Ajax, an illuſtrious ſhade!
his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
Pelides brighter ſhone in arms.
he thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
e ſpeaks the tears deſcend in dew.
thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
e van ſpectres walk eternal rounds;
l the dark and diſmal waſte to tread,
l with pale ghoſts familiar with the dead?
ıom with ſighs: I paſs theſe dreadful gates
he Theban, and conſult the Fates:
diſtreſt, I rove from coaſt to coaſt,
ıy friends, and to my country loſt,
he eye of Time beholds no name
s thine in all the rolls of fame;
hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
l, thou rul'ſt a king in theſe abodes.
ıot ruling in this dolorous gloom,
k vain words (he cried) can eaſe my doom
choose laboriouſly to bear
t of woes, and breathe the vital air,
o ſome poor hind that toils for bread;
gn the ſceptred monarch of the dead.
if in my ſteps my ſon proceeds,
lates his godlike father's deeds?
claſh of arms, and ſhout of foes,
a bold heart, his boſom nobly glows?
y ſire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
his Phthia, and his throne maintains:
t and old, my youthful arm demands,
e ſceptre ſteadfaſt in his hands?
t the lamp of life rekindled burn,
ch releaſe me from the ſilent urn!
ı, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
ell'd the ground with mountains of the
indicate my injur'd father's fame,
e proud rebel, and aſſert his claim.
ious ſhade, (I cried) of Peleus' fates
ınſtance the voice of Fame relates:
with pleas'd attention the renown,
a and wiſdom of thy gallant ſon:
e from Scyros to the field of fame
in arms the blooming hero came.
reece aſſembled all her hundred ſtates,
a counſels, and decide debates;
! how he charm'd us with a flow of
enſe,
n the heart with manly eloquence!
was ſeen of all the peers to riſe,
d in wiſdom where they all were wiſe;
n, to try the fortune of the day,
w'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
he van, impatient for the fight,
artial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight;
ſtrew'd on heaps beneath his faulchion
groan'd,
onuments of dead deform'd the ground.
ne would fail, ſhould I in order tell
ſoes were vanquiſh'd, and what numbers
ſt thro' love, Eurypylus was ſlain,
nd him bled his bold Cetæan train.
y no hero came of nobler line;
nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce is his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek, or ſallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear,
And when the Gods our arms with conqueſt crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks ſmok'd upon the ground,
Greece to reward her ſoldier's gallant toils,
Heap high his navy with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd without one hoſtile ſcar;
Though ſpears in iron tempeſt rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltleſs of a wound.
While yet I ſpoke, the ſhade with tranſport glow'd,
Roſe in his majeſty, and nobler trod;
With haughty ſtalk he ſought the diſtant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illuſtrious ſhades.
Now without number ghoſt by ghoſt aroſe,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in diſcontented mood,
A gloomy ſhade, the ſullen Ajax ſtood;
For ever ſad with proud diſdain he pin'd,
And the loſt arms for ever ſtung his mind;
Though on the conteſt Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cauſe.
O why was I victorious in the ſtriſe;
O dear-bought honour with ſo brave a life!
With him the ſtrength of war, the ſoldier's pride,
Our ſecond hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the ſight, from tears I ſcarce refrain,
And tender ſorrow thrills in every vein;
Penſive and ſad I ſtand, at length accoſt
With accents mild th' inexorable ghoſt.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave ſouls reſent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great ſhade, relent!
Periſh thoſe arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loſs of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapleſs fates,
And ſhook aſtoniſh'd through her hundred ſtates;
Not more, when great Achilles preſs'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly ſpirit thro' the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and puniſh'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempeſt of thy ſoul.
While yet I ſpeak, the ſhade diſdains to ſtay,
In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.
Touch'd at his ſour retreat, thro' deepeſt night
Thro' hell's black bounds I had purſued his flight,
And forc'd the ſtubborn ſpectre to reply;
But wondrous viſions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burniſh'd gold;
Around ten thouſand thouſand ſpectres ſtand
Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls

† *Antilochus.*

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast.
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds)
Ev'n in the circling flood, refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
I turn'd my eyes, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound!
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wonderous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There fullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the dusky boar,
There war and havoc and destruction flood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still toss't from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind?
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day.
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that liv. in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds [bound
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins:
Left Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed: how he perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

s o'er the rolling ſurge the veſſel flies,
l from th' waves th' Ææan hills ariſe.
gay morn reſides in radiant bowers,
ps her revels with the dancing Hours;
ebus riſing in th' ætherial way,
heavens bright portals pours the beamy
y:
we fix our halſers on the ſand,
leſcend and preſs the deſert land;
orn and waſted, loſe our cares in ſleep,
arſe murmurs of the rolling deep
the morn reſtor'd the day, we pay'd
l honours to Elpenor's ſhade.
he axe the ruſhing foreſt bends,
huge pile along the ſhore aſcends.
re ſtand a melancholy train,
d groan re-echoes from the main.
r the pyre, by fanning breezes ſpread,
ry flame devours the ſilent dead.
omb, the ſilent dead to grace,
e roarings of the main we place;
g tomb a lofty column bore,
above it roſe the tapering oar.
ime the † Goddeſs our return ſurvey'd
pale ghoſts, and hell's tremendous ſhade.
deſcends: A train of nymphs divine
rich viands and the generous wine:
ſpeak the † Power of Magic ſtands,
eful thus accoſts the liſtening bands:
of woe! decreed by adverſe fates
paſs through hell's eternal gates!
or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
etched you! twice number'd with the
ad!
adjourn your cares, exalt your ſouls,
he taſte, and drain the ſparkling bowls:
n the morn unveils her ſaffron ray,
our broad ſails, and plough the liquid
ay;
is night, your faithful guide, explain
es by land, your dangers on the main.
oddeſs ſpoke: in feaſts we waſte the day,
bus downward plung'd his burning ray;
le night aſcends, and balmy reſt
ry eye, and calms the troubled breaſt.
ious ſhe commands me to relate
dful ſcenes of Pluto's dreary ſtate:
n ſilence while the tale I tell,
drous viſions, and the laws of hell.
thus: The lot of man the Gods diſpoſe;
are paſt: now hear thy future woes.
, attend! ſome favouring Power be kind,
t th' important ſtory on thy mind!
where the Sirens dwell, you plough the
as;
ag is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.
the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
that wretch ſhall view the joys of life,
ming offſpring, or his beauteous wife!
nt meads they ſport; and wide around
an bones, that whiten all the ground;
and polluted floats with human gore,
an carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
the dangerous coaſt; let every ear
'd againſt the ſong! 'tis death to hear!
irce.

Firm to the maſt with chains thyſelf be bound,
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If, mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, and added band to band.
Theſe ſeas o'erpaſt, be wiſe! but I refrain
To mark diſtinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors riſe! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various paſſage through the tide.
High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of ſwifteſt wing,
That bears ambroſia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the ſkies,
The dire rocks meet, and cruſh her as ſhe flies:
Not the fleet bark, when proſperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring ſurge its deſperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it ſinks: while round a ſmoke expires,
And the waves flaſhing ſeem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo paſs'd theſe raging floods,
The ſacred Argo fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its ſummit ſhrouds,
In brooding tempeſts, and in rolling clouds;
Loud ſtorms around, and miſts eternal riſe,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the ſkies.
When all the broad expanſion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the ſummer ray,
The ſummer and the autumn glow in vain,
The ſky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the ſtep of man it ſtands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the poliſh of the mirror riſe
The ſlippery ſides, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Full in the centre of this rock diſplay'd,
A yawning cavern caſts a dreadful ſhade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the weſt the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.
O fly the dreadful ſight! expand thy ſails,
Ply the ſtrong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peſt! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with leſs terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends diſpreads;
Six horrid necks ſhe rears, and ſix terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they ſtand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obſcene the raging billows hide;
Her boſom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When ſtung with hunger ſhe embroils the flood,
The ſea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monſters of the watery way;
The ſwifteſt racer of the azure plain
Here fills her ſails and ſpreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla riſes, in her fury roars,
At once ſix mouths expands, at once ſix men devours.

Close, by a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
freight:
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunder she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.
I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?
Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away,
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of Day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay,
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung.
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.
She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added hand to hand.
While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds: the air above,
And waves below, at once forget to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the
deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; sleep.
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the ma
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir descries:
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the w
We know whate'er the kings of mighty nai
Archiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lie
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wi
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er
main;
My soul takes wing to reach the heavenly stra
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and thout along the sea:
Now chains they add, and rapid urge the w
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, plodding swiftly from the dangerous gr
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbour
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows rol
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing fl
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stoo
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wav
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave
Each drop'd his oar: but swift from man to
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

rage hence! and in my care confide:
he ſame Ulyſſes is your guide!
y words! your oars inceſſant ply;
ry nerve, and bid the veſſel fly.
on juſtling rocks and wavy war
y grants; he grants it to your care.
whoſe guiding hand directs our way,
entive liſten and obey! [waves
le thy courſe, nor plough thoſe angry
lls yon ſmoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
the higher rock; leſt whirl'd around
beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
yet I ſpeak, at once their oars they ſeize,
the ſtroke; and bruſh the working ſeas.
the name of Scylla I ſuppreſt;
adful ſound had chill'd the boldeſt breaſt.
inte forgetful of the voice divine,
ful bright my limbs in armour ſhine;
the deck I take my dangerous ſtand,
tering javelins lighten in my hand.
to whirl the whizzing ſpear I ſtay,
ſh fiend ariſe to ſeize her prey.
the dungeon, ſtudious to behold
ous peſt! my labouring eyes I roll'd;
the diſmal dungeon dark as night
dire monſter, and confounds the ſight.
through the rocks, appall'd with deep diſ-
tay.
our courſe, and ſtem the deſperate way;
la there a ſcene of horror forms,
e Charybdis fills the deep with ſtorms.
ie tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves
gh rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
ſs, they foam, a wild confuſion raiſe,
ters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
miſts obſcure th' aerial plain,
h above the rock ſhe ſpouts the main!
her gulfs the ruſhing ſea ſubſides,
ns the ocean with the refluent tides:
rebellows with a thundering ſound;
rondrous deep below, appears the ground.
with deſpair, with trembling hearts we
iew'd
rning dungeon, and the tumbling flood:
o! fierce Scylla ſtoop'd to ſeize her prey,
her dire jaws, and ſwept ſix men away;
f renown! loud echoing ſhrieks ariſe:
id view them quivering in the ſkies;
ill, and aid with out-ſtretch'd arms im-
plore:
hey call; thoſe arms are ſtretch'd no more.
ſome rock that over-hangs the flood,
nt fiſher calls th' inſidious food,
indful care he waits the finny prize,
den lifts it quivering to the ſkies:
ul monſter lifts her prey on high,
he wretches, ſtruggling in the ſky;
ide dungeon ſhe devours her food,
fleſh trembles while ſhe churns the blood.
I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
never, ſcene ſo dire ſurvey'd;
ring blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
ſtood, a monument of woe!
from the rocks the rapid veſſel flies,
hoarſe din like diſtant thunder dies;
bright iſle our voyage we purſue,
the glittering mountains riſe to view.

There ſacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiſcuous ſtray;
Then ſuddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the wholly train, [ſwey'd;
Straight to my anxious thoughts the ſound con-
The words of Circe and the Theban ſhade;
Warn'd by their awful voice theſe ſhores to ſhun,
With cautious fears oppreſt, I thus begun:
O friends! Oh ever exerciſ'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye
hear!
To fly theſe ſhores the preſcient Theban ſhade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentleſs Heaven forbodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I ſpoke, a ſudden ſorrow ran
Through every breaſt, and ſpread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! ſome fury ſure has ſteel'd
That ſtubborn ſoul, by toil unraught to yield!
From ſleep debarr'd, we ſink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviеſt thou a ſhort repoſe?
Still muſt we reſtleſs rove, new ſeas explore,
The ſun deſcending, and ſo near the ſhore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds ariſe,
Laſh the wild ſurge, and bluſter in the ſkies;
Oh! ſhould the fierce ſouth-weſt his rage diſplay,
And toſs with riſing ſtorms the watery way,
Though Gods deſcend from Heaven's aerial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods deſcend in vain:
Then while the night diſplays her awful ſhade,
Sweet time of ſlumber: be the night obey'd?
Haſte ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, purſue the deſtin'd way.
A ſudden joy in every boſom roſe:
So will'd ſome demon, miniſter of woes:
To whom with grief—Oh! ſwift to be undone,
Conſtrain'd I act what wiſdom bids me ſhun,
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Atteſt the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repaſt diſplay,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to ſhore the veſſel flies,
With hands uplifted they atteſt the ſkies:
Then, where a fountains gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feaſts the day:
They fed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fed)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor ceaſe the tears, till each in ſlumber ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And ſetting ſtars roll'd down the azure plain,
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds riſe,
And clouds and double darkneſs veil the ſkies;
The moon, the ſtars, the bright æthereal hoſt
Seem as extinct, and all their ſplendors loſt:
The furious tempeſt roars with dreadful ſound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning roſe, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the ſtrand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool receſs
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas.
There while the wild winds whiſtled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addreſt the liſtening train:

O friends, be wiſe, nor dare the flocks deſtroy
Of theſe fair paſtures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who ſpreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeaſur'd height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The ſouth-eaſt bluſtering with a dreadful ſound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fiſh we make our prey,
Or fowl that ſcreaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from ſea or flood no ſuccour found,
Famine and meagre, want beſieg'd us round.
Penſive and pale from grove to grove I ſtray'd,
From the loud ſtorms to find a ſylvan ſhade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the ſtormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods ſoft ſlumber ſhed,
While thus Eurylochus ariſing ſaid;
O friends, a thouſand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful moſt, when by a ſlow decay
Pale hunger waſtes the manly ſtrength away.
Why ceaſe ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove!
Why ſeize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Ariſe unanimous; ariſe and ſlay!
And, if the Gods ordain a ſafe return.
To Phœbus ſhrines ſhall riſe, and altars burn.
But, ſhould the Powers that o'er mankind preſide
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to ruſh at once to ſhades below,
Than linger life away, and nouriſh woe!
Thus he: the beeves around ſecurely ſtray,
When ſwift to ruin they invade the prey;
They ſeize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they ſtrip the ſhady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake ſupply'd.
With prayer they now addreſs th' ætherial train,
Slay the ſelected beeves, and flay the ſlain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with mortals cut from every part.
Water, inſtead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dreſt,
They roaſt the fragments, and prepare the feaſt.
'Twas then ſoft ſlumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I ſpeed along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feaſt exhales,
Spreads o'er the coaſt, and ſcents the tainted gales:
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obteſting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:
O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye bliſsful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in ſhort repoſe?
O fatal ſlumber paid with laſting woes:
A deed ſo dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!
Mean time Lampetie mounts th' aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;
Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) a whoſe hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen l
Slain are thoſe herds which I with pride
When through the ports of Heaven I p day.
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the ſkies forego
And hear the lamp of Heaven to ſhades b
To whom the Thundering Power: O
Whoſe radiant lamp adorns the azure way
Still may thy beams through heaven's bri tals riſe,
The joy of earth, and glory of the ſkies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders gnid
To daſh th' offenders in the whelming tid
To fair Calypſo, from the bright abodes
Hermes convey'd theſe councils of the Go
Mean time from man to man my to claims,
My wrath is kindled, and my ſoul in flam
In vain! I view perform'd the direful de
Beeves, ſlain by heaps, along the ocean bl
Now Heaven gave ſigns of wrath; alo ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing
Rear'd the dead limbs; the burning e groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates empl
In impious feaſting, and unhallow'd joy;
The ſeventh aroſe, and now the Sire of G
Rein'd the rough ſtorms, and calm'd th floods:
With ſpeed the bark we climb; the ſpacio
Looſ'd from the yards invite th' impelling
Paſt ſight of ſhore, along the ſurge we be
And all above is ſky, and ocean all around
When, lo! a murky cloud the Thundere
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav ſtorms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and nov
The gloomy Weſt, and whiſtles in the ſkie
The mountain-billows roar! the furious l
Howls o'er the ſhroud, and rends it from t
The maſt gives way and, crackling as it l
Tears up the deck; then all at once deſce
The pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,
Daſh'd from the helm, falls headlong in th
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to po
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aim
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt i
Full on the bark it fell; now high now lo
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, it reel'd beneath the bl
At once into the main the crew it ſhook:
Sulphureous odours roſe, and ſmouldering
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they ſin riſe,
Now loſt, now ſeen, with ſhrieks and d
And ſtrive to gain the bark; but Jove de
Firm at the helm I ſtand, when fierce the
Ruſh'd with dire noiſe, and daſh'd th
Again impetuous drove the furious blaſt,
Snap the ſtrong helm, and bore to ſea the
Firm to the maſt with cords the helm I bi
And ride aloft, to Providence reſign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of

k the Weſt, and now a Southern breeze
lful than the tempeſt, laſh'd the ſeas;
rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
harybdis rolls her thundering waves.
drove; and at the dawn of day,
rocks beheld the deſperate way:
he ſea within her gulfs ſubſides,
roaring whirlpools ruſh the tides,
the float I vaulted with a bound,
ig-tree ſeiz'd, and clung around.
eam the bat tenacious clings,
nt round it claſps his leathern wings.
e air the tree its boughs diſplay'd,
ie dungeon caſts dreadful ſhade,
in'd between the wave and ſky,
r feet the whirling billows fly,
the judge forſakes the noiſy bar
aſt, and ſtills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmoſt caves,
The maſt refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating maſt to gain
Sudden I dropt amidſt the flaſhing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the floc
Unſeen I paſs'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer ſe
Heav'd by the ſurge, and wafted by the bree
Weary and wet th' Ogygian ſhores I gain,
When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.
There, in Calypſo's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refreſh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, O King, are k
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in miſery can words avail?
And what ſo tedious as a twice told tale?

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulyſſes in Ithacâ.

*his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ſhip arri
where the ſailors, as Ulyſſes is yet ſleeping, lay him on the ſhore with all his treaſures. On their
changes their ſhip into a rock. In the mean time Ulyſſes, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, t
miſt which Pallas had caſt round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddeſs, apt
the form of a ſhepherd, diſcovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. H
feigned ſtory of his adventures, upon which ſhe manifeſts herſelf, and they conſult together
to be taken to deſtroy the ſuitors. To conceal his return, and diſguiſe his perſon the more eff
changes him into the figure of an old beggar.*

as'd; but left ſo pleaſing on their ear
oice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
of ſilence huſh'd the ſhady rooms:
ful conference then the king reſumes:
ver toils the great Ulyſſes paſt,
his happy roof they end at laſt;
r now from ſhore to ſhore to roam,
eas and gentle winds invite him home.
me, princes! whom theſe walls encloſe,
n my chanter ſings, and goblet flows
ies unmix'd (an honour due to age,
the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
abour'd gold and many a dazzling veſt
d already for our godlike gueſt;
new treaſures let him not remove,
id expreſſive of the public love:
a tripod, each peer a vaſe beſtow,
l tribute, which the ſtate ſhall owe.
ntence pleas'd: then all their ſteps addreſt
ite manſions, and retir'd to reſt.
id the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
her ſacred light along the ſkies.
the haven and the ſhips in haſte
e the treaſures, and in ſafety plac'd.
himſelf the vaſes rang'd with care:
c his followers to the feaſt repair.
A victim ox beneath the ſacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and ſtains the ſand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powe
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaver
ſhowers)
The flames aſcend: till evening they prolon
Thy rites, more ſacred made by heavenly ſon
For in the midſt, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulyſſes, heard with fix'd delight:
He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the nig
Slow ſeem'd the ſun to move, the hours to re
His native home deep-imag'd in his ſoul.
As the tir'd ploughman ſpent with ſtubborn t
Whoſe oxen long have torn the furrow'd ſoil
Sees with delight the ſun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his
To late repaſt (the day's labour done):
So to Ulyſſes welcome ſet the ſun.
Then inſtant to Alcinous and the reſt
(The Scherian ſtates) he turn'd, and thus add
O thou, the firſt in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the leaſt,
When due libation ſhall have crown'd the fea
Safe to my home to ſend your happy gueſt.

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Let all these bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace.
Join you be every bliss; and every day,
In home felt joys delighted, roll away:
Your children, your wives, your long-defending race,
May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!
His words well-weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismission mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
Great Jove the father first (he cry'd) implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore.
The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught;
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be still possest
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!
Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern: then gently prest
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride;
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clustering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for cyclops Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the God:
Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.
To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with showers:
Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.
He said: the Shaker of the earth replies:
This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise.
If such thy will—We will it, Jove replies:
Even when, with transport blackening all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,

r, a memorial ſtone :
m to ſail, and ſeem alone ;
crowds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
nountains overhang their head!
he God, whoſe earthquakes rock
und,
cia croſs'd the vaſt profound.
llow ſweeps the liquid way,
innace ſhot along the ſea.
ls her with a ſudden ſtroke,
down an ev'rlaſting rock.
ierians ſtand in deep ſurpriſe ;
eak, all queſtion with their eyes.
ıſeen the rapid bark reſtrain !
ns, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
:onſcious of the deed divine :
nous riſing own'd the ſign.
long predeſtin'd day ! (he cries)
ith of ancient prophecies !
'e heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
ry, big with future woes ;
'ith wrath, that careleſs we convey
very gueſt to every bay,
: rag'd ; and how by his command
ı the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
t of wrath) ; and mound on mound
our walls, or whelm beneath the
l.
ıave follow'd as declar'd the ſeer.
nations! and your monarch hear.
cens'd brave the deeps, no more
ranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore ;
ptune now for mercy call :
ame let twelve black oxen fall.
ıd reverſe his purpos'd will,
:ity hang the dreadful hill.
'ch ſpoke : they trembled and obey'd :
ſands the victim oxen led :
tribes before the altar ſtand,
d rulers, a majeſtic band.
Ocean all the tribes implore ;
ltars redden all the ſhore.
: Ulyſſes in his country lay,
ı ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
hore, and rolling ſea.
ınd through tedious abſence loſt
nembrance of his native coaſt ;
erva, to ſecure her care,
ınd a veil of thicken'd air :
ods ordain'd, to keep unſeen
'ſon from his friends and queen ;
d ſuitors for their crimes afford
ngeance to their injur'd lord.
he land another proſpect bore,
t appear'd, another ſhore,
ntinued ways, and winding floods,
ın mountains, crown'd with unknown
ſlow with ſudden grief oppreſt [woods.
oſe; and beat his careful breaſt,
ook o'er all the coaſt and main,
around, his native realm in vain :
'rected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
poke, the tears began to flow :
he cry'd, upon what barren coaſt,
r region, is Ulyſſes toſt ?
wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
ſe boſom tender pity warms ?

Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie !
And whither, whither, its ſad owner fly ?
Ah ! why did I Alcinous' grace implore ?
Ah ! why forſake Phæacia's happy ſhore ?
ſome juſter prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coaſt,
And this the faith Phœacia's rulers boaſt ?
O righteous Gods ! of all the great how few
Are juſt to Heaven, and to their promiſe true !
Bu. he, the Power to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe,
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear :
For ſtill th' oppreſt are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith. is mine : the reſt belongs to Jove.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er :
All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe-reſounding main.
When, lo ! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial Pallas, ſtood before his eyes ;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line,
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining javelin bore,
And painted ſandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the king : Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſert place !
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
Oh ! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey ?
The fruitful continent's extremeſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſurround !
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from fame,
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name ?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race ;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain :
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſtering grapes afford a generous juice :
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove :
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.
At this the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart exulting in his breaſt :
Yet, well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told :
Oft have I heard in Crete this iſland's name ;
For 'twas from Crete my native ſoil I came,
Self-baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.

From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew,
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.
Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
To me, whose wit exceeds the power divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years wandering, and through ten years war:
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect.
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.
Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies,
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulysses was thy care, celestial Maid!
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
I [illegible] fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the w[illegible]
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering sh[illegible]
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with ea[illegible] pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear [illegible]
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving ye[illegible]
And waste the days in grief, the nights in tea[illegible]
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy co[illegible]
Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring sea
Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.
So spake the Goddess; and the prospect clo[illegible]
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green Sisters sends his prayer
All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Then thus Minerva: From that anxious b[illegible]
Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heaven the [illegible]
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult—she spoke, and tr[illegible]
The shady grot that brighten'd with the God
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd,
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has se[illegible]
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulysses: O, celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:

:en my native walls in vain,
Atrides juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
ne means of vengeance to debate,
ith all thy arts the ſcene of fate.
be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
: wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls in

gued againſt me hundred heroes ſtand,
hall fall, if Pallas aids my hand.
:r'd: in the dreadful day of fight
ı with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
equal to thyſelf be found,
ing numbers then ſhall preſs the
nd?
n victims ſtain the feaſtful floor!
he pavements float with guilty gore!
ow to wear a dark diſguiſe,
walk unknown to mortal eyes.
hand ſhall wither every grace,
elegance of form and face,
oth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
he auburn honours of thy head,
ery limb with coarſe attire,
eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
wants and the decays of life;
:e from thy own; thy ſon, thy wife:
ath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
ıd ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
ıe maſter of thy herds to find,
charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:
ſighs: and to the royal heir
Penelope extends his care.
.cian rock he now reſides,
huſa's ſable water glides;
ater and the copious maſt
t herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!
reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell;

Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care.
Muſt he too ſuffer? he, O Goddeſs! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva: Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is beſt.
To fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he ſits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendſhips ſtrengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
But lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er;
Fierce foes inſidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! for ſooner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.
She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air:
A ſtag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the chief, ſo mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Converſation with Eumæus.

es in diſguiſe at the houſe of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old ſervant, with the feigned ſtory told by Ulyſſes to conceal him- er converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire Book.

deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
h mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
d'd ways, the craggy coaſt along,
and nodding foreſts over-hung.
his ſylvan lodge he ſought,
ervant, and without a fault.
nd him buſied, as he ſate
threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
e manſion in a circle ſhone
rtico of rugged ſtone.
e of his Lord, with honeſt toil
ıduſtrious hands had rais'd the pile).

The wall was ſtone from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of naked thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace we rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain;
Doom'd to ſupply the ſuitors' waſteful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreas'd!

Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hide.
Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train;
But he, of ancient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wiſhes for his lord.
Soon as Ulyſſes near th' enclofure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtiffs flew:
Down ſate the ſage, and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhowers of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcattering dogs around at diſtance bay.
Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane,)
What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a ſhameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!
But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?
He ſaid, and, ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt.
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!
The ſwain reply'd: It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe;
For Jove unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis Jove that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppreſs'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah, periſh Helen! periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.
His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waiſt,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlas launch'd the ſpouting blood;
Their quarter'd, ting'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw:
And ſmoking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal, before Ulyſſes laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new
And luſcious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then ſate companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look; and thus beſpoke his gueſt:
Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as fall to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs peers
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſpering from within,
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is ſin."
But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulyſſes is no more.
Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our fate
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as Jove the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows,
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair iſlands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-ſpreaded ſway
The wide extended continents obey:
Firſt, on the main land, of Ulyſſes' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tuſky herd:
Theſe foreign keepers guard: and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt green
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd;
And mine the care to feed the briſly kind:
Each day the faireſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſteful board preferr'd.
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſavoury feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with ſmiling looks his joy expreſs'd,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſs'd:
Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtyle your lord;
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glory's bed at reſt?
Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.
Small is the faith, the prince and queen aſcribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.

Such thou may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, [crave
Or food for fiſh or dogs his relicks lie,
Or torn by birds are ſcatter'd through the ſky.
So periſh'd he: and left (for ever loſt)
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
So mild a maſter never ſhall I find;
Leſs dear the parents whom I left behind,
Leſs ſoft my mother, leſs my father kind.
Not with ſuch tranſport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native ſhore;
As lov'd Ulyſſes once more to embrace,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his abſence I pronounce with fear:
In my reſpect, he bears a prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart.
Thus ſpoke the faithful ſwain; and thus rejoin'd
The maſter of his grief, the man of patient mind:
Ulyſſes, friend! ſhall view his old abodes
(Diſtruſtful as thou art); nor doubt the Gods.
Nor ſpeak I raſhly, but with faith aver'd,
And what I ſpeak, atteſting Heaven has heard.
If ſo, a cloke and veſture be my meed:
Till his return, no title ſhall I plead,
Tho' certain he my news, and great my need.
Whom were itſelf can force untruths to tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Thou firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable Jove!
And every God inſpiring ſocial love;
And witneſs every houſehold power that waits
Guards of theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates! 185
Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey,
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
And the laſt glories of his houſe return.
Nor ſhall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulyſſes hail this happy ſhore
(Replied Eumæus): to the preſent hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our power.
From ſad reflection let my ſoul repoſe: [power.
The name of him awakes a thouſand woes.
But guard him, Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
Not his true conſort can deſire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with deſpair:
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my ſorrows flow
Afreſh for thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
Like ſome fair plant ſet by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
In all the youth the father's image ſhin'd,
Bright in his perſon, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
Far on the ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
To diſtant Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek his father's fate and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire deſign
To end at once the great Arceſian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable gueſt! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention
The cautious chief his ready ſtory told: [bold)
On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and eates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round:
Not the whole circle of the year would cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heaven's high will! Know then, I came
From ſacred Crete, and from a ſire of fame:
Caſtor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native race:
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace.
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race:
But when that fate, which all muſt undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the ſhades below;
The large domain his greedy ſons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched ſhare,
Except a houſe, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth ſupplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The ſex is ever to a ſoldier kind).
Now waſting years my former ſtrength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the ſtubble you may gueſs the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial ſtorm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inſpir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night.
Let ghaſtly death in all his forms appear,
I ſaw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the reſt I rais'd my ready ſteel;
The firſt I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my ſoul diſdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domeſtic care.
To raiſe the maſt, the miſſile dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind:
Thoſe Gods, who turn (to various ends deſign'd,
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our ſtates myſelf and Idomen employ [bleed;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw Ilion fall;
Homeward we ſail'd, but Heaven diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd, equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian ſhores;
In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminiſh to our eye;
Before the Boreal blaſts the veſſels fly;

Safe through the level ſeas we ſweep our way;
The ſteer-man governs, and the ſhips obey.
The fifth fair morn we ſtem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the veſſels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And ſpies commiſſion to explore the land.
But, ſway'd by luſt of gain, and headlong will,
The coaſts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with briſly ſpears, and glancing ſhields.
Jove thunder'd on their ſide. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what courſe to prove;
(And ſure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And ſav'd a life of miſeries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my ſhield and javelin caſt,
I met the monarch with a ſuppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he ſav'd, he plac'd me at his ſide;
My ſtate he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Reſtrain'd the rage the vengeful foe expreſs'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breaſt.
Pious! to guard the hoſpitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty bleſt,
I liv'd (and happy ſtill had liv'd) a gueſt,
On ſeven bright years ſucceſſive bleſſings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A falſe Phœnician, of inſidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind,
With ſemblance fair invites me to his home;
I ſeiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domeſtic in his faithleſs roof I ſtay'd,
Till the ſwift ſun his annual circle made.
To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a ſtranger to betray,
And ſell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the ſtrand.
Through the mid ſeas the nimble pinnace ſails,
Aloof of Crete, from the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we loſt,
And far from ken of any other coaſt,
When all was wild expanſe of ſea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The ſhaded ocean blacken'd as it ſpread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burſt the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ſhip is toſt,
And all in clouds of ſmothering ſulphur loſt.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The ſable crows with intercepted flight [hue:
Drop headlong: ſcarr'd and black with ſulph'rous
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghaſtly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to ſave th' oppreſs'd and innocent
Plac'd on the maſt (the laſt recourſe of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal ſtrife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth ſoft waſts me to Theſprotia's ſhore.
The monarch's ſon a ſhipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The fire with hoſpitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I ſojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulyſſes to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he ſtay'd,
And here his whole collected treaſure lay'd;
I ſaw myſelf the vaſt unnumber'd ſtore
Of ſteel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And braſs high heap'd amidſt the regal dome;
Immenſe ſupplies for ages yet to come!
Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might beſt his ſafe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a ſecret ſail!
Full oft has Pindon, whilſt he pour'd the wine,
Atteſting ſolemn all the Powers divine,
That ſoon Ulyſſes would return, declar'd,
The ſailors waiting, and the ſhips prepar'd,
But firſt the king diſmiſs'd me from his ſhores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful ſtores;
To good Acaſtus' friendly care conſign'd:
But other counſels pleas'd the ſailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithleſs train,
And miſery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from ſhore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they raſh to ſeize their ſlave;
Then with theſe tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round,
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the veſſel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ſhip arriv'd: forth iſſuing on the ſand
They ſought repaſt; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themſelves my chains unbind.
Soft I deſcended, to the ſea applied
My naked breaſt, and ſhot along the tide.
Soon paſs'd beyond their ſight, I left the flood,
And took the ſpreading ſhelter of the wood.
Their prize eſcap'd the faithleſs pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ſhip return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hoſtile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wiſe,
To live beneath thy hoſpitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy gueſt! whoſe ſorrows touch my mind!
(Thus good Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
For real ſufferings ſince I grieve ſincere,
Check not with fallacies the ſpringing tear;
Nor turn the paſſion into groundleſs joy
For him, whom Heaven has deſtin'd to deſtroy.
Oh! had he periſh'd on ſome well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe:
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honours grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt!
While penſive in this ſolitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the conſtant queen commands my care;
Or when to taſte her hoſpitable hoard,
Some gueſt arrives, with rumours of her lord;

indulge their want, and those their
,
he tears, and there the goblets flow.
.h I have been warn'd; but chief
olian robb'd of all belief,
it was to this our roof to roam;
· banish'd from his native home.
Ulysses on the coast of Crete
season to refit his fleet;
lving months should waft him o'er,
th bold warriors, and a bounteous store.
hon: age has taught to understand,
n has guided with a favouring hand!
mortal to obtrude a lie
id dread to flatter as to die.
h ends my house and heart are free,
:spect to Jove, and charity.
y, O swain of unbelieving mind!
k reply'd the wisest of mankind)
my oath? yet more my faith to try,
ompact let us ratify,
s every Power that rules the sky!
sses from his labours rest,
prize a tunic and a vest;
: my hopes invite me, straight transport
Dulichium's friendly court.
greets not thy desiring eye,
om yon dread precipice on high;
ward of fraud and perjury.
, O guest! great land and praise
: mine
e swain for spotless faith divine)
ial rites and gifts bestow'd,
· hospitable hearth with blood,
l the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
he hand that made a stranger bleed?
:h' approaching hours of silent night
refection, then to rest invite;
r humble cottage let us haste,
menvy'd, rural dainties taste.
nmun'd these; while to their lowly
e
l swine return'd with evening home;
reluctant, to the several sties,
strepcrous, and ungrateful cries.
slaves.—Now from the herd the best
onour of our foreign guest:
et us the genial banquet share,
id many are the griefs we bear:
e who from our labours heap their
d,
heir feeder, and forget their lord.
aking, with dispatchful hand he took
ixe, and cleft the solid oak;
earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
rs age, before the pile was led:
whom acts of piety delight,
f the Gods, begins the rite;
he forehead of the bristly boar,
nt stands, invoking every Power
lysses to his native shore.
ike then aiming at his head,
'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
ng flames climb round on every side:
ng'd members they with skill divide;
rolls of fat involv'd with art,
morsels lay from every part.

Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart,
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain replyly'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sate, and sweet reflection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,
(Eumæus proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away;
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those days!
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own command);
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel,
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields [shields.
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
Still met th' emergence and determin'd right.)
Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions? (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies,
Upstarted Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant, would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!
Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices every swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
Well arm'd, and senc'd against nocturnal air;
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied:
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way.
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they lay.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain
Thou know'st the practice of the female train:
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a Power divine:

·ſnares the ſuitor lords ſhall lay
ds, or ſtraits of Ithaca:
iſe ſhall lurk the murderous band,
otſteps preſs thy native land.
ir their riot and their luſt
arth ſhall bury deep in duſt!
rom the ſcatter'd iſlands ſteer,
ght retard thy full career;
guardian ſhall inſtruct the gales,
· paſſage, and ſupply thy ſails:
Ithaca thy labour ends,
wn thy veſſel with thy friends;
firſt the maſter of thy ſwine
ee his loyal thoughts incline):
: night: while he his courſe purſues
elope the wiſh'd-for news,
'e ſailing from the Pylian ſtrand,
bleſs her in thy native land.
the Goddeſs, and reſum'd her flight,
:gions of eternal light.
'iſiſtratus he gently ſhakes, [wakes:
:ſe words the ſlumbering youth a-
Neſtor! for the road prepare,
arneſs'd courſers to the car.
, he cried, can juſtify our flight,
dangers of forbidden night?
rather, till approaching day
our ſpeed, and point the ready way.
flight, before the Spartan king
well, and bounteous preſents bring;
to diſtant ages ſafely ſtor'd,
t of friendſhip ſhall record. [eaſt,
But when the dawn beſtreak'd the
n Helen roſe, and ſought his gueſt.
s approach the hero knew,
mantle round him firſt he threw,
ample ſhoulders whirl'd the cloak,
et the monarch, and beſpoke:
Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
riends in vain for licence move.
neaſure back the watery way,
ir ſpeed, impatient of delay.
ire ſo ſtrong thy boſom glows,
ing, ſhould I thy wiſh oppoſe;
ers freely I reprove
. efforts of officious love;
) much, hate in the like extreme,
: golden mean alike condemn.
arts the hoſpitable end,
he free, or ſtays the haſty friend;
lip's laws are by this rule expreſs'd,
: coming, ſpeed the parting gueſt.
friends, and in your chariot take
reſents that our love can make:
ommit we to our women's care,
domeſtic viands to prepare;
, riſing from the banquet gay,
bours of the tedious way.
der courſe ſhall rather pleaſe
cious Argos, and the realms of Greece.
s chariot ſhall attend;
convoy to each royal friend.
'ill let Ulyſſes' heir remove
ne pledge, ſome monument of love;
ne caldron, theſe the tripod give,
he well-pair'd mules we ſhall receive,
oſs'd whoſe golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place ſupplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My ſtores expos'd, and fenceleſs houſe demand
The ſpeedieſt ſuccour from my guardian hand;
Leſt, in a ſearch too anxious and too vain
Of one loſt joy, I loſe what yet remain.
His purpoſe when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the houſehold cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethoedes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the riſing blaze,
And o'er the coals the ſmoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his ſon, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
The king ſelected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a ſilver beaker choſe.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her faireſt textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And choſe the largeſt: with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the reſt it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Heſper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they haſten'd to their gueſt,
And thus the king Ulyſſes' heir addreſs'd:
Since fix'd are thy reſolves, may thundering Jove
With happieſt omens thy deſires approve!
This ſilver bowl, whoſe coſtly margins ſhine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this preſent of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hoſpitable monarch came;
To thee we now conſign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The ſilver vaſe with living ſculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, diſplay'd
The ſhining veil, and thus endearing ſaid:
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long ſince, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the veſture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'ſt thou with happieſt ſpeed regain
Thy ſtately palace, and thy wide domain.
She ſaid, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated preſent took.
And now, when through the royal dome they paſs'd,
High on a throne, the king each ſtranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damſel brings,
Replete with water from the cryſtal ſprings:
With copious ſtreams the ſhining vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and favour; rich repaſt!
Whilſt Eteonus portions out the ſhares,
Atrides' ſon the purple draught prepares.
And now (each ſeated with the genial feaſt,
And the ſhort rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd)
Ulyſſes' ſon, with his illuſtrious friend,
The horſes join'd, the poliſh'd car aſcend.
Along the court the fiery ſteeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the ſound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation deſtin'd to the powers divine)

His right-hand held: before the ſteeds he ſtands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters theſe commands:
Farewell, and proſper, youths! let Neſtor know
What grateful thoughts ſtill in this boſom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind
And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!
To him thy preſents ſhow, thy words repeat:
How will each ſpeech his grateful wonder raiſe
How will each gift indulge us in thy praiſe!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the rig!
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auſpicious ſight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domeſtic pamper'd at the floor.
Peaſants in vain with threatening cries purſue,
In ſolemn ſpeed the bird majeſtic flew
Full dexter to the car: the proſperous ſight
Fill'd every breaſt with wonder and delight.
But Neſtor's ſon the cheerful ſilence broke,
And in theſe words the Spartan chief beſpoke.
Say, if to us the Gods theſe omens ſend,
Or fates peculiar to thyſelf portend?
Whilſt yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppreſs'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breaſt.
Hear me, ſhe cried, to whom the Gods have given
To read this ſign, and myſtic ſenſe of Heaven.
As thus the plumy ſovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy godlike father teſs'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundleſs main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From ſlaughter'd gluttons to releaſe the dome.
Oh! if this promis'd bliſs by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) ſtand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to ſome God, I'll temples raiſe,
And crown thy altars with the coſtly blaze.
He ſaid; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery ſteeds the ſmarting thong;
The bounding ſhafts upon the harneſs play,
Till night deſcending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whoſe boaſted ſire was ſacred Alpheus' heir:
With him all night the youthful ſtrangers ſtay'd,
Nor found the hoſpitable rites unpay'd.
But ſoon as morning from her orient bed
Had tinged the mountains with her earlieſt red,
They join'd the ſteeds, and on the chariot ſprung;
The brazen portals in their paſſage rung.
To Pylos ſoon they came; when thus begun
To Neſtor's heir Ulyſſes' godlike ſon:
Let not Piſiſtratus in vain be preſt,
Nor unconſenting hear his friend's requeſt;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the ſame.
No farther from our veſſel, I implore,
The courſers drive: but laſh them to the ſhore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain;
I dread his prefter'd kindneſs urg'd in vain.
The hero pans'd and ponder'd this requeſt,
While love and duty warr'd within his breaſt.
At length reſolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And laſh'd his panting courſers to the ſtrand.
There, while within the poop with care he ſtor'd
The regal preſents of the Spartan lord;
With ſpeed be gone (ſaid he); call every mate,
Ere yet to Neſtor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulſe, nor could them ſoon depart;
Himſelf will ſeek the here, nor will the find,
One word alone, the Pylian monarch kind:
But when, arriv'd, he thy return ſhall know,
How will his breaſt with honeſt fury glow!
This ſaid, the ſounding ſtrokes his horſes fire,
And ſoon he reach'd the palace of his ſire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with ſpeedy care
Looſe every ſail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And ſeize their ſeats, impatient for the ſea:
Mean time the prince with ſacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathleſs to the ſhore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A ſeer he was, from great Melampus ſprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flouriſh'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he choſe,
Far from the hateful cauſe of all his woes.
Neleus his treaſures one long year detains;
All long, he groan'd in Pherecles's chains:
Mean time, what anguiſh, and what rage, he bore
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'ſcap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquiſh'd, and coerſign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he ſought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he choſe,
There form'd his empire; there his palace roſe.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The firſt begot Oicles great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's ſaviour, and divinely wiſe,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,
Yet ſhort his date of life: by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd from his beauty to the ſtarry grove:
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus ſhone
With fulleſt rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counſels of the God.
From him ſprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The ſacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he preſs'd
His ardent vows, the ſtranger thus addreſs'd:
O thou! that doſt thy happy courſe prepare
With pure libations and with ſolemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid:
By all the lives of theſe; thy own dear head,
Declare ſincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, to know
A tale from falſehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulyſſes (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my ſire: though now for ever loſt
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Whoſe fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The laſt, the wretched, proof of filial love.

nger then : Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
e ſecret of my fate reveal
i tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew :
erful friends the luckleſs deep purſue
nting rage, and force from home
ſtain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
bear me o'er yon azure flood;
ſuppliant! ſpare my deſtin'd blood!
(replied the prince) ſecurely reſt
our faith ; henceforth our gueſt.
le, Ulyſſes' godlike heir
the ſtranger's hand the glittering ſpear :
the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
is orders gives : th' obedient band
bſervance wait the chief's command ;
the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
ills ; the ready gales obey
ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
y paſs'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
hening darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day ;
Phæa's glittering hills they loſt,
d along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.
ous through the rocky reaches wind,
ng ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
me the king, Eumæus, and the reſt,
cottage, at their rural feaſt :
et paſt, and ſatiate every man,
hoſt, Ulyſſes thus began :
night more, my friends, indulge your
ſt ;
ourpoſe in your walls to reſt
for myſelf I muſt provide,
aſk your counſel, and a guide :
roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
the friendly hand that gives me bread.
lyſſes' roof I may relate
anderings to his royal mate :
ing with the ſuitors' haughty train,
erving ſome ſupport obtain.
me his various gifts imparts,
induſtry and manual arts :
ith me in dexterous works contend,
o build, the ſtubborn oak to rend ;
e taſteful viand o'er the flame ;
he goblet with a purple ſtream.
he taſks of men of mean eſtate,
tune dooms to ſerve the rich and great.
Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
ng a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind!
godleſs race thou would'ſt attend,
thee ſure a miſerable end!
ngs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
deſcending vengeance from on high.
any friend, the ſervants of their feaſt ;
ng train in rich embroidery dreſt,
h's whole tribute the bright table bends,
ng round celeſtial youth attends.
: no eye aſkance beholds thee here :
ny converſe to each ſocial ear ;
s'd, and pleaſing, in our cottage reſt,
Telemachus accepts his gueſt
ial gifts, and change of fair attires,
conveys thee where thy ſoul deſires.
the man of woes : O gracious Jove!
his ſtranger's *hoſpitable love!*

Who knows the ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Cheers the ſad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greateſt woe :
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To ſuch a man ſince harbour you afford,
Relate the further fortunes of your lord ;
What cares his mother's tender breaſt engage,
And ſire forſaken on the verge of age ;
Beneath the ſun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the houſe of darkneſs and of death ?
To whom the ſwain : Attend what you inquire ;
Laertes lives, the miſerable ſire
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortleſs, he waſtes away
Old age untimely poſting ere his day,
She too, fad mother! for Ulyſſes loſt
Pin'd out her bloom, and vaniſh'd to a ghoſt.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet ſhe was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief ;
With Crimene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair ;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care ;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love.
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt ;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear ;
Black and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command :
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping powers :
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns :
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuffering chief at this began to melt ;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miſeries!
Thy whole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare.
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
The worthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A ſtory fruitful of events attend :
Another's ſorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bellows ;
A part we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,

A part in pleaſing talk we entertain ;
For too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
Let thoſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares reſuming with the dawning day :
Here let us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
Diſcourſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind ;
Review the ſeries of our lives, and taſte
The melancholy joy of evils paſt :
For he who much has ſuffer'd, much will know ;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
The ſun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful ; ſtor'd with graſs, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep ;
Her ſloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know.
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below ;
But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And, void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities riſe with equal pride.
But both in conſtant peace one prince obey,
And Ctefius there, my father, holds the ſway.
Freighted, it ſeems, with toys of every ſort
A ſhip of Sidon anchor'd in our port ;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land :
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To waſh her robes deſcending to the main,
A ſmooth-tongued ſailor won her to his mind
(For loves deceives the beſt of woman-kind).
A ſudden traſt from ſudden liking grew ;
She told her name, her race, and all ſhe knew.
I too (ſhe cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame ;
But, ſnatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians ſold me to this man's embrace.
Haſte then (the falſe deſigning youth reply'd)
Haſte to thy country ; love ſhall be thy guide ;
Haſte to thy father's houſe, thy father's breaſt,
For ſtill he lives, and lives with riches bleſt,
"Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors ! to reſtore
"A wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
Swift as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
She then proceeds : Now let our compact made
Be nor by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew deſcried
By road frequented, nor by fountain ſide.
Be ſilence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
(For watchful age is ready to ſurmiſe)
Are ſtill at hand ; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
Death to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
Your veſſel loaded, and your traffic paſt,
Diſpatch a wary meſſenger with haſte :
Then gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
And more, the infant offſpring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize !) and to your ſhip convey.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their veſſel load,
Their ſtores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A ſpy was ſent their ſummons to convey :
An artiſt to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame ;
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy,
He took th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
Gave her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
She ſtraight purſued, and ſeiz'd my willing arm ;
I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch ſhe found
(The gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd ;
Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore :
Now ſet the ſun, and darkened all the ſhore,
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides ;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſweep
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days and ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupplied the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cauſe cried
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load
Down to the deep ; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant, I remain'd behind ;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind ;
Sold to Laertes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king : Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſacred ſoul in all thy ſorrows ſhares :
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will)
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill :
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods, have in a maſter, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wanderings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſs'd in pleaſing dialogue away
The night ; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay ;
Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day,
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land ;
Their ſails they loos'd, they laſh'd the aſide,
And caſt their anchors, and the cables tied :
Then on the breezy ſhore deſcending join
In grateful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
When thus the prince : Now each his courſe
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long abſent hence, I dedicate this day
My ſwains to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
Our debt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus : But who ſhall lend,
Mean time, protection to thy ſtranger-friend ?
Straight to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
Or, yet more diſtant, to ſome lord apply ?
The prince return'd ; Renown'd in days of yore
Has ſtood our father's hoſpitable door ;
No other roof a ſtranger ſhould receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my abſence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face ;
From noiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
But rarely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.

rymachus receive my gueſt,
ourteous, and by far the beſt ;
ie queen with more reſpectful flame,
tes her former huſband's fame :
ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
p'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.
aking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger ;
il pounces tore a trembling dove ;
l feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
ie hero and the veſſel pour
iage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhower.
erving augur took the prince aſide,
ie hand, and thus prophetic cried :
iat dexter cuts th' aerial road,
ous, nor flies without a God :
t thine ſhall Ithaca obey.
or ages, Heaven decrees the ſway.
e omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd !
Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus : Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay,
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And, plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes ;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin ſhakes.
They part ; while leſſening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew :
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Telemachus.

Arriving at the lodge of Eumæus ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appears. Ulyſſes, commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The princes, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept him in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

as the morning bluſh'd along the plains
es and the monarch of the ſwains
e ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
to paſture ſend the briſtly care.
es near approach the dogs deſcry,
ing round his feet confeſs their joy.
tle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
s reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid :
ll known friend, Eumæus, bends this
hear; the dogs familiar play.
yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
ie lodge, and now appear'd in view.
ed from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
he full bowl, and round his boſom hung;
s cheek, his hand, while from his eyes
rain'd copious in a ſhower of joy.
fond ſire, who ten long winters grieves,
ign climes an only ſon receives,
his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
he ſprings, and claſps the favourite boy :
the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
grave had given him from the dead.
it thou ! my ever-dear delight!
ou come to bleſs my longing ſight!
never hop'd to view this day,
er the waves you plough'd the deſperate
ay.
y child ! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
heſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord !
ſeldom ſeen ! for lawleſs powers
h detain thee from thy ſylvan bowers.
The prince replied : Eumæus, I obey ;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way,
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide,
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride ?
Thus he, and thus the monarch of the ſwains :
Severely chaſte Penelope remains ;
But, loſt to every joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended ; and (receiving as they paſs
The javelin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with marble ſhin'd.
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd,
Not ſo—(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place :
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And reverend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.
Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers riſe.
There ſate the prince : the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid :
Whence, father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay,
What veſſel bore him o'er the watery way ?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt, in circumfluent oceans riſe.

The ſwain returns: A tale of ſorrows hear:
In ſpacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land he flew
From Theſprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my ſon, the ſuppliant I reſign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard taſk, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can ſtrangers ſafely in the court reſide,
'Midſt the ſwell'd inſolence of luſt and pride?
Ev'n I unſafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps ſhe weds regardleſs of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyſſæan name.
However, ſtranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a ſword, and robes, reſpect to prove,
And ſafe to ſail with ornaments o love.
Till then, thy gueſt amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to ſupply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement ſky.
Here dwell in ſafety from the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude inſults of ungovern'd tongues.
For ſhouldſt thou ſuffer, powerleſs to relieve,
I muſt behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.
To whom, while anger in his boſom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and reſent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to ſee a ſoul ſo brave
Live to baſe inſolence of power a ſlave.
But tell me, doſt thou, prince, doſt thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy ſubjects in bold faction riſe,
Or prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe?
Or are thy brothers, who ſhould aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulyſſes ſprung,
Or that theſe wither'd nerves like thine were ſtrung;
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt: a hero ſcorns deſpair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worſt foe, if that avenging day
Be not their laſt: but ſhould I loſe my life
Oppreſs'd by numbers in the glorious ſtrife,
I chooſe the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear diſhonour, worſe than death;
Than ſee the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, and the ſpotleſs maid;
Than ſee the wealth of kings conſum'd in waſte,
The drunkard revel, and the gluttons feaſt.
Thus he, with anger flaſhing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my ſubjects riſe,
Nor prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe;
Nor are my brothers who ſhould aid my power
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boaſt no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our ſtock an only branch to ſpring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arceſius' heir,
Alone Ulyſſes drew the vital air.
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbleſt offſpring of a ſire unbleſt!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe.
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with ſhady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial ſeat, and the regal bed:
The queen, averſe to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But Heaven will ſure revenge, and Gods their fate
Our fate return, and eaſe a mother's heart.
Yet I ret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at leaſt I may in peace repoſe.
To whom the ſwain: I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt: ſhall I my ſpeed employ
To bleſs his age: a meſſenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet, buſied with his ſlaves to eaſe his woe,
He dreſs'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but ſince the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he taſtes; but ſunk in woes,
Wild ſprings the vine, no more the garden blows;
Shut from the walks of men, to pleaſure loſt,
Penſive and pale he wanders, half a ghoſt.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet ceaſe to go—what man ſo bleſt but mourns?
Were every wiſh indulg'd by favouring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.
But to the queen with ſpeed diſpatchful bear
Our ſafe return, and back with ſpeed repair:
And let ſome handmaid of her train reſort
To good Laertes in his rural court.
While yet he ſpoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his ſandals on, and ſtrode away:
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddeſs flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the ſkies;
In form a virgin in ſoft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus ſhe ſtood diſplay'd,
But unapparent as a viewleſs ſhade
Eſcap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unſeen, o'er earth at pleaſure move):
The dogs intelligent conſeſs the tread
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddeſs, beckoning, waves her deathleſs hands;
Dauntleſs the king before the Goddeſs ſtands.
Then why (ſhe ſaid) O favour'd of the ſkies!
Why to thy godlike ſon this long diſguiſe?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Againſt thy foes; be valiant, and deſtroy!
Lo! I deſcend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy ſide, thy guardian Power.
She ſaid, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majeſty enlarg'd he moves!

'd his reddening cheek, and from his
ws 190
hair in sable ringlets flows;
ing chin receives a deeper shade;
his eyes upsprung the Warrior Maid.
re-ascends: the prince o'er aw'd
his eyes, and bows as to a God. 195
surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
ou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
ells thy limbs majestic grace,
glories lighten from thy face!
e thy abode, with pious care 200
eady sacrifice prepare:
f labour'd gold: dorn thy shrine,
grace: Oh save us, Power Divine!
my days, Ulysses made reply,
descendant of the sky 205
ther. Oh my son! my son!
for whose sake thy days have run
of woe: endless cares consign'd,
'd by the wrongs of base mankind.
hing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy 210
ong raptures of a parent's joy.
e his cheek, and tears the ground be-
:
him close, as to his breast he grew.
claims the prince with fond desire)
no. thou can'st not be my sire 215
h illusion only can impose,
joy to aggravate my woes.
God can change the general doom,
wither'd age a youthful bloom?
with years, in weeds obscene you
; 220
'd in majesty, you move a God!
he cry'd; for Heaven reserve that name,
father, but a father's claim:
es shalt thou never see,
s, I (my son) am he. 225
sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
at length to view my native coast,
onquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds
divine; her power admits no bounds:
limbs old age and wrinkles shed; 230
g as youth, magnificent I tread.
with ease frail man depress or raise,
wly, or the proud debase.
, and fate. The prince with transport
, [dew: 235
d his neck, while tears his cheek be-
father pour'd a social flood!
abundant, and they wept aloud.
eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
ulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
they scream, their unfledg'd brood a
240
de churl, and borne by stealth away;
d: and tears in tides had run,
unfinish'd with the setting sun:
g the full torrent in its flow, 245
thus interrupts the solemn woe.
ransported thee, O father, say,
less'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?
Ulysses instant made reply)
ll, my child, my only joy! 250
ore me to the port assign'd,
er to the stranger kind;

Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid 255
Conce l'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train; 260
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,
Thy well tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost; 265
Can we engage, nor decades, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty six, all peers of mighty name, 270
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait, 275
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate. 280
Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd) 285
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight. 290
But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age; 295
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults though thou strive in vain: 300
For wicked ears are deaf to Wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd
to fall. [spires
Once more attend: When * she whose power in-
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath, 305
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil they truth in plausible disguise:
" These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to
" Troy,
" Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy: 310
" Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:
" Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
" I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
" From the pollution of the fuming fires;
" Lest, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
" Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;

† Minerva.

" Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
" The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceleſs ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom glows,
By that regard, a ſon his father owes;
The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy boſom from the houſehold train;
Hide it from all; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whoſe faith yet laſts among the menial crew;
And, nothing, ere we riſe in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince: for ſure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wiſe, and my great father's fame.
But re-conſider, ſince the wiſeſt err,
Vengeance reſolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time muſt we conſume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, induſtrious to deſtroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damſels that attend the throne:
Diſpers'd the youth reſides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.
While in debate they waſte the hours away,
Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay;
With ſpeed they guide the veſſel to the ſhores;
With ſpeed debarking land the naval ſtores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And truſt the preſents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t'impart
Her ſon's return, and eaſe a parent's heart;
Leſt, a ſad prey to ever-muſing cares,
Pale grief deſtroy what time a while forbears.
Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: Thy ſon, O Queen, returns:
Eumæus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then meaſur'd back the way—The ſuitor band,
Stung to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded, ſtand;
And iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſate.
At length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph ſails the main.
Haſte, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
Haſte, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, turning to the ſtrand,
Amphinomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
Full to the bay within the winding ſhores
With gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.
O friends! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
See to the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
Some God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
The bark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
Swift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
They moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
Then moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſate,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy? he lives (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and favourite of the ſkies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad ſurvey:
Yet ſafe he ſails! the Powers celeſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:
Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?
Strike ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambuſh on the watery way.
Or chooſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky!
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of Kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen [given
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulicium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſs'd,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.
Soft were his words: his actions wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought with ſtood:
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt th' all-ſeeing powers above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſate,
Recumbent on the ſhining throne of ſtate.
Then Medon, conſcious of their dire debate,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends:
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers ſhe ſtands:
And, veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gives,
While in his gueſt his murderer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Haſt thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part?

vag'd with his martial powers
pirates on Thesprotia's shores;
ife, his treasures they demand;
im from th' avenger's hand.
thou evil for his good repay?
nour, and his house betray?
en? and with a murderous hand
ir?—but cease, 'tis I command.
ose fears. (Eurymachus reply'd)
ness' bid thy soul confide.
a man who dares that hero slay,
d the golden light of day?
ghteous Powers of Heaven I swear,
'engeance smokes upon my spear.
my infant days I led,
lic'd me, and with dainties fed:
soul abhors th' ungrateful part,
j's son lives dearest to my heart.
mortal arm; if Heaven decree,
n: for man is born to die. [spir'd:
th he ended, yet his death con-
ng, with sad step the queen retir'd,
g eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
the dear remembrance of her lord:
Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
mber seal'd her flowing eye.
umæus, at the evening hour,
rning to his sylvan bower.
s son had dress'd with art
ar, and gave the Gods their part.

Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The Martial Goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Pro-
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of Fame?
Say, if the suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
And, if aright these searching eyes survey,
Th' eluded suitors stem the watery way. [wiles,
The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their
Steals on his fire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

urning to the city relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is

urora, daughter of the dawn,
d with roseate light the dewy lawn;
rince arose, prepar'd to part;
atient grasps the pointed dart;
et the polish'd sandals shine,
greets the master of the swine:
dieu; let this short stay suffice;
t my mother's longing eyes,
ears, her sorrows, and her sighs.
ntive, what we order heed;
tranger to the city lead;
nty let him there be fed,
hand that stretches forth the bread.
ears from all afflicted eyes,
covet, but my power denies.
iger in the stranger's thought,
nger punishes the fault:
h I undisguis'd declare;
asy as to be sincere?
ysses: What the prince requires
val, seconds my desires.

To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field,
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu. but, since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds.
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.

All crowded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Swift from above descends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
O dearest, most rever'd of woman kind!
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, ascend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by Heaven attends me there;
My new accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and, rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses generous he denied,
Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd,
He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move,
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure transfucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size:
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state:
Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and stranger share'd the genial feast,
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen. My son: my only friend
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years:
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?
To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plain
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
Their Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Mean time returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere
And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone;
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * sea-born seer relate,
Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his numerous train,
Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms.
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—
This told Atrides and he told no more,
Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

* Proteus.

s'd ; nor made the penſive queen reply,
p'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.
eolclymenus the ſeer began :
ig conſort of the ſuffering man !
man knowledge could, thoſe kings might
ſecrets of high Heaven reveal [tell ;
e firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
e board whoſe bleſſing we have ſhar'd :
he genial rites, and witneſs all
ſe holds ſacred in her ample wall !
this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
r wandering in his country's ſhade,
lity deeds, in hearing and in view,
volves ; and plans the vengeance due :
re auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
k our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
d thoſe omens, Heaven ! (the queen re-
n'd)
ur bounties ſpeak a grateful mind ;
y envied happineſs attend
, who calls Penelope his friend.
ommun'd they : while in the marble court
their inſolence) the lords reſort ;
the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art,
the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.
d the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
n the field the victim flocks they drive ;
ie herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
our'd with a portion of their feaſt)
ie banquet, interrupts their play.
the hall they haſte ; aſide they lay
ments, and, ſuccinct, the victims ſlay.
ep and goats and briſtly porkers bled,
proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
thus the copious banquet they provide ;
e road converſing ſide by ſide,
Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain :
us Eumæus, generous and humane :
vn, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
us ſpeed : my friend, no more my gueſt !
myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
the flock or keeper of the herd.
h to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear ;
th of princes ever is ſevere.
d his will, and be our journey made
e broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
own evening ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
y advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
: but help me to ſome ſtaff, to ſtay
e ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
his ſhoulders then the ſcrip he flung,
ch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong :
maeus gave. Along the way
hey fare : behind, the keepers ſtay ;
th their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
is abſence, and attend the herd.
his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
w chang'd ! a man of miſeries ;
on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
honeſt fluttering with the air !
'd the rugged road, they journey down
rn'd way deſcending to the town,
rom the rock, with liquid laſe diſtils
fount ; that, ſpreads in parting rills,
t thence to ſerve the city brings :
work adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove ;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embower'd in green ;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came :
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke :
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil !
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heaven with a ſecret principle endued
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude.
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd [gueſt ?
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feaſt ?
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn ;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better underſtands ;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food ;
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn,
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me ! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I propheſy thy fare :
Dearly, full dearly, ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thundering at thy head.
He thus : nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown ;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd : he like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road :
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt ; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this prayer conceiv'd :
Daughters of Jove ! who from th' æthereal bowers
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flowers !
Nymphs of this fountain : to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames !
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtling of his flock and herd ;
Succeed my wiſh ; your votary reſtore :
Oh be ſome God his convey to our ſhore !
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence.
Who, proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he ? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns !
The day ſhall come ; nay, 'tis already near,
When, ſlave ! to ſell thee at a price too dear,
Muſt be my care ; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore).
Oh ! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave ſuitor's ſword, might pierce the heart

Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's power!
So ſpoke the wretch, but, ſhunning farther fray, [way.
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their
Straight to the feaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Mean time they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heavenly minſtrelſy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain):
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſs'd the ſwain:
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts encloſe,
And the ſtrong gueſts defy an hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces every feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt
Chooſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt entering introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords the ſervants are.
Juſt is. O friend! thy caution, and addreſs'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſs'd, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The bleſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms,
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every ſylvan chaſe renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around:
With him the youth purſu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where in heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſolid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet;
In vain he ſtrove to crawl, and kiſs his feet;
Yet all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd:
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at Ulyſſes' gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If as he ſeems he was in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty! therefore now deſpis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of ſtate
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the Great.
Not Argus ſo (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!
Oh had you ſeen him, vigorous, bold, and young
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Nor years unnerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.
This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before;
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd
Takes a laſt look, and, having ſeen him, dies:
So cloſ'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come:
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt.
(Who now was buſied carving round the board
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulyſſes, lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went,
Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain)
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain
Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear
And let yon mendicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the ſuitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord:
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhare agree!
His lord's command the faithful ſervant bear
The ſeeming beggar anſwers with his prayers.
Bleſt be Telemachus! in every deed
Inſpire him, Jove! in every wiſh ſucceed!
This ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
With ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
Long as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.

ıe ſuitors from the banquet roſe,
›rompts the man of mighty woes
their bounties with a mighty art,
the generous from th' ignoble heart
his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
full vengeance all the offending train);
king eyes and voice of plaintive ſound,
e moves, imploring all around.
I feel pity, and relief beſtow,
an image touch'd of human woe;
all, their wonder they confeſs,
he man majeſtic in diſtreſs.
us they gaze and queſtion with their eyes
Melanthius to their thought replies:
! this ſtranger of gigantic port
Eumæus uther'd to your court.
I mark'd the features of his face,
ll unknown his clime, or noble race.
his preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
ıou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
Antinous with retorted eye)
ıcouth! to check the genial joy.
theſe our court already grace,
ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
:s Eumæus to his country brings,
›ur feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
›m the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
n, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
, from diſtant nations to his own,
ſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
wide world are ſought theſe men divine
.e ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
whoſe eyes the gods their ways reveal,
'ith ſalutary arts to heal;
to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
ations courted for their ſongs;
es invite, and mighty kings admire,
ıe ſun diſplays his vital fire.
with want! how few that feed
unhappy merely for his need!
me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
iyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
uffice the approbation won
eat miſtreſs, and her godlike ſon.
Telemachus: No more incenſe
by nature prone to inſolence:
minds juſt anſwers but provoke—
ing to Antinous, thus he ſpoke:
thy care wh ſe abſolute command
›s the ſtranger from our court and land.
eſs its owner with a better mind!
y free, to charity inclin'd.
Penelope and I afford:
nce! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
nother's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
:, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
cries with inſolent diſdain)
ike mine if every ſuitor gave,
this two-lvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
ce, and lifting high above the board
rous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
is ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
ıefore Antinous ſtopp'd and ſaid:

Beſtow, my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;
Then, as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee through the boundleſs earth!
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe:
In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main;
By Egypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The reddening dawn reveals the hoſtile fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight: the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and inſulted here!
To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſs'd:
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Egypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou can crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,
Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps;
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty ſuitor with reſentment burns,
And, ſourly frowning, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy ſlanderous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more com-
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd, [plain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſs'd the crew:
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the ſcar.

But for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods aſſert the poor,
Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The ſuitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled careaſe for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn: and ſome reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand; if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Telemachus, abſorpt, in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, though he ſhed no tear;
But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke:
"On him and his may the bright God of day
"That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
"Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."
All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd every face;
From every other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſtening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe thy royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet! and yet I thirſt to hear,
As when ſome Heaven-taught poet-charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with a celeſtial ſtrain,
Breath'd from the gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, though he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild riot, and to puniſh wrong?
She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd, his noſtrils echo'd through the crowd.
The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſs'd:
"So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſs'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtion meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries:
The Queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubject ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Her boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;
Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries,) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear,
Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His every ſtep and every thought is wiſe:
For men like theſe on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the ſuitor powers deſcends;
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart:
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bower:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we truſt,
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the juſt.
Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſate
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
Twas riot all amid the ſuitor throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.
Till now, declining toward the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Fight of Ulyſſes and Irus.

ir Irus inſults Ulyſſes; the ſuitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worſted, and miſerably handled. he deſcends, and receives the preſents of the ſuitors. The dialogue of Ulyſſes with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſate,
a mendican: approach'd the royal gate;
vagrant of the giant kind,
n of manhood, of a coward mind:
aſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
, attendant on the genial hour.
his mother's knees when babe he lay,
'd Arnæus on his natal day:
his aſſociates call'd the boy,
d the common meſſenger to fly;
ame expreſſive of th' employ.
his own roof, with meditated blows,
re to drive the man of mighty woes.
e, dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
gg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
with nods aſſent yon princely train!
nouring age, in mercy I reſtrain!
away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
n with blows more eloquent prevail.
hom, with ſtern regard: Oh inſolence,
tly to rail without offence;
ounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
hat harms not thee, to breathe this air:
n alms we both precarious live:
nſt thou envy when the great relieve?
from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,
iat man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
is thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
mprint my vengeance in thy blood;
I am, ſhould once my fury burn,
ould'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?
e woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
ue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
aſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
me wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
s the bearded corn? Riſe, try the fight,
ell thy loins, approach and feel my might:
defeat, before the peers engage;
l fight! when youth contends with age!
s in a wordy war their tongue diſplay
fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
us hears, and, in a jovial vein,
with loud laughter to the ſuitor-train:
happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
! the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
dy for the fight, and hand to hand,
rly mendicants contentious ſtand;
rge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they ſpring
rom their ſeats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baſeneſs to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid:
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends † ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.
Then, girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong.
(Attendant on her chief): the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud:
Irus! alas! ſhall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim, ſframe?
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his
Then, pale with fears, and ſickening at the fight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank viſage fled the coward blood,
And his fleſh trembled as aghaſt he ſtood.
Oh, that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!
O hide it, Death, in everlaſting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-conteſted day.
Inſtant thou fail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant kind,

† Antinous and Eurymachus.

Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling knee shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for Mercy sways the brave.
That instant high his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends:
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground; 115
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave: 125
There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung 130
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring 135
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aerial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe: 140
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold 145
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care. 150
To whom with thought mature the king replies;
The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd; 155
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth:
To day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes: 160
Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels:
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch rebe
For man is changeful, as his bliss of woe;
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd to lov
There was a day, when with the scornful great I
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd: 1
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a pre
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian Pow
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
Their lawless riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores. 1
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe forestalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns 1
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourn
Mean while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day: 1
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries;
Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns 1
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush
there. 2
Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress; 2
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care; 3
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoè descend, 1
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian care
O'er all her senses, as the couch she dress'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charm

e darting eyes awakes the fires,
l gifts! to kindle soft desires)
to limb an air majestic sheds,
ure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
s shines, when with a measur'd bound
bly gliding swims th' harmonious round
h the Graces in the dance she moves,
the gazing Gods with ardent loves.
the skies her flight Minerva bends,
e queen the damsel-train descends;
their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
she wipes, and thus renews her woes:
r 'tis well: that sleep awhile can free,
forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
it given to yield this transient breath,
Diana, send the sleep of death:
st I waste a tedious life in tears,
in the silent grave my cares?
yssies! ever honour'd name!
mourn, till death dissolves my frame.
vailing, slow and sadly she descends,
hand a damsel-train attends:
re the dome its shining valves expands,
before the gazing peers she stands;
ranslucent o'er her brow display'd,
ty seems, and only seems, to shade:
ne lightens in their dazzled eyes,
ien flames in every bosom rise;
d their eager souls with every look,
ce thus th' imperial matron broke:
y! my son, why now no more appears
rmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?
r days no growing worth impart,
n stature, still a boy in heart!
l-knit frame unprofitably strong,
nee an hero from an hero sprung;
just Gods in vain those gifts bestow,
alone in form, and brave in show!
could a stranger feel oppression's hand
thy roof, and could'st thou tamely stand?
he stranger's righteous cause decline,
ne sufferance, but the shame is thine.
hom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
nerous soul with just resentment burns;
ght by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
rs' good, and melt at others' woe:
potent these riots to repel,
eir outrage, though my soul rebel:
amid the snares of death I tread,
mbers leagued in impious union dread,
no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
us, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
l to Jove! or her whose arms display
eld of Jove, or him who rules the day!
n proud suitors, who licentious tread
ourts, within these courts like Irus bled:
loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,
ly drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
ess to move, his staggering feet deny
ward wretch the privilege to fly.
to the queen Eurymachus replies:
ly lov'd, and not more fair than wise:
Greece through all her hundred states survey
nish'd charms, all Greece would own thy
sway;
. VI.

In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!
Ah me! returns the queen, when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, their beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah! long must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and, O my spouse! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried,) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold: they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dare the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer thy love of me:
But, when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise:
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.
The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening loins the vest infold;
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal strain.
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:

Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From ſpace to ſpace the torch wide-beaming burns,
And ſprightly damſels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!
Go, with the queen the ſpindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the ſilver wool;
Be it my taſk the torches to ſupply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the ſky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepleſs I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melanthio, fair and young,
(Melanthio from the loins of Dolius ſprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the ſoft fondneſs of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardleſs of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys ſhe ſhares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That ſpeak diſdain, the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldneſs from a turn of ſoul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind.
Who, ſhortening with a ſtorm of blows thy ſtay,
Shall ſend thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord ſhall curb that inſolence of tongue:
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The ſcourge, the ſcourge ſhall laſh thee into ſenſe.
With conſcious ſhame they hear the ſtern rebuke
Nor longer durſt ſuſtain the ſovereign look.
Then to the ſervile taſk the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: mean while, in muſeful mood
Abſorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he ſtood.
And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouſe Ulyſſes, points the ſuitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man:
Thoughtleſs and gay, Eurymachus began:
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God, no doubt, this ſtranger kindly ſends;
The ſhining baldneſs of his beard ſurvey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray —
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Thoſe hands in work; to tend the rural trade,
To dreſs the walk, and form th' embowering ſhade?
So food and raiment conſtant will I give:
But idly thus thy ſoul prefers to live,
And ſtarve by ſtrolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incens'd: ſhould we, O prince! engage
In rival taſks beneath the burning rage
Of ſummer ſuns; were both conſtrain'd to wield,
Foodleſs, the ſcythe along the burthen'd field;
Or ſhould we labour, while the ploughſhare wea
With ſteers of equal ſtrength, th' allotted grou
Beneath my labour how thy wondering eyes
Might ſee the ſable field at once arife!
Should Jove dire war unlooſe; with ſpear and ſh
And nodding helm, I tread th' enſanguin'd fiel
Fierce in the van: then would'ſt thou, wer
thou,—ſay,—
Miſname me, glutton, in that glorious day!
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave diſgrace
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am baſe.
Proud to ſeem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! ſhould the ſtern Ulyſſes riſe in might,
Theſe gates would ſeem too narrow for thy fli
While yet he ſpeaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flaſhing from his eyes:
Slave, I with juſtice might deſerve the wron
Should I not puniſh that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps theſe outrages from Irus flow,
A worthleſs triumph o'er a worthleſs foe:
He ſaid, and with full force a footſtool thro
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flie
Ulyſſes, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and diſappoints the blo
Not ſo a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his ſhoulders it inflicts a wound,
Daſh'd from his hand the ſounding goblet flie
He ſhrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathleſs l
Then wild uproar and clamour mount the h
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
Oh! had this ſtranger ſunk to realms beneath
To the black realms of darkneſs and of death
Ere yet he trod theſe ſhores! to ſtrife he draw
Peer againſt peer; and what the weighty cau
A vagabond! for him the great deſtroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feaſt of joy.
To whom the ſtern Telemachus uproſe:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows!
Whence this unguarded openneſs of ſoul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven deluſion ſends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abaſh'd, they hear the ſtern rebuke
Till thus Amphinomus the ſilence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offe
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, or the ſpotleſs maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with roſy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine:
Guard he his gueſt beneath whoſe roof he ſlat
This juſtice, this the ſocial rite demands.
The peers aſſent: the goblet Mulius crown
With purple juice, and here in order round;
Each peer ſucceſſive his libation pours
To the bleſt Gods who fill th' aerial bowers;
Then, ſwill'd with wine, with noiſe the crowds
And ruſhing forth tumultuous reel away.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictiti-nt of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes is person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, hin a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses ear upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

JLTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
nature for act inflam'd his breast;
the son the fervent fire address'd:
convey those steely stores of war
rooms, dispos'd with sacred care:
demanded by the suitor train,
their fears, a specious reason feign:
Ulysses left his natal coast.
ith smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
at Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
wounds, or violence of soul,
e bridal feast, and friendly bowl.
ince obedient to the sage command,
ea thus: The female band
artments keep; secure the doors:
rthy arms among the covert stores
lier hid; my thoughtless youth they
ame,
d with vapour of the smouldering flame.
y hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
y early woes, grow early wise!
th sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
imonial wealth, a prudent heir.
he lighted taper will provide,
le train retir'd) your toils to guide?
it infringing hospitable rite,
t (he cried) shall bear the guiding light:
lazy vagrants with repast;
e the meal that earn it ere they taste.
l; from female ken she straight secures
os'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
to his son, Ulysses bears
y-crested helms, and pointed spears,
lds indented deep in glorious wars.
viewless on her charge attends,
her golden lamp his toil befriends;
the sickly beams, which, unsincere,
ross vapour of this nether sphere!
deity the prince confess'd,
pt with ecstacy the fire address'd:
miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
n rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.
Be calm, replies the sire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive queen, perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state,
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silv[illegible] the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the [illegible]'s various hide was thrown.
The sovereign [illegible] with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks [illegible] toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblet [illegible], and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avant, she cry'd, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman state asquint to pry;
A day devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.
Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we bear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!

Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyself exempt: that rosy prime
Must share the general doom of withering time:
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys,
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's ear;
Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told:
Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The storied labours of my wandering lord,
To soothe my grief he haply may record:
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynome, regard the stranger friend:
A seat, soft-spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:
Due-distant for discourse the hero sate;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state:
Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whose far-resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame;
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey:
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;
And fish of every fin thy seas afford:
Their affluent joys thy grateful realms confess,
And bless the Power that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the Gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind:
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shores resort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state affairs:
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial Power,
I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,
"Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,
"Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
"Till this funereal web my labours end:
"Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
"A pall of state, the ornament of death.
"For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
"With just reproach were licens'd to defame;
"Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
"Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd; their loves I long elude;
The night still ravel'd what the day renew'd,
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice,
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.
Princess! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;
And tears repeat their long forgotten course!
So pays the wretch whom Fate constrains to roam!
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey.
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command,
Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue bless'd,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete that great Ulysses came;
For elemental war, and wintery Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelly coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd,

pe! ten suns had warm'd the western
rand,
brave brother with his Cretan band
for Troy! but to the genial feast
ur'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
r his train the Cnossian peers assign
trait, with jars of generous wine.
ays, while Boreas veer'd th' aerial space,
table came he deign'd to grace:
n the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
his voyage to the Phrygian shore.
he fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
similitude of truth beguiles
's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
[illegible] on the mountain freeze,
ner regions breathe a vernal breeze,
obeys the whisp'ring gales,
am, and murmurs through the vales:
with the pleasing tale he told,
the copious torrent roll'd:
[illegible]
that object which she wants the most!
at heart to [illegible] weeping fair,
fix'd them, and cast a gloomy stare;
the lids [illegible] balls appear,
iron fix'd in either sphere;
[illegible] the falling tear.
ts interval of grief ensues
the queen the tender theme renews:
that e'er thy hospitable roof
grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
to my view my warlike lord,
n, his habit, and his train record.
ard, he cries, to long to sudden fight
[illegible] their absent flight;
the mind these images are trac'd,
[illegible] twenty winters have defac'd:
at I can, receive.—In ample mode,
of military purple flow'd
his frame: illustrious on his breast
uble clasping gold the king confest.
rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
n full-stretch, and [illegible] a dappled fawn;
the neck his fangs [illegible] their hold;
pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
a filmy web beneath [illegible] shone
, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
male train who round him throng'd to gaze,
t wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
, when the warrior press'd to part,
enamell'd with Vulcanian art:
the purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
sion'd equal to his size, express'd
er grateful to my honour'd guest.
arite herald in his train I knew,
age solemn, sad of sable hue:
[illegible] curls o'ershade his bending head,
a promontory [illegible] elder spread;
[illegible] alone
view'd an image of his own.
speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
told she recogniz'd her lord,
then the storm was spent in plenteous showers;
inspiriting her languish'd powers:
on, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate
welcome to my hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care
Breaths in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shroud
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace his dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:

My lord's return ſhould fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! preſage.
The wounds of Deſtiny's relentleſs rage.
I long muſt weep, nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare:
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole-invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger, I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bower. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curſe purſues:
By death diſrob'd of all their ſavage powers,
Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obſtinate in woe.
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe reſign'd)
I choſe the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With ſplendid palls, and canopies of ſtate:
Low couch'd on earth, the gift of ſleep I ſcorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your court'ly train
To waſh a wretched wanderer would diſdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And ſad ſimilitude of woes ally'd,
Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gen'rous manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bower
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd
Of matchleſs prudence, and a cautious mind;
Though now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd
Of ſtrength ſuperior to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Eurycleа! with officious care
For the poor friend the cheerful bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!
Inſtant, obſequious to the mild command,
Said Eurycleа: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recogniſe an equal heir.
Oh deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſs'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcovered through the dark diſguiſe,
With cold compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The fame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid. Repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:
In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
The fear with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in the obſcure he hop'd to ſly
The curious ſearch of Eurycleа's eye.
Cautious in vain! her eyes'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.
This on Parnaſſus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſylvan chaſe,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith and deeds of martial fame;
Hermes, his Patron-God, thoſe Gifts beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſhrine with weaning lambs he wont to load.)
His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſcloſ'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Eurycleа from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
"And name the bleſſings that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!
"And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
"To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
"With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime.

t; with fond affection dear
arms receiv'd the royal heir:
s lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
de prepare the genial feaſt:
'm the ſumptuous banquet bled,
y growth five flowery ſummers fed.
de, and roaſt with artful care
then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
iſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul,)
; wheeling to the weſtern goal
ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
ng eyes the ſlumberous ſhade oppreſs'd,
ɔſe, and all retir'd to reſt.
: morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
is brave maternal race,
Autolyci, aſſay the chaſe.
nick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
nouth'd hounds the hunter-troop in-
:
he ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
e lawn his horizontal beam,
ıpatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
wiles the wood men fierce aſſail:
oſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
d, to rouſe the ſavage war,
rough receſſes of the wood,
'e, the growth of ages, ſtood:
s boreal blaſt, nor thunderous ſhower,
y, could pierce the ſhady bower,
'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore;
pavilion of a dreadful boar.
he hounds and hunters mingling cries,
from his leafy ſhelter flies:
glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
high impale his horrid chine.
cus advanc'd, defies the foe,
liſted lance in act to throw;
renders vain the wound decreed,
impetuous with oppoſent ſpeed!
olique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
glanc'd, the ſinewy fibres tore,
he bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
redoubled force the wound repay'd;
r ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd:
flank the ſtreaming purple dy'd:
e ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
nd vaſt ſurpriſe, th' applauding train
enormous bulk extended on the plain
age firm Ulyſſes' knee they bound;
ting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound
nelody confeſs'd the ſcarce;
f life regain their azure courſe.
they led the youth with loud acclaims;
, enamour'd with his fame,
he care; and from the Pelphic dome
d gifts return'd him glorious home.
thaca with joy receiv'd,
chaiſe, and early praiſe atchiev'd.
r his knee, inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
rd token of the woodland war
yclea found, t' ablution ceas'd;
op'd the leg, from her ſlack hand re-
'd;

tolycus.

The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtriſe expreſs'd
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breaſt.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My ſon! my king!—ſhe cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fixed her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs, abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies.
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſs'd.
Th's Heaven-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe, if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the tuitor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere!
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt;
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt,
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſs'd:
Though night, diſſolving grief in grateful caſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize:
A while, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery ſhades unſeen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance miſled the mother to deſtroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn.

My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
Now, wavering doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
Shall I my virgin nuptial-vow revere;
And, joining to my ſon's my manual train,
Partake his counſels, and aſſiſt his reign!
Or, ſince, mature in manhood, he deplores
His domeſtic diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord?
So by my choice-avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
A viſionary thought I'll now relate;
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate:
A team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream;
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O Queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd
When, from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bower of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.
Not ſo this troop, I fear, that phantom fram'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal ſpace:
Glanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls (where long and kindly Powers
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure vaſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
Propoſe the ſportive lot (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurpriſe, th' unhandſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitor's claim.
To whom, with grace ſerene, the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech, what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the bliſsful tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terreſtrial need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful viciſſitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd rite enjoins to reſt and joy
Pſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Mean time inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen aſcends;
The ſovereign-ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new ſtreaming ſorrow flows
Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and caſts him aſleep. At his waking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his author among ſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſ Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers.

: hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
rm'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed
its of the ſpoil the ſuitor crowd
vour'd, and victims vow'd).
e chief, Eurynome the chaſte,
s care, a downy carpet caſt:
venge his thoughtful boſom glows,
iting wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
willion'd in the porch he lay
'd loves his wakeful eye-ſurvoy;
iturnal joys impure repair,
glac, the proſtituted fair.
th rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
s thought in dubious balance hung!
hould he quench the guilty flame
vn blood, and intercept the ſhame;
it indulge a laſt embrace,
peers conſummate the diſgrace;
'olm heart the murmurous fury rolls;
'oung the mother-maſtiff growls,
ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſs'd,
nutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
g heart! he cried, ſupport the pain
honour, and thy rage reſtrain,
'oes thy fortitude could foil,
ave partners of thy ten years toil
nne devour'd: I then was freed,
rudence from the death decreed.
or'd ſafe on Reaſon's peaceful coaſt
wrath his ſoul no longer toſs'd:
ody roll'd, to rage reſign'd:
long with pale-eye'd famine pin'd,
ates on glowing embers caſt
s, impatient of repaſt:
'om ſide to ſide devolv'd,
e the ſuitors' doom reſolv'd.
e form of mortal nymph array'd,
n deſcends the Jove-born Martial

g o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
thus her favourite care addreſs'd:
f mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
oſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
palace-roof forget thy care;
queen! bleſs'd in thy blooming heir!
he Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
the ſtandard of their deareſt vow,
nd reproach (the chief rejoin'd);
fate diſtract my various mind
rion wrapp'd. This hoſtile crew
arm hath prowefs to ſubdue?
v's and thy auxiliar aid,
m'd to bleed; Oh! ſay, celeſtial Maid:
Ulyſſes fly, or how ſuſtain,
aſſail'd to revenge the ſlain?
tence of faith! Minerva cries,
ail unknowing man relies.
he Gods! Lo! Pallas! ſelf deſcends,
counſels, and thy toils attends,
'd fortify thy breaſt,
le leagued thy rightful claim conteſt:
inity ſhall bear the ſhield,
y ſword to reap the glorious field,
e debt to craving nature due,
owers with balmy reſt renew.

She ceas'd. Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in vitionary joys:
The Goddeſs, pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
Not ſo the queen: the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſued of dumb deſpair:
Then thus her fate involv'd, with fervent prayer:
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſs'd through the void illimitable ſpace:
Or, if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhroud,
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphans fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely, and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea fought the bower of Jove
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of Fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou, Diana, ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead;
To ſeek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere fecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors fable every dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.
Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breaths her moan;
The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes wakeful ear:
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air.)
And thus the Gods in vok'd with ardent prayer:
Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end,
Of human race now riſing from repoſe
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above!
Whilſt lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a ſapphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man),
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whose'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare event
(Of granted vows a certain equal rent)
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Infant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!
Big with their doom denounce'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Eurycleа thus he there address'd:
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he grieved,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants relieved?
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest err).
The wordy vagrant to the door she hires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.
She thus: Oh! ceaseless ever honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine supplied the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd:
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with dutcous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the sage Greeks convened in Themis' court,
Forth-stepping from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him fourly foll'wd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's fullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Dispatch! for soon the suitors will essay
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day,
She said: with dutcous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toil the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgements fatt secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd:
Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd)
With vokied vengeance blast their towering pride
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toss'd,
All cheaply fated at another's cost!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitor's feast preferr'd:
Two grooms affistant bore the victims bound:
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs retound
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Thefs arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalenia o'er the surgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all the race:
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briny kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind;
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipse of Fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:

ever dear!—O man of woe!—
my tears, and shall for ever flow! 260
poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
in rags obscene, decreed to roam!
perish'd on some distant coast,
gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
ll for the good his bounty gave, 265
till sorrow sink me to the grave!
otecting hand my youth preferr'd,
of his Cephalenian herd:
ncrease beneath my care it spreads,
eed! and blackens far the meads. 270
, the choicest beeves I thence import
ese cormorants that crowd his court;
tition seek his realm to share;
right, nor wrath divine revere.
resolv'd oppressive these reside, 275
doubts my anxious heart divide:
e foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
he royal herd protection buy:
ier thoughts return the nodding scale,
its despair, alternate hopes prevail:
prospects of ideal joy,
turns; the proud usurpers die.
n the chief: In thy capacious mind
g zeal with cool debate is join'd;
ed already ripe in Fate; 285
ove, the truth I now relate!
truth attest each genial Power,
he board, and guard this friendly bower
quit the dome (nor long delay)
produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
ering eyes shall view: his rightful
ow'd Ulysses shall regain,
shades devote the suitor-train.
upreme! the raptur'd swain replies,
consummate soon the promis'd joys!
nerves, with new-born vigour strung
st cause should emulate the young—
mæus to the prayer address'd:
ardours fire his loyal breast.
ne the suitors urge the prince's fate,
ul arts employ the dire debate: 300
his airy tour the bird of Jove
h his sinewy pounce a trembling dove:
heir hope! This omen ey'd
us, who thus presaging cry'd: 305
ls from force and fraud the prince de-
he sanguinary scheme suspend: [fend;
thought let sable Fate employ;
e present hour to genial joy. [ceas'd,
uncil straight th' assenting peerage
dome prepar'd the genial feast. 310
eir vests apart in order lay,
ith speed succinct the victims slay:
and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
oud steer was on the marble spread.
repar'd, they deal the morsels round,
bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
mæus borne: the purple tide
from an ample jar supplied:
ters of bread Philætius plac'd; 320
all devour the rich repast.
art, Ulysses shares the treat!
ble, and ignobler seat,
The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines. 325
Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without control
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be, 330
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue. 335
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.
Without reply vouchsaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
Mean while the pomp of festival increas'd 340
By herald's rank'd, in marshal'd order move
The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(And humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest: 350
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen. 355
Uncumber'd acres arable and green
(Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out th' imposthumate with pride:
The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow; 361
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.
He said: and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unseemly sign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile; 370
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear: 375
Nor should thy sire, a queen his daughter boast;
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know 380
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend, 385
And with my life such vile dishonours end.
A long cessation of discourse ensued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And, prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſert yourſelf, and gain the royal will,
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your hero reſtor'd,
Of regal the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſs'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſs'd.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies;
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes and his woes, I ſwear,
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whom'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent queen to chaſe!
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors' ſouls, infenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:
Bloating ill gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay;
The down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rant: the * Hypereſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
Oh race to death devote! with ſtygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
Wide ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts
To people Orcus and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud ſalute
The peers reproach the ſure divine of fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To every ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Thus not (the Heaven-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No cloud of error dims the ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before you hovering deaths deſcend;
Leſt, the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, timorous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at leaſt, believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince re-
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtraight to ſlaſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circlet fate, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An ever-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

* *Hyperæſius.*

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulyſſes' Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the ſuitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the rings. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes, taking Eumæus and Philœtius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though ſcoffed with indignation by the ſuitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hand. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

AND Pallas now, to raiſe the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!

The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
Of diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where in a row the royal treaſures lay;

high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
e bow which great Ulysses bore;
he quiver, where now guiltless slept
d deaths that many a matron wept.
long since when Sparta's shores he
lysses Iphitus bestow'd:
lochus'-roof they met;
private, one a public debt;
te from Ithaca detains
ed sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;
outhful prince to urge the laws,
d elders trust their common cause.
employ'd on other cares,
wide country for his wandering

the strongest of the labouring kind;
arch! more hapless still to find!
ing on to Hercules, at length
wretch, that man of brutal strength,
ren's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:
bow! and on Ulysses' part
ointed sword and missile dart:
riendship on a foreign shore
ast pledges; for they met no more!
squeath'd by this unhappy hand,
not from his native land;
ont of battle taught to bend,
dear memorial of his friend.
y winding up the fair ascent,
easy step, the matron went;
e pavements glides with grace divine,
'd oak the level pavements shine)
gates a dazzling light display'd,
of various architrave o'erlaid.
edient to the silken string,
staple as she pulls the ring;
espondent to the key turn round:
back; the flying valves resound;
ll makes hill and valley ring,
lock when it releas'd the spring.
majestic through the wealthy room,
m'd garments cast a rich perfume;
he column where aloft it hung,
its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
nees she laid the well-known bow,
fate, and tears began to flow.
y of grief she mourns,
o the joyous hall returns,
l suitors bears in pensive state
d bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
er train the polish'd coffer brings,
h' alternate brass and silver rings,
ortal the chaste queen appears,
r veil conceals the coming tears:
e awaits a virgin fair;
he matron, with majestic air:
whom these forbidden walls enclose,
r victims bleed, my vintage flows;
sted, faded charms can move?
vain pretence, you love?
, if me you seek to wife,
litions, and commence the strife:
sses' wondrous bow shall bend,
twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
llow, and forsake my home,
he this lov'd, this wealthy dome,

Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night?
Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:
Hence to your fields, you rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not this e'en the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Acaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay,
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring.
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.
He spoke: then, rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazer's ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand:
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest. [blest

He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son,
The bold Antinous to the rest begun:
"From where the goblet first begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow,
"And prove your several strength.—The princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn refuted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow!
What souls and spirits shall it send below!
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow fairer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we fought;
This now at all eases us of that idle thought,
And find us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
To him Antinous thus with fury said:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown;
Those only now remain'd; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them: he the hall forsakes
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some favouring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign?
How best your hearts? what aid would you afford,
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?
Philœtius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
Those aged sinews with new vigour strung
In his blest cause should emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wishes for his lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
Those vows the Gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar.
His ragged vest then drawn aside discloss'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd;
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd,
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd;
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,
And moveless as a marble fountain stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumœus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ears
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philœtius, we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine.
This said, he first return'd: the faithful swain
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the fame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cause: for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore)
But baffled thus: confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn! Antinous thus replyd:

, Eurymachus; that no man draws
ndrous bow, attend another cause.
Phœbus is the solemn day,
oughtless we in games would waste:
y:
next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
the sewer approach, and let us join
bations, and in rites divine,
ur night: before the day shall spring,
icest offerings let Melanthius bring:
to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
the patron of these arts bestow
the gift) the skill to bend the bow.
heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
ng
leansing waters from the limpid spring:
let high with rosy wine they crown'd,
circling to the peers around.
complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
s his meditated scheme began:
at I ask your noble minds approve,
s and rivals in the royal love!
it hurt not great Antinous ear,
sage decision I with wonder hear)
urymachus the motion please,
aven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
row let your arms dispute the prize,
it he, the favour'd of the skies.
ce till then this trial you delay,
one moment to my hands to-day:
uld I prove, before your judging eyes,
ce I was, whom wretched you despise;
is arm its ancient force retain;
woes (a long-continued train)
ats and insults, make me less than man?
flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
'd with terror at the bold emprize.
s then: Oh, miserable guest!
ion sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
it not within the palace plac'd
stinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
d here with princes to confer,
unknown, a needy wanderer?
ous wine this insolence we owe,
ch thy betters wine can overthrow:
at Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
' roofs with frantic riot rung;
s the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
oes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
they shorten'd, and his ears they fit,
t him sober'd home with better wit.
ith long war the double race was curs'd,
all, but to th' aggressor first.
e I prophesy our guest attends,
his interdicted bow he bends:
l these walls such insolence contain;
fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Echetus to death the guilty brings,
orst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
an that, if thou approve our cheer;
e mad strife, and share our bounty here.
is the queen her just dislike express'd:
ious, prince, to harm the stranger guest,
nsult who bears a suppliant's name,
e respect Telemachus may claim.

What, if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord;
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.
Oh fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not
"bend!
"In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
"And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen: If fame engage your
views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise:
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words:
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day,
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Eurycleа calling them aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long.
While some deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.
Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face,
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In light'ning burst: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Fast by the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death),
Now sitting as he was the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing:
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through the solid gate resounds.
Then to the Prince: Nor have I wrought thee shame:
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard, nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phomius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God;
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:
One venturous game this hand has won to-day;
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain,
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:

that he was, of unprophetic soul!
his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
n to drain it lengthen'd out his breath:
to the deep, the bitter draught of death
who fear'd amidst a fearful band?
e to number, by a single hand?
ough his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
e'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his

bling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
n of gore burst spouting from his nose;
convulsive agonies he sprawls:
im spurn'd the loaded table falls,
ead the pavement with a mingled flood
ng meats, and wine, and human blood.
confounded, as they saw him fall,
he throngs tumultuous round the hall;
the dome they cast a haggard eye,
e'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
ou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
ng shaft has made our bravest bleed,
h, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
shall tear thee— thus increas'd they spoke,
ch to chance ascrib'd the wound'rous stroke,
they were; for death ev'n now invades
n'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
rimly frowning with a dreadful look,
her'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
engeful from the Trojan shore;
o your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
s, our wealth, our helpless handmaids slay:
ntent, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
ur bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
divine or human fail'd to move,
: of men, or dread of Gods above:
alike of infamy or praise,
's eternal voice in future days:
of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
ng fate is yours, and instant doom.
adful he. Contus'd the suitors stood,
ir pale cheeks receive the flying blood:
g they sought their guilty heads to hide,
bold Eurymachus reply'd:
ty words impart, (he thus began)
ves, and thou the mighty man,
thy wrong and much hast thou sustain'd
il'd palace, and exhausted land;
and author of those guilty deeds,
y feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
but wild ambition was his guide;
ay son, thy kingdoms to divide,
re his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
l in death th' offender lies: oh spare
diant people, and receive their prayer!
d, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
dred oxen every prince shall pay:
e of years refunded in a day.
thy wrath is just—Ulysses burn'd
n disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
the treasures that enrich'd our throne
ur rapines, join'd with all your own,
, vainly should for mercy call;
that offer, and I scorn them all:

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die! trust ye all—he sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
You archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste.
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the joyful bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground.
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness driv'd and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries);
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fair by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the manly field,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.
A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring.
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and, mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On every ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd—
Oh, my dear ſon!—the father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Riſe, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again,
To the high chamber ſtol'n the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd, Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide:
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you, and ſeize the felon, backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by ſtrong cords extend
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend!
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſs'd,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The brets corroded and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leap'd,
Back by the hair the tremb'ling baſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous ſwains fulfil
At every point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtraighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwang from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, O gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height,
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive the victims to the ſuitor's feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dangerous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When, lo! deſcending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd:
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend:
Oh, every ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole ſeries I have done,
Of good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt, loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd:
Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inſpires:
Art thou Ulyſſes? Where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which revers'd the laſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done?
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And ſee how weak, oppoſ'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but, willing longer to ſurvey
The fire and ſon's great acts, withheld the day;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level poiſ'd the wings of victory:
Then in a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the riſing fight.
Damaſtor's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander, great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus, theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſperate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

r is come, when yon fierce man no more
ling princes ſhall beſtrow the floor.
or leaves him with an empty boaſt;
main, but four againſt an hoſt.
once diſcharge the deadly dart,
fix ſhall reign Ulyſſes' heart:
uit periſh, their great leader ſlain;
one ſtroke the glory loſt regain.
once their mingled lances threw,
all of one man's blood they flew;
Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
n'd found, one on the threſhold falls,
the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
paſs'd innocent. The godlike man
trod, and dreadful thus began:
brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
hem Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
us race to all their paſs'd miſdeeds
our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
: at once their fiery lances flew:
optolemus Ulyſſes ſlew;
eceiv'd the prince's dart;
rd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
is by thine, Eumæus, falls;
thunder echoes round the walls.
reat: the victors now advance,
he dead reſumes his bloody lance.
e diſcharge the ſteely ſhower;
: fruſtrate by the Virgin-power.
'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall;
d the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
, or ponderous with the brazen head,
leſs on the pavement ſoundi ng dead.
Amphimedon his javelin caſt;
Telemachus, it lightly raz'd;
'teſippus' arm the ſpear elanc'd
mæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd:
of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
long, and dropp'd upon the ground.
the next, Eurydamus, to bear
ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
is renown'd the faithful ſwain.
ugh the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled
niletius gloried o'er the dead.
d thy pompous vaunts and high diſ-
n ſcandal, voluble, and vain! [dain;
s mortal pride! To Heaven alone
f actions and our fates are known;
old what gratitude we bear:
's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.
randiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
ords that inſtant tell;
eritus expiring lay,
- javelin tore its bloody way
his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
f out and brains beſmear the ſtone.
is ſhines confeſs'd! aloft ſhe ſpreads
vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
l ægis blaze in their eye;
r ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
iſtracted, through the rooms they
nadden'd by the breeze's ſling,
r days, and *long, ſucceed the gentle*

Not half ſo keen fierce vultures of the chaſe
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quivering net
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they heard me when I counſell'd well.
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh! ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead!
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped;
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the Heaven-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the reverend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus with accent ſoft began;
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force, and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy ſonneteſt, nor ſordid pay,
Nor ſervile flattery, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
Ch! mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth unhappy Medon lay,

Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon stands;
Ah! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship's plighted faith rely;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires—With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' opposing kind,
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All heap'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stifling prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Eurycleа to the death'ful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays:
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On beams of death the fierce Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall', the mighty deed complete;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compostedly said—
Woman, experienced as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and calm thy secret soul.
To insult the dead, is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind.
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou, sincere, O Eurycleа! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she: In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the hand-maid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing task deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor suffer that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft new close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—the matron cry'd.
Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds:
In haste the matron parts; the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
This (every table clean'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with their lovers let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.
He said: the lamentable train appears,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task, imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the bare court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: To these shall we afford
A fate so pure as by the martial sword!
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship-cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Where no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to wave with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: thy lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen shears
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel.
He roar'd, and stream'ts gave his soul to hell—
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Eurycleа then address'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
Then Eurycleа: Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away:
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

lphur ſtrait, and fire," (the monarch
ıd at the word obedient flies,
ıd ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
ıatron ſprings with eager pace,
s her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſs'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

wakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope redits her; but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. ſi interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to 'ather.

) the queen as in repoſe ſhe lay,
ıurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her
)rts of her faithful heart ſupply
outh, and give her wings to fly.
s my child? the reverend matron cries:
s! ariſe my child, ariſe!
ppears the long-expected hour!
ıes! the ſuitors are no more!
ey view the golden light of day!
)leſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
at her words, the mournful queen re-
'd
:r wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
us Powers, who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
lighten, and confound the wiſe,
ı thought with unreſiſted ſway,
raiſe, enlarge or take away:
:heir high decree, thy voice forſakes,
with the tongue of Wiſdom, ſpeaks:
e fond illuſion to impoſe!
atter or deride my woes?
I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
ear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
I wake to grieve; and curſe thy ſhore,
may never tongue pronounce thee
nother might have felt our rage,
acred, and we ſpare thy age.
ı with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
s, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
er, patient o' the ſuitors' wrongs,
le licence of ungovern'd tongues,
hine. Thy ſon his latent gueſt
, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
concreted art to end his woes,
ıt once in vengeance on the foes.
:t ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport
ng
:he couch, and round the matron hung;
er eye deſcends the rolling tear,
more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, though by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan;
The damſel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we ſate, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires:
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haſte, daughter, haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy every wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives, his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telamachus and thee!
Ah! no; with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wandering mind;
How bleſs'd this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah! no; ſome God the ſuitors' deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is juſt, and by a God they dy'd,
For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more:
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſylvan war
Plough'd half this thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.

Then, daughter, haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from thy tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
To whom with oblique joy the queen replies:
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;
The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives? Who ſhall trace their way?
But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors tred
The paths of death, by ſtealth, or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At every ſtep debates her lord to prove!
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppoſ'd before the ſhining fire ſate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence! why with winning charms
Thus ſlow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſs'd of mighty woes;
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtraſting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerleſs to ſpeak, I fcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion; doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh! deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;
Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:
No more.—This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, though mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wiſe;
For wiſdom all in thine! Io, I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy cowardſon degen'rate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath, (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome refound the mirthful lay;
While the ſwift lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' circled paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
The ſlaughters' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpired by Jove.
Thus ſpoke the king: th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The lyriſt ſtrikes the string: gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.
The voice attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof reſounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Mean while the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a ſhower of fragrance ſheds:
Then, dreſs'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with ſuſſe gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.
And, O my queen he cries, what power above
Has ſteel'd that heart averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when heaven reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euriclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breaſt,
Ah! no; ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bower the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſs'd in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if Heaven commands.
Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head,
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhower;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aleft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then, poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold,

n'd by rude ungovern'd hands,
ite the olive ſtands,
queen, to ſay: and now impart,
in, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
ie ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
embles, falls, and faints away:
overing, to his arms ſhe flew,
aim cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
r'd down amain: and, Oh! ſhe cries,
t thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
every turn of human art,
eakneſs of a woman's heart!
Powers, that mortal lots diſpoſe,
ſuſtain a length of woes,
flower of life, the bliſs deny
gether, fade away, and die.
let me not thine anger move,
e, thus, thus to ſpeak my love,
kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
ſoul, and die within thy arms!
ud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
, and make the ſex their prey:
ondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
n, O my lord! not want of love:
Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;
oſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
ld wander, and that Greece ſhould

ills that from injuſtice flow,
all our wretched lives with woe.
ſe ſorrows when my lord arrives?
eld! my own Ulyſſes lives!
f the bridal bed are known
me, to Actoris alone,
preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
ndant on our genial bower).
o eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
ſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
o the ſoul, the king with rapture
[tears.
d her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in
pwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
ſes, when angry Neptune roars;
the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky;
n crowds at once the ſailors die;
happy, while the tempeſt raves,
: tumult of conflicting waves,
h ooze deform'd he views the ſtrand,
g forth with tranſport graſps the land:
queen with equal rapture glows,
ov'd lord, and to his boſom grows,
y ended till the morning ray:
eaſtward held the riſing day,
of night retarding, to detain
urora in the wavy main!
ng ſteeds emerging through the night,
e eaſtern hills with dreaming light.
Uly ſſes with a ſigh replies:
t cruel Fate, repoſe denies;
ig, and hard, remains behind;
above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
ſas through th' eternal gates
ide, to learn my future fates.

But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains,
Reſtore thee ſafe, once more thy Clymes reigns.
But what thoſe perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.
To this the King: Ah! why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory or approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to fail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all the ethereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days.
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſs'd. [play
Such future ſcenes th' all righteous Powers diſ-
By their dread * ſeer, and ſuch my future day.
To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Eurycleia with diſpatchful care,
And ſage Eurynome, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynome deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his faithful ſpouſe Ulyſſes led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;
But in diſcourſe the king and conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away:
Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,
His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds conſumed bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds; his liſtening ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears how ſtain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;

* *Tireſias.*

How to the land of Lote unbleſs'd he ſails:
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſperous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How, on the barbarous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bower,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic power,
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How, in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how, unarm'd he paſt the Syren-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of Day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides,
How, ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow.
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How ſav'd from ſtorms, Phæacia's coaſts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through the aërial way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſpread:
My Queen! my Conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears;
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by Heaven, the queen diſcern
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, though wiſe! This morning ſtrait
The deathful ſcene; on heroes, heroes roll'd,
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſtreath'd in arms inceſſant ſtrides
To wake his ſon, and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city gate: Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſuits of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country meets retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged. Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene; to
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
So cowering fled the fable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends.
And now the gates where evening Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtream
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,
And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!
Nought elſe are all that thin'd on earth before
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his ſide in Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp purſued

emn ſadneſs through the gloom of hell,
in of thoſe who by Ægyſtus fell.
ghty chief! (Pelides thus began)
'd by Jove above the lot of man!
a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
ngeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
thou the firſt to view this dreary ſtate?
s the nobleſt the firſt mark of Fate?
n'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
which all lament, and none can ſhun;
ter hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
ateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might
e.
marbles to record thy praiſe:
ife eternal on the faithful ſtone
h tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
vier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
an is happy, till he knows his end?
of Peleus! greater than mankind!
gamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
appy thou! to preſs the martial plain
caps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
s of ſmoke, rais'd by thy noble fray,
d terrific ev'n in death you lay,
ges of blood flow'd round you every
'd the ſtrife, till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
in tempeſts the dire evening cloſ'd.
the fleet we bore the honour'd load,
ent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
nguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we
l;
w'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
t the curling honours of his head.
t the news thy azure Mother came:
green ſiſters waited on the dame:
of loud lament through all the main
rd: and terror ſeiz'd the Grecian train:
th ir ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
or ſpoke, they liſten'd and obey'd.
ld experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
g viciſſitudes of human things.)
ur your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
urn Achilles, leads her azure train."
three ſtands the daughters of the deep,
e in heavenly veſts, and round thee weep,
hee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
conſecrating verſe, complain.
rlike Greek the moving muſic hears,
n-hearted heroes melt in tears
nteen nights and ſeventeen days return'd,
wa. mortal or immortal mourn'd.
r we gave thee the ſucceeding day,
d ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
a God, adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
er'd warriors round the burning pile
fleet courſer's o'er the racer's toil;
ouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
abſorpt in all-embracing flame
at was mortal of thy mighty name,
collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
nes and unguents in a golden vaſe

(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the ſame urn a ſeparate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys:
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And ſuch thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won,
Doom'd by ſtern Jove at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſtus and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain,
On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And timorous paſs'd and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy ſhade,
His ancient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy Neptune ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleagur'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore
When our triumpha t navies touch'd your ſhore;
Forc'd a long month the wintery ſeas to bear,
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.
O king of men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapleſs fate.
Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſued his royal dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mixed the various thread;
Ye peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:

Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should, he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd: but, ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail:
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Forc'd ſhe completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.
Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulyſſes to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his ſon from ſandy Pylos repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confederate to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulyſſes in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way:
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:
Then to her ſuitors bade the queen propoſe
The archer's ſtrife: the ſource of future woes,
An omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
Firſt bleeds Antinous; thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall:
Some God aſſiſted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.
Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon fair realms above,
Our mangled bodies now deformed with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
Oh bleſs'd Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſs'd
His ſudden rapture) in thy conſort bleſs'd!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled:
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic ſong!
The general ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulyſſes and his band
Paſs'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court;
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command:
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If theſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know
(Their light and deareſt object long ago),
Now chang'd with time with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter, and he ſeeks the field,
Through rows of ſhade, with various fruits crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his face, retracing every line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his reverend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole.
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul.—
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his ſire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:

ging round the plant ſtill hangs his
t remits the work, while thus he ſaid:
hy ſkill, O father, great thy toil,
ul hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
iron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
ne empty ſpot eſcapes thy care,
plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
eglected, but thyſelf alone.
ie, father, if this fault I blame;
vanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
y ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind:
s thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
ionarch in that princely air,
thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
fair garments, and the joys of wine,
the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
thy matter, ſay? and whoſe the land
and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
orted the firſt man I view'd,
ly iſlander, of manners rude)
er conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
ie whiſtled, and purſu'd his way,
whom years have taught to underſtand,
hear, and anſwer my demand:
ſeek, a wife one and a brave,
he yet, or moulders in the grave?
(my fortunes then were at the beſt)
ny houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
rom Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
aertes was his father's name.
whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
d hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd:
ven talents of pure ore I told,
loaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff
gold;
hat rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
i'd in female works, four lovely dames,
the father, with a father's fears,
rable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
e land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
's men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
e glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
nt friend, O ſtranger, is no more!
npence thy bounty elſe had borne;
good man yields a juſt return:
ghts demand; and who begins
of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins,
e, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd
rs have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that
?
eſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
at he was! and that I am! my ſon!
an to miſery was born,
to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
his friends, and from his native reign,
prey to monſters of the main,
beaſts his mangled relics tear,
ing vultures ſcatter through the air:
l his mother funeral unguents ſhed;
d his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſued
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſperous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran:
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face:
I, I am he; O father riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, O my ſire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, Laertes, "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs: and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.
Smit with the ſigns, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;

He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſs'd:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?
To this Ulyſſes: As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at a lowly door
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the godlike grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face,
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſeparate from the ſon.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man;
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train.
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,
Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſs'd, thy wiſh'd return! Oh, ſay
To the chaſte Queen, ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings leads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride,
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And ſtraight reſum'd his ſeat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by the images, and the banquet grace.
Now flying fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Through all the city, of the ſuitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are waſted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with ſighs, he thus began:
Great deeds, O friends! this wonderous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a numerous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke)
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke:
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that ſtruck, and Heaven was on his ſide.
A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When, ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:
(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;

ur ſons, your lawleſs ſons, the rein
d by Mentor and myſelf in vain).
hero's bed they ſought to foil,
ero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
e riot, and intemperate luſt!
was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
n my counſels in an equal ſcale,
ruin—Juſtice will prevail.
erate words ſome better mind perde:
and join him; but the number ſtay'd.
they ſhout, with haſty phrenzy fir'd,
all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
heir limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
effulgence blazes in the ſun.
city, and in ample plain,
: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
them not, and Death attends him

ſs'd on earth, while in the realms

us to cloud-compelling Jove:
ume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
ipreme! O Ruler of the whole!
hou doom'd to this divided ſtate
l amity, or ſtern debate?
purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.
y thought my own? (the God replies
he thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
ng ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
's return ſhould make the guilty
?
and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.
ne iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
ne ſuitors, Heaven ſhall bleſs the land.
the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
he pair, Oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
bleſſing, by his people bleſs'd.
eace—He ſaid, and gave the nod
the Fates; the ſanction of the God:
apt to execute th' eternal will,
Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
f hunger and of thirſt repreſs'd:
he foe a truſty ſpy he ſent;
olius on the meſſage went,
e way, and at a glance beheld
proach, embattled on the field.
ward ſtep he haſtens to the bower,
the news. They arm with all their

ends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
ere all the ſons of Dolius' race;
too his ruſted arms put on;
more old, in arms Laertes ſhone.
with warmth, the hoary heroys ſtand,
n Panoply inveſts the band.
ng gates at once their war diſplay:
ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
ent joins them with celeſtial aid,
's form, the Jove-deſcended Maid:

The ſuffering hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſs'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſte.
So ſpoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy; [cries,
And, Bleſs'd! thrice bleſs'd this happy day! he
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair virtue, and conteſt for fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter firſt implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air,
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, diſmiſs'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear;
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
Before the father and the conquering ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her aw'ful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to
"ſpare."
Fear ſhook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confuſ'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the Gods! Ulyſſes, ceaſe;
Offend not Jove: obey and give the peace.
So Pallas ſpoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN thoſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flattery knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.

Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found,
Art ſtrengthening Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful ſound,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Although diſgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.
Some, in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral;
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flowers her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be to the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought;
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In fillet the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long-loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence:
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were:
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her watery plains;
The juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſt chear,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in every line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light;
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green,
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Not free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe;
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:

, nor ſing in vain, with numbers fir'd
taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd
r'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
rom theſe dreams by thy commanding
in,
vander through the field or plain;
Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
ſtretch'd line, or hear the thundering
I melt with pity, when I ſpy
d earth the fluttering pheaſant lie!
robes in dazzling lines appear,
feather ſhines and varies there.
I paſs the generous courſer by;
the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
he 's gone! and now I ſee him fly
and dales; and now I loſe the courſe,
ie rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
thy Virgil from his orb look down,
r a courſer that might match his own!
the ſport, and eager for the chace,
murmurs ſtop me in the race.
efuſe Lodona's melting tale?
omplaint ſhall over Time prevail;
be told when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
ph be ſung when ſhe can flow no more.
all the ſong, old Thames! forbear to
ne,
ie ſubject and the ſong divine.
ng by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons
heir ſhouts for victory before.
d Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
d ſhould tremble at her awful name;
ious ſprings divided waters glide,
nt colours roll a different tide,
long their crooked banks a while,
ey murmur and enrich the iſle;
iſtinct through many channels run,
at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
one glorious and immortal Thames.

TO MR. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

THE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Muſe, of every heavenly gift allow'd
be the chief, is public, though not
proud.
xtenſive is the Poet's aim,
ch verſe he draws a bill on Fame.
have wit (whatever they pretend)
raiſe a Patron or a Friend;
ſoe'er the theme or object be,
nmendations to themſelves foreſee.
us find, in your foregoing page,
rating Poems of the age;
ajuriſts ſcruples think it fit,
their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who ſtrive for you, as Greece for Homer ſtrove;
Whilſt he who beſt your Poetry aſſerts,
Aſſerts his own, by ſympathy of parts.
Me Panegyric verſe does not inſpire,
Who never well can praiſe what I admire,
Nor in thoſe lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counſel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauſes by deſert;
Inform the head, whilſt you diſſolve the heart:
Inflame the ſoldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the ſage:
Allure, with tender verſe, the Female race;
And give their darling paſſion, courtly grace:
Deſcribe the Foreſt ſtill in rural ſtrains,
With vernal ſweets freſh-breathing from the plains:
Your Tales be eaſy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part diſplay;
Nor let the Critic there his ſkill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told:
Sooth, as you only can, each different taſte,
And for the future charm us in the paſt.
Then, ſhould the verſe of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently ſtand;
In you no vanity could thence be ſhown,
Unleſs, ſince ſhort in beauty of your own,
Some envious ſcribbler might in ſpite declare,
That for compariſon you plac'd them there.
But Envy could not againſt you ſucceed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Cenſure or Praiſe muſt from ourſelves proceed.

TO MR. POPE.

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS MRS. MADAN.

O Pope! by what commanding wondrous art
Doſt thou each paſſion to each breaſt impart?
Our beating Hearts with ſprightly meaſures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapleſs Love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous ſtarts control,
Or gently ſooth to peace the troubled ſoul!
Graces till now that ſingly met our view,
And ſingly charm'd, unite at once in you:
A ſtyle polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctneſs, Homer's majeſty!
Soft Waller's eaſe, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenſer's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, Strength, Beauty, Genius ſhine,
While nervous Judgment guides each flowing Line.
No borrow'd Tinſel glitters o'er theſe Lays,
And to the Mind a falſe Delight conveys:
Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
The Weight of Senſe, and Elegance of Sound:
A laviſh Fancy, Wit, and Force, and Fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal Lyre.

The matchleſs ſtrains our raviſh'd ſenſes charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully juſt the turns appear!
The language how majeſtically clear!
With energy divine each period ſwells,
And all the third th' inſpiring God reveals.
Lo! in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;
Where his rich waves fair Windſor's towers ſurround,
And bounteous ruſh amid poetic ground.
O Windſor! ſacred to thy bliſsful ſeats,
Thy ſylvan ſhades, the Muſes' lov'd retreats;
Thy rifing hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy ſunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Iodoma's ſilver tides, that flow
Cold and unſullied as the mountain ſnow;
Whoſe virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her ſpotleſs waves ſhould ceaſe to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing ſtrains,
Still ſhall the grace and range the verdant plains;
By him ſelected for the Muſes' theme,
Still ſhine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid ſtream.

Go on, and, with thy rare reſiſtleſs art
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The ſpring and teſt of verſe unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Sooth, with thy wonted eaſe and power divine,
Our ſouls, and our degenerate taſtes refine;
In judgment o'er our favourite follies ſit,
And ſoften Wiſdom's harſh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand:
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee riſe worthy of their ſacred ſource;
His ſpirit heighten'd, yet his ſenſe intire,
As Gold runs purer from the trying fire.
O, for a Muſe like thine, while I rehearſe
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verſe!
Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
Gay as the ſtreaks that ſtain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Maander's cryſtal mirrours flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet courſers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celeſtial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight,
From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings ſtream
(As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam);
In rough hoarſe verſe we ſee th' embattled foes;
In each loud ſtrain the fiery onſet glows;
With ſtrength redoubled here Achilles ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.
So the bright Magic of the Painter's hand
Can cities, ſtreams, tall towers, and far-ſtretch'd plains command;
Here ſpreading woods embrown the beauteous ſcene,
There the wide landſcape ſmiles with livelier green;
The ſtarting glaſs reflects the diſtant ſky,
And o'er the wheels the glancing ſun-beams fly;
Buds open, and diſcloſe the inmoſt ſhade;
The ripen'd harveſt crowns the level glade.
But when the artiſt does a work deſign,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line
When the ſtretch'd cloth a rougher ſtroke receives,
And Cæſar awful in the canvas lives;
When Art like laviſh Nature's ſelf ſupplies,
Grace to the limbs, and ſpirit to the Eyes;
When ev'n the paſſions of the mind are ſeen,
And the Soul ſpeaks in the exalted Mien;
When all is juſt; and regular, and great,
We own the mighty Maſter's ſkill, as bound as complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX
TO
MR. POPE,

On Reading Mr. Addiſon's Account of the Engliſh Poets.

IF all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine,
In Addiſon's majeſtic numbers ſhine,
Why then ſhould Pope, ye bards, ye critics, unite
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire;
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' adventurous ſong.
How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals, mix'd, ſuſtain the fight!
Like Milton then, though in more poliſh'd ſtrain
Thy chariots rattle o'er the ſmoaking plains.
What though archangel 'gainſt archangel arms,
And higheſt Heaven reſounds with dire alarms
Doth not the reader with like dread ſurvey
The wounded gods repuls'd with ſoul diſmay?
But when ſome fair-one guides your ſoft verſe,
Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearſe
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in ſmoother numbers charm!
When fools provoke, and dunces urge rage,
Fleckno improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitleſs toil given
For ſtill king Theobald ſcribbles as before;
Poor Shakeſpeare ſuffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-ſtreet alleys own his lawful ſway.
Now turn, my Muſe, thy quick, poetic eye
And view gay ſcenes and opening proſpects nigh!
Hark! how his ruſtic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills reſound
The liſtening beaſts ſtand fearleſs as he ſings,
And birds attentive cloſe their uſeleſs wings.
The ſwains and ſatyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenſer is reviv'd again.
But when once more the godlike man begun
In words ſmooth flowing from his tuneful tongue
Raviſh'd they gaze, and ſtruck with wonder ſay
Sure Spenſer's ſelf never ſung ſo ſweet a lay:

igain Eliza glads the iſle,
ind Muſes thus propitious ſmile—
you thus? Why all this wonder,
?—
that ſings, and Carolina reigns.
d, my Muſe! whoſe aukward verſe
of ſkill, nor ſhows the Poet's praiſe;
, and leave ſome fitter bard to tell
in every ſtrain can write, in every
excel.

TO

Mr. POPE,

ON HIS PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

nes, he comes! bid every Bard pre-
are
of triumph, and attend his Car.
ſield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
's a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
the palm ſhe for'd him to obtain,
is gay brow, and ſhows him how to

g Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
d for all the miracles he wrought:
on did the youth he taught applaud,
ehold the earneſt of a God.
e! what ſhouts, what gathering crowds
!
their praiſe by any venal voice,
Ambitious vainly think their due,
ſtitutes, or needy Flatterers ſue.
e Chief! before him laurels borne;
rom undeſerving temples torn:
enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
ne earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
upport the blaze of majeſty.
it are they that turn the ſacred page?
ly Virgins, and of equal age;
y read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
es theſe; and ſee how they contend,
ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recom-

riot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
t an unbounded view commands:
Prous youth, what Column wilt thou

el'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
ach great Ancient court thee to his
;
very Laurel through the dome be thine,
proud Epic down to thoſe that ſhade
r brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Good and Juſt, an awful train,
delight, and glory of the Fane:

While through the earth thy dear remembrance
flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MR. HARTE.

TO move the ſprings of nature as we pleaſe;
To think with ſpirit, but to write with eaſe;
With living words to warm the conſcious heart,
Or pleaſe the ſoul with nicer charms of art:
For this the Grecian ſoar'd in Epic ſtrains,
And ſofter Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenſer felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton ſtrung his heavenly lyre.
'Tis yours, like theſe, with curious toil to
trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's ſelf with living luſtre ſhines,
How judgment ſtrengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conſcious ſenſe of fame,
And force a pleaſure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the ſtrains:
Led by ſome law, whoſe powerful impulſe guides
Each happy ſtroke, and in the ſoul preſides;
Some fairer image of perfection giv'n
T' inſpire mankind, itſelf deriv'd from heaven.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe,
Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays!
Add that the Siſters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line;
Yet Envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
Obſcures the virtue, and defames the Muſe.
A ſoul like thine, in pains, in grief reſign'd,
Views with vain ſcorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjuſt;
And are they blam'd who fall becauſe they muſt?
Yet ſure not ſo muſt all peruſe thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praiſe.
A thouſand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's ſoft ſweetneſs, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's ſtudious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's eaſier air.
So ſeems ſome picture where exact deſign,
And curious pains, and ſtrength, and ſweetneſs
join;
Where the free thought its pleaſing grace beſtows,
And each warm ſtroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakneſs, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happineſs and care!
How bleſt the man that from the world re-
moves,
To joys that Mordaunt*, or his Pope, approves;
Whoſe taſte exact each author can explore,
And live the preſent and paſt ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penſiveneſs, or ſtrife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and ſuch my fortunes be,
To live by reaſon, and to write by thee!

* *Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia.*

Nor deem this verſe, though humble, a diſgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footſteps in the paths to fame.
The Muſe, who now this early homage pays,
Firſt learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muſe as yet unhonour'd, but unſtain'd,
Who praiſ'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiaſs'd or to cenſure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend:
Perhaps too fond to make thoſe virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE

TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

BY MRS. TOLLET*.

BRITAIN with Greece and Rome contended long
For lofty genius and poetic ſong,
Till this Auguſtan age with Three was bleſt,
To fix the prize and finiſh the conteſt.
In Addiſon, immortal Virgil reigns;
So pure his numbers, ſo refin'd his ſtrains:
Of nature full with more impetuous heat
In Prior Horace ſhines ſublimely great,
Thy country, Homer! we diſpute no more!
For Pope has fix'd it to his native ſhore.

SPRING.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;
Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs refound the rural lay.
You that, too wiſe for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!

O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year:
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie!

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing;
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſes ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen:
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

* *Of whom ſee in Congreve's Poems, vol. v.*

STREPHON.

golden ſands let rich Paſtolus flow,
es weep Amber on the banks of Po;
hames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties
ld.
re my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

ial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
ynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
ſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

ature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhowers,
are the birds, and cloſ'd the drooping
wers;
ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
s to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

ture laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
a ſmile, new glories gild the ſhore,
quiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

ing the fields, in autumn hills I love,
the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
a always; abſent from her ſight,
ns at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May
ight than noon, yet freſh as early day;
ng diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here;
ſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the
.

STREPHON.

Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
ous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears:
but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

ell me firſt, in what more happy fields
ſtle ſprings, to which the Lilly yields:
a nobler prize I will reſign;
a charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

o contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
ins, whoſe Nymphs in every grace ex-
mphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing
ell!
, and haſte to yonder woodbine bowers,
reat from ſudden vernal ſhowers
with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
pening blooms diffuſe their ſweets
nd.
the gathering flocks to ſhelter tend.
the Pleiads fruitful ſhowers deſcend.

SUMMER.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant Alders form'd a quivering ſhade,
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhower.
Accept, O Garth the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iris glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the watery glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That Lute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the fame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
O! were I made by ſome tranſforming power
The captive bird that ſings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy liſtening ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking every cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!

Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again,
For you the ſwains the faireſt flowers deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriſ'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The mofſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade;
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes,
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in every grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the powers above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wondering foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſtening in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To cool the ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN,

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn.
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her the lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade every bloſſom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flowers ariſe!
Let opening roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their evening ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not ſhowers to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes; my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain;
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here, where the mountains, leſſening as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While labouring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;

urling ſmoaks from village tops are ſeen,
fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
ınd, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
ı yon' poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
he with garlands hung the bending boughs:
rlands fade, the boughs are worn away?
her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
ınd, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
right Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
olden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
ateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
luſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
ds! ſtrall all things yield returns but love!
und, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
:pherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
hat avails it me, the flocks to keep,
oft my heart while I preſerv'd ſheep?
ne, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
at ill eyes malignant glances dart?
:yes but hers, alas, have power to move!
there magic but what dwells in love?
ound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
from ſhepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
hepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
: mankind, and all the world—but love!
· thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
s gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
· fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
ound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
:ll, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
ap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains;
ore, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
; ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
:ies yet bluſhing with departing light,
falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
e low ſun had lengthen'd every ſhade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL; OR DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

YRSIS, the muſic of that murmuring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
ivers winding through the vales below,
eetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
leeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
oon, ſerene in glory mounts the ſky,
· ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
; of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

old the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
all'd the liſtening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth de-
plore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood;
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the
ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from evening ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
ſings,
Shall, liſtening in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with
tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death de-
plore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wondering mounts on
high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'erlees them and by night protects.
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

bright altars throng'd with proſtrate
s,
'd with produƈts of Sabæan ſprings!
Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
s of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
:n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
k upon thee in a flood of day!
the riſing Sun ſhall gild the morn,
ing Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
of glory, one unclouded blaze
thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
and God's eternal day be thine!
ſr all waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
l to duſt, and mountains melt away;
his word, his ſaving power remains;
lm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH
ns!

N D S O R - F O R E S T.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RGE LORD LANSDOWN.

foreſts, Windſor! and thy green re-
treats,
the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
y lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
e commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
uſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?

roves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
leſcription, and look green in ſong;
were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
m in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
ls and vales, the woodland and the plain,
th and water ſeem to ſtrive again:
os-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
the world, harmoniouſly confus'd;
rder in variety we ſee,
ere, though all things differ, all agree.
ving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
t admit, and part exclude the day;
: coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
:e indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
interſperſed in lawns and opening glade,
:es ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
full light the ruſſet plains extend;
wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
: wild heath diſplays her purple dies,
idſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
rown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing
n,
dant iſles the fable waſte adorn.
ia boaſt her plants, nor envy we
eping amber, or the balmy tree,
ıy our oaks the precious loads are born,
lms commanded which thoſe trees adorn,
ud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Gods aſſembled grace his towering
ght,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves).
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And even the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhowers diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in
vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But, while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their
fanes:
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects' cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the unconſcious
ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous ſwains! while youth ferments your
blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.

When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſtorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
Till hovering o'er them ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dies,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo):
With ſlaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft' as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial ſpring, beneath the quivering ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car.
The youth rush eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſs'd
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threatening ſteep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a QUEEN;
Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the main.
Here, too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offſpring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt).
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent, and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though baniſh'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades! there weep, and murmur there!"
She ſaid, and, melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The watery landſkip of the pendent woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green;

the fair scene roll slow the lingering
ms,
ming pour along, and rush into the
nes.
too, great father of the British floods!
ul pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
wering oaks their growing honours rear,
re navies on thy shores appear.
une's self from all her streams receives
er tribute, than to thine he gives.
rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
gentle, and no spring so clear.
swells the sabling Poet's lays,
along the skies his current strays,
which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
s stars above a lustre show,
bright Beauties on thy banks below;
we, subdued by mortal passion still,
nge Olympus for a nobler hill.
the man whom this bright Court ap-
oves,
eign favours, and his Country loves:
xt him, who on these shades retires,
ature charms, and whom the Muse in-
s,
umbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
study, exercise and ease. 240
s health from herbs the forest yields,
heir fragrant physic spoils the fields;
nic art exalts the mineral powers,
s the aromatic souls of flowers:
ks the course of rolling orbs on high;
'd worlds now travels with his eye; 246
t writ unlocks the learned store,
he dead, and lives past ages o'er:
ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
e duties of the wife and good, 250
a mean, to be himself a friend,
nature, and regard his end;
n heaven with more than mortal eyes;
ree soul expatiate in the skies,
kindred stars familiar roam, 255
region, and confess her home!
the life great Scipio once admir'd,
cus, and Trumbull thus retir'd.
ed Nine! that all my soul possess,
ptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
es's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill;
er's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
s the mountain, or while Thames shall
):
ough consecrated walks to rove,
t music die along the grove:
e found, I roam from shade to shade,
ke poets venerable made: 270
irst lays majestic Denham sung;
last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
ue.
st! what tears the river shed,
sad pomp along his banks was led!
'I.

His drooping swans on every note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung? 280
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery silvan scenes, 285
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song shouldvanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear, 310
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th'extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed! 321
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said,—"Let Discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
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A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herbs with milk, whose fields with
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

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THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper: Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

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Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
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In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The wingèd courser, like a generous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great example given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.
The generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character:
His Fable, Subject, Scope in every page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring;
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse:
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast Immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky License answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made);
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those graver beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, in fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

ark of your celestial fire,
meanest of your sons inspire,
ak wings, from far pursues your

reads, but trembles as he writes)
wit a science little known,
erior sense, and doubt their own:
uses which conspire to blind
udgment, and misguide the mind,
head with strongest bias rules,
ever-failing vice of fools.
ure has in worth deny'd,
rge recruits of needful Pride!
, thus in souls, we find
in blood and spirits, swell'd with

Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
l the mighty void of sense.
reason drives that cloud away,
upon us with resistless day.
rself: but, your defects to know,
very friend—and every foe.
g is a dangerous thing!
r taste not the Pierian spring:
draughts intoxicate the brain,
largely sobers us again.
ght with what the Muse imparts,
th we tempt the heights of Arts,
he bounded level of our mind,
e take, nor see the lengths behind;
ne'd, behold with strange surprize
enes of endless science rise!
rst the towering Alps we try,
vales, and seem to tread the sky;
ows appear already past,
lords and mountains seem the last:
in'd, we tremble to survey
abours of the lengthen'd way:
prospect tires our wandering eyes,
hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
dge will read each Work of Wit
spirit that its author writ:
HOLE, nor seek slight faults to
moves, and rapture warms the

that malignant dull delight,
pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
ys as neither ebb nor flow,
, and regularly low,
g faults, one quiet tenour keep;
me indeed—but we may sleep,
ure, what affects our hearts
ness of peculiar parts;
or eye, we beauty call,
force and full result of all.
we view some well-proportion'd

just wonder, and ev'n thine, O

unequally surprize,
ed to th' admiring eyes;
height, or breadth, or length ap-

once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by heaven (he answers in a rage!
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for Language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to Fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaz'd th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow.
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize:
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

d art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
Quintillian's copious work, we find
rules and cleareſt method join'd:
arms in magazines we place,
n order, and diſpos'd with grace,
pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
ſe, and ready at command.
ld Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
eir Critic with a Poet's fire.
udge, who, zealous in his truſt,
th gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
example ſtrengthens all his laws;
'ch that great Sublime he draws.
ſucceeding Crit cs juſtly reign'd,
eſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
d Rome alike in empire grew,
ill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
ne foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
ne age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
ny, then Superſtition join'd,
body, this enſlav'd the mind;
eliev'd, but little underſtood,
till was conſtrued to be good:
luge Learning thus o'er-ran,
nks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
vild torrent of a barbarous age,
thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
her trance, and trims her wither'd

ent Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
ne duſt, and rears his reverend head.
ure and her ſiſter-arts revive;
d to form, and rocks began to live;
r notes each riſing Temple rung;
ainted, and a Vida ſung.
ida: on whoſe honour'd brow
ays and Critic's ivy grow:
ow ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
place to Mantua, next in fame!
, by impious arms from Latium
'd,
at bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
s o'er all the northern world advance,
earning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
ive Britons, foreign laws diſpiſe,
nconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
ne liberties of wit, and bold,
'd the Romans, as of old.
ere were among the founder few
o leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
aſſert the ſiſter ancient cauſe,
ſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
e Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Roſcommon, not more learn'd than

rs generous as his noble blood;
Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
uthor's merit but his own.

Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty contells riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—this verſe to Caryl, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſk ſo bold, can little men engage?
And in ſoft boſoms dwell ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſt watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in ſlumber cauſed her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Fareſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Habitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;

Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with Men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denv'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart:
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises to her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty 's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.

er white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
h Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore,
ively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
s as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
ars to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
e rejects, but never once offends.
t as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
raceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
t hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
on her face, and you'll forget them all.
is Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
ſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
ual curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
ſhining ringlets the ſmooth ivory neck.
in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
nigbty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
hairy ſpringes we the birds betray;
lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey;
reſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
Beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
' adventurous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
w, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
v'd to win, he meditates the way,
ce to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
hen ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
ſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
tious heaven, and every power ador'd;
nefly Love—to Love an altar built,
elve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
ll the trophies of his former loves.
tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
reathes three amorous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
o obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
powers gave ear, and granted half his
rayer;
eft, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
n-beams trembling on the floating tides:
melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
often'd ſounds along the waters die;
h flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
s ſmil'd, and all the world was gay,
t the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
ipending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
mmons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
icid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
e'm'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
n the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
arent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
to the wind their airy garments flew,
glittering textures of the filmy dew,
l in the richeſt tinctures of the ſkies,
light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
every beam new tranſient colours flings,
s that change whene'er they wave their
ings.

Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the ſun,
He raiſ'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky;
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, though leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Not let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flowers;
To ſteal from rainbows, ere they drop in ſhowers,
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her favorite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Though ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or tranſfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;

Of Alum ſtyptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flowers.
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing towers,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtatesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte awhile the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang, that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come,
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flower,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter power;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a ſhining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillo firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage,
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war: now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mein, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread?
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
The' embroider'd King who ſhows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find,
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green:
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille,
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate),
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:

g Altars of Japan they raiſe
lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
r ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
ina's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
ey gratify their ſcent and taſte,
ient cups prolong the rich repaſt.
er round the Fair her airy band;
he ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
ner lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
g, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
which makes the politician wiſe,
rough all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
n vapours to the Baron's brain
agems, the radiant Lock to gain.
raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
y pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
ien to miſchief mortals bend their will,
n they find fit inſtruments of ill!
, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
ig'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
in Romance, aſſiſt their knight,
he ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
the gift with reverence, and extends
engine on his fingers ends;
behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
he fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
he Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
nd wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
ce they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
e look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
.
at inſtant, anxious Ariel fought
receſſes of the Virgin's thought;
e noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
i'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
ie view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
ly lover lurking at her heart.
confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
'eer now ſpreads the glittering forfex
ides,
the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
n, before the fatal engine cloſ'd,
ed Sylph too fondly interpoſ'd;
'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
y ſubſtance ſoon unites again),
ring points the ſacred hair diſſever
e fair head, for ever, and for ever!
ſhat'd the living lightning from her eyes,
ams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
er ſhrieks to pitying heaven are caſt,
hands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
!
rich China veſſels, fall'n from high,
ring duſt and painted fragments lie!
reaths of triumph now my temples twine
'tor cry'd), the glorious Prize is mine!
h in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
oach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
as Atalantis ſhall be read,
nall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
ſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
amerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conquering force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive Nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to lift, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe:
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling fires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple tears:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.

Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks; 51
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus addreſs'd the Power—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rules the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy power diſdains, 65
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion where no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe, 75
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, though ſhe grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the vent
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd, 95
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine 105
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt! 110
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze! 116
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe, 126
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! tis paſt a jeſt—nay pr'ythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain;
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock, I ſwear.
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew, 135
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head, 145
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd: and thus ſhe ſaid:
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen! 150
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hand ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck; 170
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;

hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
s, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
ou, cruel! can content to ſeize
n fight, or any hairs but theſe!

CANTO V.

: the pitying audience melt in tears;
e and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's

leſtris with reproach aſſails,
n move when fair Belinda fails?
fix'd the Trojan could remain,
a begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
ied, and thus the Nymph began.
' are Beauties prais'd and honour'd

an's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
l with all that land and ſea afford,
s call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
?
the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
e all theſe glories, all our pains,
-ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains!
ay ſay, when we the front-box grace,
firſt in virtue as in face!
ance all night and dreſs all day,
ſmall-pox, or chac'd old-age away;
l not ſcorn what houſewife's cares
e,
ld learn one earthly thing of uſe?
ay ogle, may become a Saint;
t ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
las! frail beauty muſt decay;
curl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
d, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
o ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
emains, but well our power to uſe,
od-humour ſtill, whate'er we loſe?
ie, Dear! good humour can prevail,
and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcold-

vain their pretty eyes may roll;
e the fight, but merit wins the ſoul.
the Dame, but no applauſe enſued;
vn'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
arms! the fierce Virago cries,
lightning to the combat flies.
arties, and begin th' attack;
folks ruſtle, and tough whalebones

Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
d treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
weapon in their hands are found;
ey fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
old Homer makes the Gods engage,
y breaſts with human paſſions rage;
s, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
npus rings with loud alarms;
ler roars, heaven trembles all around,
ne ſtorms, the bellowing deeps re-

, her nodding towers, the ground
ay,
ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Maænder's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly ſtrength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdued:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incenſ'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die, dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock, ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft' ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes:

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's prayers,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
drew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heaven beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.
This the Beau-monde ſhall from the Mall
ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-
viſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghoſt, along the moon-
light ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Powers! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world be-
fore,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children
fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies
ſteel'd,
And curſt with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful
bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were cloſ'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compoſ'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſtrall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF

CATO.

wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
o raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
ke mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
s the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
nding tears to ſtream through every age;
s no more their ſavage nature kept;
es to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
thor ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
ro's glory, or the virgin's love;
ing Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
ild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
ears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
ars as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
s your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
lls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
nmon object to your ſight diſplays,
nat with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
e man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
reatly falling with a falling ſtate.
Cato gives his little Senate laws,
boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
ees him act, but envies every deed?
ears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
hen proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
y vaſt, and impotently great,
d Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
dead father's reverend image paſt,
omp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
iumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from every eye;
orld's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
ſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
onour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
tons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
new you have the virtue to be mov'd.
honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
ench tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
o have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
lly warm'd with your own native rage:
plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
to's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

ODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
from her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
night have held the pretty head aſide,
d in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore!—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of their ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tell us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love!

Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And turn'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Sott ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I 'm in my own diſeaſe.
No more the Lesbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Thau ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Though great Alceus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Though ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heaven itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd:
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vaſt a memory has love!
My Muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear,
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wandering heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He 's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who migh not—ah! who would not be undone!
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn:
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep:
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;

then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
ell to rage, now melt in tears again.
cer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
irſt-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
nful brother with a ſmile appears,
my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
d image ever haunts my eyes;
y this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
ith my love, and furious with deſpair,
my garments, and my boſom bare,
s, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
onſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
art all my care and my delight,
longing, and my dream by night:
, more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
ncy gives what abſence takes away,
ſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
my fair deſerter to my arms!
und your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
u, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
nd tender words I hear and ſpeak;
nd melting kiſſes give, and take:
rcer joys; I bluſh to mention theſe,
le I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
o, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
hings wake to life and joy, but I;
e more forſaken, I complain,
k my eyes to dream of you again:
ntic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove;
ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
w my pleaſures, could relieve my pains
e Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
s around, the hanging roofs above,
rm'd me more, with native moſs o'er-
wn,
rygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
: ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
on gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
ſt entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
t earth which once was preſs'd by you,
vith tears the withering herbs bedew.
the fading trees appear to mourn,
ls defer their ſongs till thy return!
ides the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
e mournful Philomel and I:
aruful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
s ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
ng there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
reens the moſſy margin grace,
by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
y ſight a watery Virgin ſtood:
and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
nce, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending
's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
ion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd;
"But when from hence he plung'd into the
"main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps
"below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to
prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the
main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood pro-
phane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I 'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
"Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
"Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
"What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with
thee;
"The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful
be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs, and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſs'd;
This breaſt, which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo
well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes
dwell?
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall
ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling
ſtring:
My Phaon 's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no ſighs, no numbers,
move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my numbers
bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?

If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſperous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or ceaſe to love!

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! from Abelard it came,
And Eloiſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain laſt Eloiſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in prayer;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heaven liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee,
Nor envy them that heaven I loſe for thee.
How oft, when preſs'd to marriage have I ſtood,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made!
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, e're from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!

where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
rd had oppos'd the dire command.
, ſtay: that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
: was common, common be the pain.
ıore; by ſhame by rage ſuppreſs'd,
nd burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
ou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
ins at yon altar's foot we lay?
forget what tears that moment fell,
ırm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
ld lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
:s all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
arce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
s with wonder heard the vows I made.
to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
: croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
, or zeal, love only was my call;
loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
ith thy looks, thy words, relieve my
;
at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
at breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
delicious poiſon from thy eye,
ıy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
hou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
inſtruct me other joys to prize,
r beauties charm my partial eyes,
/ view ſet all the bright abode,
: my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
ık at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
falſe world in early youth they fled,
› mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
d theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd
diſe was open'd in the wild.
ng orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
es irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
ſaints, by dying miſers given,
e the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
one walls (their days eternal bound)
ıoſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets
n'd,
/ful arches make a noon-day night,
lim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
diffus'd a reconciling ray,
ns of glory brighten'd all the day.
no face divine contentment wears,
lank gadneſs, or continual tears.
the force of others prayers I try,
fraud of amorous charity!)
ſhould I on others prayers depend?
ou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
hy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
hoſe tender names in one, thy love!
ſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
gh, and murmur to the hollow wind,
ıdering ſtreams that ſhine between the
,
s that echo to the tinkling rills,
ıg gales that pant upon the trees,
; that quiver to the curling breeze;
theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
› reſt the vi ionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding aiſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, Heaven! but whence aroſe that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine!
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget!
But let heaven ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come, oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep?"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſpering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins Hymenaels ſing;
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.

O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah, hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light th' dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heaven; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come!" (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and
"pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a ſainted
"maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
"Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear;
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties
"here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments mayſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my liſted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more,
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From opening ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;

fly fay, with mutual pity mov'd,
y we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
e full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
ll the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice;
at ſcene if ſome relenting eye
n the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heaven,
an tear ſhall drop, and be forgiven.
if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
illitude of griefs to mine,
'd while years in abſence to deplore,
ge churms he muſt behold no more;
here be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
ur ſad, our tender ſtory tell!
ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
n paint them who ſhall feel them moſt.

THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME.

oft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhowers
orth the green, and wake the riſing
rs;
ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
relenting feels the genial ray:
ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
e the morn myſterious viſions brings,
er ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
pha ntoms in wild order roſe,
d, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
nethought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
creation open to my eyes:
balanc'd hung the globe below,
untains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
l rocks, and ſtarry waſtes were ſeen;
cy cities, and the woods green:
ſhips delight the wandering eyes;
s and intermingled temples riſe:
r ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays;
n landſcape now in clouds decays.
wide proſpect as I ſtar'd around,
eard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
thunders that at diſtance roar,
murmuring on the hollow ſhore:
a glorious pile beheld,
ing ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd,
rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
gent, and ſlippery was the way;
rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
d, to diſtant ſight, a ſolid ſtone,
s here of various Names I view'd,
r part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
es ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
once had promiſ'd they ſhould laſt.
engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
in, nor could their trace be found.
w, that other names deface,
eir own, with labour, in their place:
, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
ur'd, and left the firſt behind,

Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas rear'd each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſtaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil;
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden Thebes expire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the lengthening ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name;
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Great Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' embody'd
ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;

Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's Prieſt the gild d riches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſceptr'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſinear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that died to be by Poets ſung,
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which, o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Raiſ'd on a thouſand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields purſued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdued;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God,
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in every ſtate,
And fearce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much ſuffering heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell.
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the ſane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Though blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſcloſ'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar different ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.
Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;

ead a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
Animals his ſides ſurround;
eyes, erect, appear to view
rlds, and look all Nature through.
al rays immortal Tully ſhone,
Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne.
is flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
ak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
me's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
at Father of his country owns.
aſſy columns in a circle riſe,
a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
e top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height,
midſt proud Fames's imperial ſeat
s blaz'd magnificently great;
meralds there revive the eye,
g rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
e rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
amber caſts a golden gleam.
is-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
fire appear'd the glowing throne;
high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
a rainbow of alternate rays.
e Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
roof her towering front ſhe raiſ'd.
the Temple every moment grew,
r Viſtas open'd to my view:
he columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
widen, and long aiſles extend.
er form, as ancient bards have told,
e her arms, and wings her feet infold;
busy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
nd open eyes, and thouſand liſtening

order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
hey raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
's firſt birth began the heavenly lays,
eternal, through the length of days.
theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
et, ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
nations, ſummon'd at the call,
rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
tongues the mingled ſounds were heard:
garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
e bees, that with the Spring renew
ery toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
fields and ſhaded waters fly,
g, ſeize the ſweets the blooms yield,
murmur runs along the field.
f ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
grees before the Goddeſs bend;
the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
ng youth, and narrative old age.
s were different, their requeſt the ſame;
nd bad alike are fond of Fame
diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours
d;
ceſſes equal merits found.
blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
erning ſcatters crowns and chains.

Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud;
By juſt degrees they every moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At every breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which full grew ſweeter, as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd
(ſaid Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful Trump of ſlander ſounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gathering ſcandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The poiſonous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain, was their dreſs and modeſt was their mein.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But, ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride,
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, though high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean from heaven to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd every maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigued with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the crowd.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome power unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace, is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighbouring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it ſpread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And towers and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:

remain and ſome to periſh ſoon;
: and wax alternate like the moon.
, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
y the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro'
ſky.
:, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
d truth contending for the way;
g 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
irſt ſhould iſſue through the narrow vent:
greed, together out they fly,
ible now, the truth and lye;
& companions are for ever join'd,
; or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
ius I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
ie, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
uld thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
rue, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
; that ſecond life in others breath,
e which wits inherit after death!
alth, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
it man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
d, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
ſs wits their enemies profeſt,
ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
ie I flight, nor for her favours call;
es unlook'd-for, if ſhe comes at all.
e purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price
ing Folly, or exalting vice:
he Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
w ſtill where fortune leads the way;
baſis bear my riſing name,
all'n ruins of another's fame;
ch me, heaven! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
m my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
h'd let me live, or die unknown;
an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

: liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
ays of old, a wiſe and worthy Knight;
manners, as of generous race,
much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
ſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
ould rule ſome idle appetites:
go, let Prieſts ſay what they could,
al laymen were but fleſh and blood.

But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly-dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his conſtant prayer,
Once e'er he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortify'd with reaſon ſtill,
(For none want reaſon to confirm their will).
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heaven to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night inva ſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſlanderous words regard,
But curſe the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, an ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:

Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe co. duct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the jews and ew the Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and ſober life,
Would try that Chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But ha'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke):
Beneath the weigh of three core years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hatening to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you now too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heaven has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But, ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſires approv'd by your conſent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Theſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs:
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then I ſhould live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die?
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed:
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the powers above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heaven's conſent and mine.

And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in every part
Think not my virtue loſt, though time has ſhed
Theſe reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.

He ſaid; the re: in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd and Juſtin that.

Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone):
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But with the Wife Man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and beſits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to man!
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With reverend dulneſs, and grave impotence.

Juſtin, who ſlept ſat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philoſophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the firſt degree,
(Who, though not Faith, had Senſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of generous principles, and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend:
And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.

I shed full many a private tear,
ce, left the world should hear!
iends applaud my blissful life,
ortal's happier in a wife;
ste as any vestal Nun,
ature that beholds the sun!
nortal powers, I feel the pain,
rts has reason to complain.
, for me; you must be sage,
e; for wisdom is in age:
rs, to venture on the air;
de the ocean, earth, and air,
:, when her occasions call,
most vigorous of us all.
Sir, the chastest you can chuse
nce, and exact her dues.
my noble Lord offend,
non here is at an end.
; wondrous well, the Knight re-

nsman, saith you're mighty wise!
ols, and must reign the cause
uthors, proverbs, and old saws.
corn, and turn'd another way:—
friend, my dear Placebo, say?
he, by heaven the man's to blame,
:, and wedlock's holy name.
ouncil rose, without delay;
n opinion, went his way;
nt, that, all disputes appeas'd,
ould marry, when and where he

it January exults with joy?
wedlock all his soul employ;
; turns his wavering mind possest,
e short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
ctur'd every lively part,
it image wander'd o'er his heart.
public Forum fix'd on high,
ws the figures moving by;
:, in swift succession, pass
idows o'er the polish'd glass.
arms the nicest could not blame,
ions had aspers'd her fame;
sense, but not with virtue, blest;
race, that wanted all the rest,
long what nymph he should obey,
upon the youthful May.
new not, Love is always blind,
'm revolv'd within his mind:
, her form divinely fair,
n, her attractive air,
aviour, her enchanting face,
itness, and majestic grace.

prudence did our knight rejoice,
o mortal could dispute his choice:
naste he summon'd every friend,
all, their pains were at an end.
said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
sort worthy of my bed:
se th' election, since on this
uiet, and my future bliss.
re is, the darling of my eyes,
zous, artless, innocent, and wise;

Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and all are my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
These endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.
This Justice heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not even in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The Old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And place'd in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing lutes, the soft recorders are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on every Knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her Lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King;
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
Damian alone of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart and fed a secret fire.
His lovely Mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire his lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems me not to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For every labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time the occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung: they feasted in the hall:
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sate the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.
Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selected influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd the impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:

fex's mirrour, free from pride,
meek to prove a homicide.
le: Some sages have defin'd
vereign bliss of human-kind:
ho study'd much, we may suppose)
gh philosophy from those;
ice, he bore the vast expence
p, and proud magnificence:
stately, his retinue gay;
train, and gorgeous his array.
garden, made to yield to none,
'd round with walls of solid stone;
not half describe the grace
l of gardens) of this charming place:
e the rambling wits of France
ptions, and exceed Romance;
ame the gentlest bard that sings
eadows, and of purling springs.
centre of the flowery ground,
ntain spread its streams around.
anks with verdant laurels crown'd;
ring (if ancient fame say true)
lves their moon-light sports pursue:
king, and little fairy queen,
nces rambol'd on the green,
d sprites a merry concert made,
lic warbled through the shade.

noble knight would oft repair,
f pleasure, and peculiar care)
held it dear, and always bore
ey that lock'd the garden-door.
et place, in summer's sultry heat,
n noise and business to retreat;
dalliance found the live-long day,
a tele," with his sprightly May:
work was undischarg'd a-bed,
s knight in this fair garden sped.

what mortal lives of bliss secure?
space our worldly joys endure!
fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
s still, and wavering as the wind!
monster, form'd mankind to cheat
ng poison, and with soft deceit!
this amorous venerable knight,
ese, his solace and delight,
d by thee, resigns his days to grief,
n death, the wretch's last relief.

e of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
not suffer'd from his side to stray,
he kept; he watch'd her night and day,
er pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
tears did hapless May complain,
full oft, but sigh'd and wept in vain:
on Damian with a lover's eyes;
was fix'd, she must possess or die!
mpatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
delay, and burning with desire.
the wax, yet could he not refrain
writing to disclose his pain:
by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
were conscious what each other meant.

ntle Knight, what could thy eyes avail,
he could see as far as ships can sail?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend Knight was urg'd to amorous play;
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.

I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And joined to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
He cease'd and May with modest grace reply'd
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd):
Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.
First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd in to a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still ring in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
Thus while she spoke, a side-long glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worship'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And single out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither the obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;
And, ove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the globe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.
So featly trip'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
This, with a crown, the King bestows his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun;
All wealth, all honours, the first degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said; Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But couldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus says the King, who knew your wicked ness:
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all.
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the trumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed!
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age!
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wife husbands, gull'd by arts like these
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
What though this slanderous crew, this Solomon
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are;
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we
By this no more was meant, than to have shown
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more

what lavish praises you confer
k leacher and idolater;
eig n, indulgent God, says holy writ,
or David's righteous sake permit;
he monarch after Heaven's own mind,
'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
I 'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
would swell me, and my heart would
k.
en, I scorn your dull authorities,
e wits, and all their learned lies.
en, these authors are our sex's foes,
in our right, I must and will oppose.
quoth the King) dear Madam, be not
roth:
up; but since I gave my oath,
much-injur'd knight again should see,
e done—I am a King, said he,
whose faith has ever sacred been.
has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
er she shall have, I undertake;
an end of all dispute I make.
n you list; and you shall end, my Lord,
n our sex to break our word.
ve them here in this heroic strain,
he Knight our story turns again;
he garden, with his lovely May,
rier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
nt and kind I 'll ever prove to thee."
inging as he went, at last he drew
teps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
ing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
perch'd among the boughs above.
'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she
l,
ngs, what sudden shoots, distend my
!
tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
the love of Heaven's immortal Queen!
rest Lord, and save at once the life
or infant, and thy longing wife!
gh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
l not climb, and had no servant nigh:
was, and void of eye-sight too,
ld, alas! a helpless husband do?
t I languish then, she said, and die,
the lovely fruit before my eye?
kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
the trunk between your arms to take;
m your back I might ascend the tree;
ut stoop, and leave the rest to me.
ll my soul, he thus reply'd again,
l my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
, his back against the trunk he bent,
l a twig, and up the tree she went.
rove your patience, gentle ladies all!
n me your heavy anger fall;
I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
s the Lady in the Tree might do,
gambols never known to you;
t was a merrier sit, she swore,
er life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!
If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight):
So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.
What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it *seem'd* too plain—
By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind
(Reply'd the dame): are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.
Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight 's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.

So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight:
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove never, the oracle more true than this,
Nor e'er judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
With that he lay'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vow,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wife husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE

WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE,

FROM

CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.
Christ few a wedding ones, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain first was ne'er design'd.
"Encrease and multiply," was Heaven's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belyed.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never strict our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, in heav'n above
Think it to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few light spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us diverent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.
Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's-name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine:
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign,
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new paisy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul, (twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife in rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse!
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

ıld, now sourly splenetic; 90
ı well, and fretful when she 's sick.
haste she cannot long abide,
outh attack'd on every side;
ealth the lusty lover lures,
t some fool-gallant procures, 95
nces with becoming grace,
ıses the defects of face.
no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
: honest gander for her mate.
ıu say'st) and asses men may try, 100
ected vessels ere they buy:
random choice, unitry'd they take;
n courtship, but in wedlock wake:
l then, the veil 's remov'd away,
oman glares in open day. 105
:, to preserve your wife's good grace,
ıst always languish on my face,
with constant flatteries feed my ear,
sentence with, My life! my dear!
: chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
ıe complexion must be prais'd.
always must be new and gay,
l kept upon my wedding-day.
ıy nurse be pleas'd, and favourite

eats, and endless visits paid, 115
ı of kindred, friends, allies.
ay'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
too you cast a squinting eye:
ur 'prentice raise your jealousy?
ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
urnish'd gold his curling hair.
wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
ur 'prentice, should you die to-
w.
chests all lock'd? on what design?
orldly goods and treasure mine?
ool; nor shall you, by St. John,
ıd body to yourself alone.
quit, in spite of both your eyes—
the bolts, and locks, and spies.
, you 'd say, "Go where you will,
, I credit not the tales they tell:
freedoms of a married life;
for a virtuous, faithful wife."
ı you have enough, what need you

oever others fare? 135
: day I give and take delight.
fficient will be left at night.
and rational desire,
er at a neighbour's fire.
ager too, you think, in rich array,
long be modest that are gay. 141
ıu but singe her tabby skin,
keeps, and sits content within;
n sleek, will from her corner run,
tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
air round face, and frisks abroad,
ur, and to be catterwaw'd.
friends, I wrought to my desires
ht ancient venerable sires.

I told them, thus you say, and thus you do, 150
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors; 155
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace, 160
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold. 175
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
"Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy "cheek;
"Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and "meek! 185
"Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
"Well should you practise, who so well can "teach.
"'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
"But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
"Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
"Who puts a period to domestic strife.
"One of us two must rule, and one obey;
"And since in man right reason bears the sway,
"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her "way.
"The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
"Their tender husbands, and their passions "cool'd.
"Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
"What! would you have me to yourself alone?
"Why take me, Love! take all and every part!
"Here 's your revenge! you love it at your "heart. 200
"Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
"You little think what custom I could have.
"But see! I 'm all your own—nay hold—for "shame;
"What means my dear—indeed—you are to "blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good God! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sate and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
(Kind heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband pis'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town);
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every Church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy Masquerade,
The Stations duly and the Vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moths ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him;
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A Conjurer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

ale: A month scarce pass'd away,
d song we kept the nuptial day.
I gave to his command,
chattels, money, house, and land;
d, and repent it still;
bel to my sovereign will:
heaven, he struck me on the face;
fact, and judge yourselves the case.
any lioness was I;
ll well to raise my voice on high;
bler as I was before,
e so, in spight of all he swore.
s right sagely would advise,
ples set before my eyes,
Roma matrons led their life,
mother, and Duilius' wife;
sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
ave sentence out of Holy Writ.
e say, Who builds his house on

d horse across the fallow lands;
e abroad with pilgrims roam,
ol's-cap, and long ears at home.
d not; for whoe'er he be
faults, I hate him mortally:
mbers more, I boldly say,
, clergy, regular, and lay.
(who was, you know, to learning

atise oft at evening read,
s Authors (whom the devil con-

lies) were in one volume bound.
ole; and of St. Jerome, part;
d Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
overbs, Eloïsa's Loves;
ore than sure the Church approves.
were there here of wicked wives,
all the Bible and Saints lives.
e Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man.
women write as scholars can,
tand mark'd with far more wicked-

ons of Adam could redress.
haunts the breast where Learning

ets ere Mercury can rise.
e scholars, who can't play the men,
weapon which they have, their pen;
nd past the relish of delight,
hey sit, and in their dotage write,
woman keeps her marriage vow.
way, but to my purpose now).
my husband, on a winter's night,
book, aloud, with strange delight,
female (as the Scriptures show)
own spouse and all his race to woe.
fell; and he whom Dejanire
h' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
Eryphile her lord betray'd,
ambush Clytemnestra laid.
st pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
nd-bull — oh monstrous! fie for

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergoe;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the Sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A willing noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd and frown'd:
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and by extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS

HIS

THEBAIS.

Tranſlated in the Year M.DCC.III.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes, having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocaſta, put out his own eyes, and reſigned the realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tiſiphone to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus King of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the Shades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters ſhould be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers, by whom the hides of theſe beaſts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Chereœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality. The ſacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he need not apologiſe for his choice of this Piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood, but, finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprang,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And ſix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conquering eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole:
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove
In youthful arms t'aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Increaſe of glory to the Latian name!
O bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the ſtars contract their heavenly ſpace,
And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place?
Though all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine:
Though Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne, and ſhare his heaven with thee:
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, the rage,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wandering ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis' near Iſmeno's ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughtered ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Phrygian's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain on every ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, deprived of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But, while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day,

eflecting mind preſents his ſin
l views, and makes it day within;
thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
and furies haunt his guilty ſoul;
h then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
ty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
unds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he
,
n his breaſt theſe dreadful accents
:
s! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
lty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
e Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
lreary coaſts, which I, though blind,
l:
that oft has heard my prayer,
edipus deſerve thy care!
iv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
l the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
Polybus, I took my way
's temple, on that fatal day,
he ſon the trembling father dy'd,
three roads the Phocian fields divide:
ynx's riddles durſt explain,
thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
I, by baleful Furies led,
ſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's

d thee begot an impious brood,
full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
ondemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
n theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight:
d aid the vengeance I require,
hee, and what thou mightſt inſpire!
eir old unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
wander, unregarded mourn,
exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
, ye Gods! who, with flagitious pride,
lackneſs, and my groans deride.
Father, unregarding Jove?
thy thunder in the realms above? 110
, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
their children's children ſhall prevail:
heir heads that crown diſtain'd with

e dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
parent's heavy curſes bear;
e bonds of nature, and prepare
red ſouls to mutual hate and war.
to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
m, ſome glorious villainy!
hou find, if thou but arm their hands,
guilt preventing thy commands:
u ſome great, proportion'd miſchief

ve the father from whoſe loins they
e.
y heard, while on Cocytus' brink
unty'd ſulphureous waters drink; 125
immons roll'd her eyes around,
'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the
!
ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.

Through croud of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and, ſickening at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From every blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round;
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks returmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſovereign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided power.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay;
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more: O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' Almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad Ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main.
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.

, ally'd to Jove, offend: 315
e, see Jove himself descend.
ings their line from Cadmus trace,
Perseus those of Argive race.
nus' fate who does not know,
eries of succeeding woe? 320
ries, from the deeps of night,
x'd with men in mortal fight:
other, stain'd with filial blood;
ter, and the haunted wood?
quet why should I proclaim, 325
at grieve the trembling Gods to

he sins of these prophane,
sink into the western main
the radiant east again.
en (the blood of Laius shed) 330
son ascend his parent's bed,
e nature force his way,
cred womb where once he lay?
kness and despair he groans,
mes of guilty fate atones; 335
corn their eyeless father view.
d and make them bleed anew.
Oedipus, just heaven alarms,
ngi g Thunderer in arms.
thy guilty race will tear, 340
ations to the waste of war.
with Gods averse, shall join
with the Theban line:
ll rise, and mortal war succeed;
ns of Tantalus shall bleed: 345
oom; this all-remembering breast
ng a ce for the tyrant's feast.
l thus the Queen of heaven re-

grief her labouring bosom burn'd):
cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
e, in bloody wars contend? 351
hose regions my protection claim,
ns, in riches, and in fame:
he fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
led Argus slept, and bled; 355
the brazen tower was storm'd of

cended in almighty gold.
on those obscurer rapes,
rimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
here, shining in celestial charms,
umphant to a mortal's arms, 361
ories o'er her limbs were spread,
ntnings dance'd around her bed;
the vengeance it deserves may

l Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
will thy sister Queen controul,
st of discord fires thy soul,
mos, let Mycene fall,
the dust the Spartan wall;
rtal Juno's power invoke, 370
re with eastern incense smoke,
k beneath the sacred stroke;
all my rights transfer,
and temples smoke for her;
Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
lus hear the timbrel sound. 376

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barbarous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the Queen express'd 400
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care: 406
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend:
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will. 410
For, by the black infernal styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420
Let the pale fire revive Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread, 431
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.

Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and towers th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Meantime the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wanering thoughts delight,
His daily vi on, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees hi abſent brother fly,
With tra ſport views the airy r le his own,
And ſwells on an imagi ary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt,)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground,
Then ſees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hangi g cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtraight that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſpreads her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd: Sleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, deſcending through the ſtent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcattering ſhades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs, and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky;
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſhrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhowers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flaſh from every cloud.
Now ſmeaks with ſhowers the miſty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Erimanthus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, new rapid torrents play,
Ruſh through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
T' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the watery war,
That, driven by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps:
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on every ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban Hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's poiſonous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil he lies,
And wait till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion, and a brindly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt:
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the preſiding God ordain.

pleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
n his brother, leaves his native land,
r'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
h the thick deſarts headlong urg'd his
ht:
the fury of the tempeſt driven,
s a ſhelter from th' inclement heaven,
d by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
thus the chiefs from different lands reſort
ſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
g ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
ws their arms and habit with ſurprize.
yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
e employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
' manly ſhoulders overſpread:
his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood;
the pride and terror of the wood.
k with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
ng th' accomplith'd Oracle ſurveys,
s Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
ided Godhead, and his future ſons.
his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
glad horror ſhoots through every vein.
ven he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
us invokes the ſilent Queen of night:
deſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy
gn
angled arch glows with the ſtarry train;
lo the cares of heaven and earth allay,
ure quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
to new vigour with the riſing day;
who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
ſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
ent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
l, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
thy name our annual rites will pay,
thy altars ſacrifices lay;
le flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
l thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
ithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
ul Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!
, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch
y'd;
his inner court the gueſts convey'd:
yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
ſt yet white upon each altar lies,
lies of a former ſacrifice.
g once more the ſolemn rites requires,
ds renew the feaſts and wake the fires.
in obey, while all the courts around
oiſy care and various tumult ſound.
ider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
we the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
ls depending lamps with beams of light;
aves in canifters are pil'd on high,
ere in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
e in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
couch receives each princely gueſt;
l at awful diſtance wait the reſt.

And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace.
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd;
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloiſt apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Daraus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move with languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in the' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celeſtial power they call;
With Phœbus name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the ſuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe: our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But, ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand arts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Tranſfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſon with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding fair enjoy'd:

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumber on his infant eyes
Yet even in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But generous rage the bold Choræbus warms,
Choræbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Choræbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But, fir'd with rage, from Cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the fruitful year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'st thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:
With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor dost thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullest rays;
For whom, as Mars no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit attrest'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd!
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;

om Cadmus I derive my race,
and Thebes my native place.
King (who felt his generous breast
concern for his unhappy guest)
why forbears that son to name
father, known too well by fame?
lights around the world to stray,
take our Argos in her way.
who dwell where suns at distance

ilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
o tread the burning Lybian lands,
Syrtes, and the moving sands;
e wettern sea's extremest bounds,
anger in their eastern grounds;
vers of Oedipus have known,
our furies, and your haunted town.
the parents' crimes deterr'd,
from those his lineage can defend?
nfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
ll the honour of thy race.
tars begin to steal away,
re rainy at approaching day.
e wine; and in your tuneful lays
found the great Apollo's praise.
nzbus! whether Lycia's coast
ountains thy bright presence boast;
weet Castalia thou repair,
ilver dews thy yellow hair;
o find fair Delos float no more,
nthus, and the shady shore;
seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
structures rais'd by labouring Gods;
how and mortal shafts are borne;
ns thy blooming youth adorn:
laws of secret fate above,
e counsels of almighty Jove,
e seeds of future war to know,
of sceptres, and impending woe;
ul meteors spread through glowing

of light, and shake their blazing hair.
e Phrygian felt, who dar'd aspire
muse of thy heavenly lyre;
veng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
l victim of thy mother's fame;
w Python, and the dame who lost
us offspring for a fatal boast.
doom thy just revenge appears,
to furies and eternal fears;
s food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
ering rock that trembles from on

s hear our prayer, O Power divine!
hospitable Argos shine,
Style of Titan please thee more,
le rays th' Achæmenes adore;
ris, who first taught the swain
fields to sow the golden grain;
o whose beams the Persian bows,
e hollow rocks, his awful vows;
se head the blaze of light adorns,
the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE

FABLE

OF

DRYOPE.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Book IX.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).
This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That please a God, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look:
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphisius, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw unhappy! what I now relate,
And, stood the helpless witness of thy fate.

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There with'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andremon and th' unhappy sire
Appear and for their Dryope enquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And clasp the trunk as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearl appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And frait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess form'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Book IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach the obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now gliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These care alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair!
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you!" (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you!

whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Queen; nor Helen's fatal charms.
v, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
nd court you, though they court in vain,
nd ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
nt our moun ains, and our Alban woods.
ou'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
ge and long experience render wiſe,
whoſe tender care is far above
theſe lovers ever felt of love,
re than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd]
'ertumnus, and reject the reſt.
rm faith I dare engage my own;
himſelf, himſelf is better known.
it lands Vertumnus never roves;
ı; contented with his native groves;
rſt ſight; like moſt, admires the fair;
he lives, and you alone ſhall ſhare
affection, as his early care.
he's lovely far above the reſt;
ıth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
at he varies every ſhape with eaſe,
s all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.
: ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
ai cares and pleaſures are the ſame.
your orchard's early fruit are due,
ing offering when 'tis made by you)
:s theſe; but yet (alas!) complains,
! the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
it ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
ful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
ıe kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
ſy you, can move the God's deſire:
wn ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire;
ompaſſion touch your gentle mind;
'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
no froſt, when early buds appear,
the promiſe of the youthful year;
ds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
ıe light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
when the various God had urg'd in vain,
aſſum'd his native form again;
ıd ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
through clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
nce exerting his refulgent ray,
he darkneſs, and reve ls the day.
prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign:
n, appearing in a form divine;
mph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
ming features, and a youthful face;
oft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

CHAUCER.

I

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecrefie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond.
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To fiſch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
"But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
"Ho! quoth another, Coſen John;"
And ſtoopen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-hie, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quaake.
"O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke ſame thing Maids longen a'ter?
"Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
"Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II.

SPENCER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN every Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall.
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry.

Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the ſtail:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, ev'n the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandering ſtreams, and Windſor's towery pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd veſſel fail
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heavenly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heavenly muſick ſhould be heard alive.

Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he.
A Poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound;
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives.
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flowery Treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhower their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants ſhine
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream;
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

ILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
, next thoſe the faireſt light,
iom the Ocean firſt did riſe:
through Miſts we ſee the Sun,
ſe we durſt not gaze upon.

ver drops, like morning dew,
ll the fervour of the day:
me cloud ſoft ſhowers we view,
laſting lightnings burſt away.
that fall from Celia's eye,
ur Doom is drawing nigh.

y in that ſunny Sphere
: a Phaëton appears,
w'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
ht fit to drown him in her Tears:
it th' ambitious Nymph aſpire
ike him, Heaven too on fire.

V.

. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

ENCE! coeval with Eternity,
hou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be;
e vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

was the ſway, ere heaven was form'd, or
arth,
uitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
vife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant
orth.

III.

various elements, againſt thee join'd,
: more various animal combin'd,
n'd the clamorous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

ongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low.
vrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
ked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

ebel Wit deſerts thee oft in vain;
n the maze of Words he turns again,
ks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

ted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
:ſs'd with argumental tyranny,
ted Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
n thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
rniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſs'd;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldſt thou be!

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Favourites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant the lawyer's ſophiſtery,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt, all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
  Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHYRNE.

PHYRNE had talents for mankind,
  Open ſhe was and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate
  Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
  Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging ſhe 'd appear;
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
  'Twas S' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
  At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
  And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
  Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
  Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing,
  Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia.
Tythe Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes ſen gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays ——— if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews;
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor Swift.

AN ESSAY

ON

SATIRE.

Occaſioned by the Death of Mr. Pope. Inſcri
Mr. Warburton.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

PART I.

Of the End and Efficacy of Satire. The I Glory and Fear of Shame univerſal, a This Paſſion, implanted in Man as a Spur tue, is generally perverted, ver 41. A becomes the Occaſion of the greateſt Follies, and Miſeries, ver. 61. It is the Work o to rectify this Paſſion, to reduce it to its Channel, and to convert it into an Incen Wiſdom and Virtue, ver. 89. Hence it that Satire may influence thoſe who defy a Human and Divine, ver. 99. An Objec ſwered, ver. 131.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow ſp
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in Yours and Britain's
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in reſt profo
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wou
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Nigh
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Re
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly ſ ar
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.

But you, O Warburton! whoſe eye refin'
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a pure Delight;
You viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd ther
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign
And pour new luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the eſſorts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſu
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
Satire's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may com
And reverence His and Satire's generous End

breaſt there burns an active flame,
of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
n One, though various it appear,
n'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
g Infant, and the hoary Sire,
h and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
ns of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
ly, that Glory may purſue
er reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
: proud City, and the lowly Shade,
; alike the Sceptre and the Spade.

leaven in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
vain Man, in Folly only wiſe,
ie Manna ſent him from the Skies;
ures hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
lly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
eceitful Shadow tempts his view,
: imag'd Subſtance quits the true;
atch the viſionary Prize,
f Glory plunges deep in Vice;
y zealous, impotently vain,
s every Praiſe he pants to gain.

till imperious Nature plies her part;
her Dictates work in every heart.
'er that ſovereign Nature bids enjoy,
corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
nty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
ons rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
iew heights, forbidden paths explore,
'n thoſe virtues which they fed before.

re, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
: of Evils, is perverted Shame.
his load, what abject numbers groan,
ngled Slaves to folly not their own!
y faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
s weakneſs, intereſt, or caprice.
l to low Ambition, poorly great,
es in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
he treacherous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
t for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
non Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
ſpers cloſe, "The World will call you Fool."

lyon Wretch, by impious faſhion driven,
and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heaven.
ieſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
s the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
s purſues the path Spinoza trod;
a Coward, and a Brave to God.

Juſtice, Heaven itſelf now quit their hold,
falſe Fame the captive Heart is ſold:
blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
aſte Lucretia's Innocence betray'd
nat Honour which was meant its aid.
rtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
aſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satires's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe;
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes towering Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Power,
Though oft ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And every foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane;
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd Bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poiſonous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapp'd in wiles!
And Force, ſtrong-ſinew'd, rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Power too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But Satire's Shaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a ruling Paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, deſies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear;
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice;
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satires' frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heaven.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent;
Though ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, Vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. Juſtice and Truth its chief and eſſential Property, ver. 169. *Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whoſe Province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known Truths, ver.* 191. *Proper Subjects of Satire are the Manners of preſent Times, ver.* 239. *Decency of Expreſſion recommended, ver.* 255. *The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chaſtiſed, ver.* 269. *The Variety of Style and Manner which theſe two Subjects require, ver.* 277. *The praiſe of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety, ver.* 315. *Caution with regard to Panegyric, ver.* 329. *The Dignity of True Satire, ver.* 341.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degenerate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe or wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart:
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from innocence to tear
Their name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.

Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo Shaftſbury rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the Idiot Guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd, becauſe they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a Fool, becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her power divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh Berkeley by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad Adventurer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-eyed Reaſon at her helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.

Though diſtant Times may riſe in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent Age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were;
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born Sharpers only dar'd to lye,
Or faiſify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold;

unworthy mein her form debaſe,
her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
h be temperate, temperate in her ſpleen;
hile ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
t her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
l his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——;
uſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
wrapp'd in Irony's tranſparent veil;
uties half-conceal'd, the more ſurpriſe,
ener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
e your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd;
iodius honourable, Bufa chaſte.

net on Folly an indignant eye:
er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
ot Vice; Abſurd the thought and vain,
the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
re; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
ave exults: to ſmile, is to approve.
uſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown;
olly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.

r next what meaſures to each Theme belong,
t your thoughts and numbers to your ſong;
g proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
p to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
hen a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
: expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
s numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
ounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
s familiar ſing the midnight toil
ips and Senates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades,
ies off the captive King—of Spades!
e here in milder vigour ſhine,
ly graceful ſport along the line;
tly paſſion quit her thin pretence,
le each Affectation into ſenſe.

when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid;
imes, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
itleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
t Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
te-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
nk Adultery on the genial bed
Cocytus rears her baleful head:
ivate Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
itors barter Liberty for gold:
ll Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
foundation of a ſinking State:
iant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
itain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
rmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
er ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
-wing ſhe gains Parnaſſus' height,
Epic ſoars a nobler flight:
ner indignation fires her eye;
h her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
r wrath involves the guilty World.

tire oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
s on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene!
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd merit ſhine;
Where burſting glories, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art,
From Murray's tongue flow pure to the heart:
Sees York to fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to every virtue, but his own;
Hears unſtain'd Cam with generous pride prochaim,
A Sage's, Critic's, and and a Poet's name:
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To Hagley's honour'd ſhade directs her view;
And culls each flower to form a Wreath for you.

But tread with cautious ſteps this dangerous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native luſtre that muſt ſhine;
The Poet can but ſet it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A ſordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real Merit then adorn your lays,
For ſhame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by Satire's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landſcape may deſign;
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolſey or a Cromwell riſe;
Now, with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Cheſterfield's or a Lonſdale's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may every Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

The Hiſtory of Satire. Roman Satiriſts, Luciliu., Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, ver. 357, *&c. Cauſes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of Satire, ver.* 389. *Revival of Satire,* 401. *Eraſmus one of its principal Reſtorers, ver.* 405. *Donne, ver.* 411. *The Abuſe of Satire in England, during the licentious Reign of Charles* II. *ver.* 415. *Dryden, ver.* 429. *The true Ends of Satire purſued by Boileau in France, ver.* 439. *and by Mr. Pope in England, ver.* 445.

THROUGH Ages thus has Satire keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind;
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.

This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth law her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next, avenging Satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then ſportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre;
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe;
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart;
But, while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſius wrote;
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign;
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent Eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome;
And ſwept audacious greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage every flower;
So barbarous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſickening Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove;
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, though his Rhyme was proſe;
He 'midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had Satire well reſum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commerce,
And treacherous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race antaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine:
Wit's ſhattered Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain the kindred ſkies,
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Power, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt;
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile.
And ſhower her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres every Poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light;
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joys ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Stars' effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy Genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a purer tranſport o'er the heart.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES;

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

OF Man in the abſtract.—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our own ſyſtem, being ignorant of the relations of ſyſtems and things,* ver. 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being ſuited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown,* ver. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* ver. 77, &c. IV. *The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The impiety of putting himſelf in the place of God, and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* ver. 109, &c. V. *The abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the final cauſe of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural,* ver. 131, &c. VI. *The unreaſonableneſs of his complaints againſt Providence, while in the one hand he demands the Perfection of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the ſenſitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* ver. 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal order and gradation in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a ſubordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; that reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* ver. 207. VIII. *How much farther this order and ſubordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation muſt be deſtroyed,* ver. 233. IX. *The extravagance, madneſs, and pride of ſuch a deſire,* ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all the abſolute ſubmiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future ſtate,* ver. 281, &c. to the end.

ſhoots momentary fires,
eteor, while we gaze, expires:
y the ſulphurous breath of Vice,
lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
nd conſtant, like the ſource of day:
eam, prolific and refin'd,
s, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
each wintery Paſſion's gloom,
the Virtues into bloom.
immortal Pope, to thee be given.
was indeed a Gift from Heaven.
nequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
hleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
ip e'er miſlead thy wandering Muſe?
ſhip fire may plead the great excuſe:
Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
ſt, and amiably wrong.
is ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
Virtue when it flows from Love.

leſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
own'd with never-fading bays!
n artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
tle lamp at your immortal fire?
Warburton, inſpir'd by You,
Muſe a nobler path purſue,
ſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
r Country's glory fire her page;
r fate, do thou, fair Truth, deſcend;
ful guard her in an honeſt end:
ere, inſtruct her equal line
o Friend, no own a Foe but thine.
giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
l paths; to run the maze of wit;
ſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
ncenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
ge thy power, the black attempt confound,
the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
l to ſcorn, inſtructed Bards may ſee
t is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they ſhade;
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis conſeſt,
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reaſoning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain:
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watery waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

reatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Man 's unhappy, God 's unjuſt;
e ingroſs not Heaven's high care,
perfect here, immortal there:
his hand the balance and the rod,
s juſtice, be the God of God.
reaſoning Pride, our error lies;
r ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
aiming at the bleſt abodes,
be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
be Gods, if Angels fell,
ie Angels, Men rebel:
t wiſhes to invert the laws
ins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

or what end the heavenly bodies ſhine,
hoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for
:
ind Nature wakes her genial power;
ach herb, and ſpreads out every flower;
or me, the grape, the roſe, renew
nectareous, and the balmy dew;
he mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
ealth guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
o waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
ool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

ot Nature from this gracious end,
g ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
quakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
e grave, whole nations to the deep?
eply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
by partial, but by general laws;
otions few; ſome change ſince all began:
t created perfect?"—Why then Man?
end be human Happineſs,
e deviates; and can Man do leſs?
at end a conſtant courſe requires
and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
rnal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
ever temperate, calm, and wiſe.
r earthquakes break not Heaven's deſign,
Borgia, or a Catiline?
, but he whole hand the lightning forms,
old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
ng Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
from pride, our very reaſoning ſprings;
moral as for natural things:
we Heaven in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

us, perhaps, it might appear,
all harmony, all virtue here;
air or ocean felt the wind,
paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
ſts by elemental ſtrife;
s are the elements of Life.
Order, ſince the whole began,
lature, and is kept in Man.

it would that Man? Now upward will he

leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the powers of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics given,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if trembliugly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heaven had left him ſtill
The whiſpering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental powers aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of ſmell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From poiſonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Inſtinct varies in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reaſoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſeparate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The powers of all ſubdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing—On ſuperior powers
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs through the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundation to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name;
Our proper bleſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heaven beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, as an Individual.

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver.* 1 *to* 19. *The Limits of his capacity, ver.* 19, *&c.* II. *The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reaſon, both neceſſary, ver.* 53, *&c. Self-love the ſtronger, and why, ver.* 67, *&c. Their end the ſame, ver.* 81, *&c.* III. *The Paſſions, and their uſe, ver.* 93 *to* 130. *The Predominant Paſſion, and its force, ver.* 132 *to* 160. *Its neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes, ver.* 165, *&c. Its Providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue, ver.* 177. IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident: What is the Office of Reaſon, ver.* 202 *to* 216. V. *How odious Vice in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it, ver.* 217. VI. *That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections, ver.* 238, *&c. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Orders of Men, ver.* 241. *How uſeful they are to Society, ver.* 251. *And to Individuals, ver.* 263. *In every ſtate, and every age of life, ver.* 273, *&c.*

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reaſoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

he planets in what orbs to run,
ld Time, and regulate the Sun;
with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
ſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
he mazy round his followers trod,
ing ſenſe call imitating God;
n prieſts in giddy circles run,
their heads to imitate the Sun.
Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
p into thyſelf, and be a fool!

r beings, when of late they ſaw
Man unfold all Nature's Law,
uch Wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

ie, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
r fix one movement of his Mind?
its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
s own beginning or his end?
it wonder! Man's ſuperior part
d may riſe, and climb from art to art;
his own great work is but begun,
ſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

ſcience then, with Modeſty thy guide;
off all her equipage of Pride;
hat is but Vanity or Dreſs,
ng's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
ous pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
he whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Vices have created Arts;
ow little the remaining ſum,
v'd the paſt; and muſt the times to come!

o Principles in human nature reign;
to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
good, nor that a bad we call,
s its end, to move or govern all;
ir proper operation ſtill,
Good, to their improper, Ill.

e, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
omparing balance rules the whole.
for that, no action could attend,
for this, were active to no end:
a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
utrition, propagate, and rot;
e-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

ength the moving principle requires;
taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
quiet the comparing lies,
t to check, deliberate, and adviſe.
ſtill ſtronger, as its object nigh;
t diſtance, and in proſpect lie;
mmediate good by preſent ſenſe;
e future and the conſequence.
an arguments, temptations throng,
re watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
l uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
habit, and experience gains;
thens Reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
us to divide than to unite;
and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
a raſh dexterity of wit.

Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, though ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul;
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind

Paſſions, like elements, though born to fight
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different ſenſes, different objects ſtrike:
Hence different Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, which muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its ruling Paſſion came;
Each viral humour, which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;

Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
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Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Scie
guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

e ſtrange comfort every ſtate attend,
beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
it paſſion every age ſupply;
ls through, nor quits us when we die.
he child, by nature's kindly law,
h a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
er plaything gives his youth delight,
uder, but as empty quite:
ers, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
and prayer-books are the toys of age:
h this bauble ſtill, as that before;
e ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Opinion gilds with varying rays
ted clouds that beautify our days;
of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
acuity of ſenſe by Pride:
l as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
ap ſtill laughs the bubble, joy:
ſt loſt, another ſtill we gain;
vanity is giv'n in vain;
Self-love becomes, by force divine,
o meaſure other's wants by thine.
onfeſs one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
Though Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

ature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society, ver. 7 Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet wholly ther, ver. 27. The happineſs of Animals ver. 49. II. Reaſon or inſtinct operate he good of each Individual, ver 79. Reaſtinct operate alſo to Society in all animals, 1. III. How far Society carried by Inſtinct, 5. How much farther by Reaſon, ver. V. Of that which is called the State of Na-r. 144. Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in ntion of Arts, ver 166. and in the Forms y, ver. 176 V. Origin of Political So-ier. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. bal Government, ver. 212 VI. Origin of gion and Government, from the ſame prin-Love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of Super-l Tyranny, from the ſame principle of Fear, , &c. The Influence of Self-love, operat-e ſocial and public Good, ver. 266. Re-f true Religion and Government, on their iple, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. rious Forms of each, and the true end of 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But muſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the General Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is this alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of Heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful ſtill the weak controul:
Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods:

For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very li e his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, make him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,

Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrac
They love themselves, a third time, in their
Thus beast and bird their common charge att
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the c
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrac
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting band
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits r
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual thos
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life begar
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combi
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kin

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE th
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the
The same his table, and the same his bed:
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold u
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless pri
Heaven's Attribute was Universal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of time to come
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general gro
Murders their species, and betrays his own
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Ma

See him from Nature rising slow to Art
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature sp
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructio
"Learn from the birds what food the thi
"Learn from the beasts the physic of the
"Thy arts of building from the bee rec
"Learn of the mole to plough, the wor
"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
"*Spread the thin oar, and catch the driv
"Here too all forms of social union find
"And hence let Reason, late, instruct M
"Here subterranean works and cities see
"There towns aerial on the waving trees

* And from the graceful swan that l
Learn Man to form thy ... glio

ch ſmall People's genius, policies,
:'s republic, and the realm of Bees;
ſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
archy without confuſion know;
ſe for ever, though a Monarch reign,
parate cells and properties maintain.
at unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
ſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
hy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
Juſtice in her net of Law,
t, too rigid, harden into wrong;
he ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
ind thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
the wiſer make the reſt obey:
thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
n'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
built, Societies were made:
ne little ſtate: another near
ke means, and join'd, through love or

e trees with ruddier burdens bend,
he ſtreams in purer rills deſcend? [205
could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow;
rn'd a friend, who came a foe.
d Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
was Liberty, and Nature Law.
were form'd; the name of King un-
vn,
n intereſt plac'd the ſway in one. 210
TUE ONLY (or in arts and arms,
:ffings, or averting harms)
hich in a fire the Sons obey'd,
e Father of a People made.
then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
, and parent, of his growing ſtate:
eir ſecond Providence, they hung
is eye, their oracle his tongue.
wondering furrow call'd the food,
ommand the fire, controul the flood, 220
the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
aërial eagle to the ground.
g, ſickening, dying, they began
rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
ng up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
rſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
dition that this All begun,
broken faith from ſire to ſon;
from the work diſtinct was known,
Reaſon never fought but one: 230
que had broke that ſteady light,
is Maker, ſaw that all was right;
in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
a Father when they own'd a God.
faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
knew no right divine in Men,
fear in God; and underſtood
being, but a ſovereign good.
true policy, united ran;
t love of God, and this of Man. 240
taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms un-

ts faith of many made for one;

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, Law;
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe, [245
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heaven on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food; 265
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders ſhook the world be-
low,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through juſt, and through
unjuſt,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, luſt: 270
The ſame Self love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore 285
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Power's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings, 290
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring intereſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings 295
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty,
made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt; 300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwarts this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, ſupported lives:
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade Self love and Social be the ſame.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. *Falſe Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from ver.* 19 *to* 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver.* 30. *God intends Happineſs to be equal; and to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver.* 37. *As it is neceſſary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods ſhould be unequal, Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe, ver.* 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of Hope and Fear, ver.* 70. III. *What the Happineſs of Individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver.* 77. *The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver.* 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver.* 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt, ver.* 133, *&c.* VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue, ver.* 167. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in Riches, ver.* 185. *Honours, ver.* 193. *Nobility, ver.* 205. *Greatneſs, ver.* 217. *Fame, ver* 237. *Superior Talents, ver.* 257, *&c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men, poſſeſſed of them all, ver.* 269, *&c.* VII. *That Virtue only conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is univerſal, and whoſe proſpect eternal, ver.* 307. *That the perfection of Virtue and Happineſs conſiſts in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Reſignation to it here and hereafter, ver.* 326, *&c.*

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal figh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe:
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair opening to ſome Court's propitious ſhrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind:
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe:
Some, ſunk to Beaſts, find Pleaſure end in Pain;
Some, ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain:
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs,
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"

And

And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some-way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first Law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same, in subject, or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If there to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, or Virtue Woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial Ill is universal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is still at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
But first consider how those Just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want Health, the good want Power?"

Add Health and Power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded Power? why private? who no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind.
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies:
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What 's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what 's unknown,
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit 's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness; and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost:
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

ted, thy ambition call,
ient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
lſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
by! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
ow guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
at rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
pe's laurels on their brows behold,
d with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
hem broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
us for plunder'd provinces.
ill-fated! which no act of fame
t to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
ter bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
dy minion, or imperious wife,
y'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
t their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
he morn and evening to the day;
amount of that enormous fame,
at blends their glory with their ſhame!
hen this truth (enough for Man to know)
lone is Happineſs below."
oint where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
the good without the fall to ill;
y Merit conſtant pay receives,
what it takes and what it gives;
equal'd, if its end it gain,
oſe, attended with no pain:
tiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
ore reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
eſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
g far than Virtue's very tears:
n each object, from each place acquir'd,
tercis'd, yet never tir'd;
d, while one man's oppreſs'd;
ſted, while another's bleſt;
no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
o wiſh more Virtue, is to gain
ole bliſs Heaven could on all beſtow!
o but feels can taſte, but thinks can
w:
ith fortune, and with learning blind,
uſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
ſect, who takes no private road,
hrough Nature, up to Nature's God;
t Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
n and earth, and mortal and divine;
o Being any bliſs can know,
ſome above, and ſome below;
this union of the riſing Whole,
aſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN
ne, Hope leads from goal to goal,
ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kindred, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer,
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

THE

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will:

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

I. *That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver.* 1. *General maxims, unless they are formed upon both, will be but notional. ver.* 10. *Some peculiarity in every Man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver.* 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver.* 31. *The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver.* 37. *&c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver.* 41. *Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver.* 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver.* 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver.* 76, *&c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver.* 95. *No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver.* 100. II. *Yet, to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver.* 120. *Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver.* 5. *And some reason for it, ver.* 140. *Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, ver.* 149. *Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver.* 158. *to ver.* 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver.* 175. *Instanced in the extraordinary Character of Clodio, ver.* 179. *A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, and which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver.* 210. *Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver.* 222, *&c.*

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And

And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
There 's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs;
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who ſathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reaſon though you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd through our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft, in the Paſſion's wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides and fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Though paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others, ſo very cloſe, they 're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flattery glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
But theſe plain Characters we rarely find:
Though ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The Dull, flat Falſehood ſerves, for policy;
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf 's a lie:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſineſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithful at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner——then preſers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Veniſon to a Saint without.
Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Intereſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He ſhanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay, Montague, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reaſoning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a craſty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar could retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper, he was beat.
Why riſk the World's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis

'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn:
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chancellor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will?
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heaven's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Though the ſame ſun with all diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his power,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flower.
'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay *Free*-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid, ſilent, dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Intereſt o'ercome, or policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turns with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the Ruling Paſſion: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Though wondering Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill, to covet general praiſe;
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty, which no Friend has made;
An Angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wiſe his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Confiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall pernaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy," cries Helluo, "mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace,
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human-kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir.
"If—where I am going—I cou'd ſerve you, Sir!"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."

The

" The manor hold, he cry'd.
not part with that"—and dy'd.
Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
ıg paſſion ſtrong in death:
ients as in all the paſt,
ıntry, Heaven!" ſhall be your laſt.

L ESSAYS.

ISTLE II.

O A LADY.

Characters of Women.

Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſh-
le: Yet its ſucceſs was in no pro-
s he took in compoſing it. Something
o in a ſhort advertiſement prefixed
ublication, may perhaps account for
: given to it. He ſaid that no one
as drawn from the life. The public
is word, and expreſſed little curio-
', in which there was nothing per-

true as what you once let fall,
nen have no Characters at all."
ſting mark to bear,
ſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
ures of one Nymph we view,
:h other, all how true!
, here, in ermin'd pride,
/ a fountain ſide.
ıg on her own good man,
d Læda with a Swan.
ne beautifully cry,
ɔſe hair, and lifted eye,
of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
ngels, Palms, and Harps divine;
mer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
ıantic, I muſt paint it.
colours and the ground prepare!
w, trick her off in Air;
ud, before it fall, and in it
ıge, the Cynthia of this minute.
:, quick glancing o'er the Park,
: gay meteor of a Spark,
Rufa ſtudying Locke,
onds with her dirty ſmock;
oilet's greaſy taſk,
ant at an evening Maſk:
s, that in muck begun,
ly-blow in the ſetting ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.
To her Califta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than Wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim;
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique a'l mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk,
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.

Wife Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe Life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Prayer.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage,
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with Violence purſued,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Followers! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf, through very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th'unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures, like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleaſing, every prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one generous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heaven has varniſh'd out, and made a Queen:
The ſame for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.
But grant, in public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take;
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Power all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures, the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable Night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines
Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, though China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Favourite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools:
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a Woman's Fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' simple prayer;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 80 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, &c 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true Use of Riches, ver. 219 The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heaven:

And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, ſurely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide again.
Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' Elect;
Given to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What Nature wants (a phraſe I muſt diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what Life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires.
B. Trade it may help, Society extend:
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid:
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt Paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip-off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom, with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes be ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire?
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part;
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffers thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine, they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found;
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Veniſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas, they fear a man will coſt a plum.

Wife

Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
refore hopes this Nation may be ſold.
Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
what Rome's great Didius was before.
Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
ler ſcenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
ury Realms, and worlds of Gold.
al ſouls; whoſe life one Avarice joins,
fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
hate?
d told him in theſe words our fate:
igth Corruption, like a general flood,
ng by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
d like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
man and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
ſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
nighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
ritain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
arms!"
o Court-badge, great Scrivener, fir'd thy
rain,
lly Luxury, nor City Gain:
as thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
degenerate, Patriots diſagree,
bly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
o, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
Ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
Ruling Paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill."
d the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
'en that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
igh ſuch motives Folly you may call,
ly's greater to have none at all.
then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each Paſſion
ſends,
different men directs to different ends.
mes in Nature equal good produce,
mes in Man concur to general uſe."
what make one keep, and one beſtow?
ower who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
d-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
h reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
es th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
s, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
it for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
s pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
a backward ſteward for the Poor;
ar a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
t a Fountain, ſpouting through his Heir,
ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
n and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
not Cotta void of wit or worth:
ough (the uſe of barbarous ſpits forgot)
hen vied in coolneſs with his grot?
rt with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
ups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old
Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmokeleſs towers ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son: he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motives this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the
cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a
Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, or ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, not rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Œconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty
given,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergris, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.
P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that
cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatterer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Player?

Who

Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heaven-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balm'd are the courts, and contеſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the power to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that generous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, were to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,

eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewſbury and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And Fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his Grace reply'd "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe are worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend;
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing to the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqued ſuch ſainthip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Roaz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.

Some

:ruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
ow give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
re once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
am ſo clear too of all other vice."
Tempter ſaw his time: the work he ply'd;
and Subſcriptions pour on every ſide,
the Dæmon makes his full Deſcent
abundant ſhower of Cent per Cent,
eep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
lubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
ld Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
s his gettings to his parts and merit;
ate he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
od's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
change their titles, as our manners turn:
mpting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
at Church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
ly ſent his family and wife.
(ſo the Devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
d old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
ymph of Quality admires our Knight;
ries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
ell-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
or his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
rinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
ughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
rs a Coronet and P—x for life.
ain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
e moſt Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
dy falls to play. ſo bad her chance,
ſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
ouſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
ourt forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
alth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
evil and the King divide the prize,
d Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

ARD BOYLE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe of RICHES.

nity of Expenſe in People of Wealth and Qua- The abuſe of the word Taſte, ver. 13. *That firſt principle and foundation in this, as in thing elſe, is Good Senſe, ver.* 40. *The chief of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the Genius and Uſe of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, ver.* 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt Examples and rules will be but perverted into ſomething burthenſome and ridiculous, ver.* 65, *&c. to* 92. *A deſcription of the falſe Taſte of Magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is, to imagine that Greatneſs conſiſts in the Size and Dimenſion, inſtead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver.* 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely reſembling, or in the Repetition of the ſame too frequently, ver.* 105, *&c. A word or two of falſe Taſte in Books, in Muſic, and in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer and laſtly in Entertainments, ver.* 133, *&c. Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver.* 169 [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ver.* 159, *&c.*] *What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expenſe of Great Men, ver.* 177, *&c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver.* 191, *to the end.*

EPISTLE IV.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chooſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham Drawings and Deſigns;
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got Wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heaven viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expenſe,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden gate:
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;

Then

Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear.
Something there is more needful than Expenſe,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all:
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heavens to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow Senſe, of every Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quivering rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thickening ſhade,
With annual joy the reddening ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His ſons's fine Taſte an opener Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews:
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On every ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffering eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bowers:
There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt through the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh their face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.

So

t retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
p to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
plaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
is civil pride from morn to eve;
uch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
r no day was ever paſt ſo ill.
ence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
o himſelf, and to his infants bread,
urer bears: What his hard heart denies,
itable vanity ſupplies.
er age ſhall ſee the golden ear
the ſlope, and nod on the parterre,
rveſt bury all his pride has planu'd,
ghing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
then ſhall grace, or who improve the ſoil?
nts like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle.
alone that ſanctifies expenſe,
ndor borrows all her rays from ſenſe.
ather's acres who enjoys in peace,
s his Neighbours glad, if he increaſe:
hearful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
heir Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
mple lawns are not aſham'd to feed
ky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
iſing foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
re buildings, future navies, grow:
plantations ſtretch from down to down,
de a country, and then raiſe a town.
oo proceed! make falling arts your care,
w wonders, and the old repair;
d Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
whate'er Vitruvius was before:
gs call forth th'Ideas of your mind,
to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
bours open, public Ways extend,
ples worthier of the God aſcend;
Broad Arch the dangerous flood contain,
le projected break the roaring Main;
his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
l obedient rivers through the land;
onours, peace to happy Britain brings;
re Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey;
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mouldering age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column, and the crumbling buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a coin
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learn'd ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine:
Her Gods and godlike Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regards engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh, when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There, Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine:
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,

ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO Mr. ADDISON,

caſioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

he wild waſte of all-devouring years!
w Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
idding arches, broken temples ſpread!
y Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead;

" Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO Dr. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide:
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving council, " Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take
" it;
" I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make
" it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: " You know his Grace:
" I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
" Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
" He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet —" 'Tis a stranger sues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath! I'll
" print it,
" And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, " Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
" Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a King)
His very Minister, who spy'd them first,
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimſy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P'. One Flatterer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times wo ſe when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-ſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe!"
There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am ſhort.
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's noſe, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"—
Go on, obliging creature, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd:
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not wife;
To help me through this long diſeaſe, my life;
To ſecond, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,
And St. John's ſelf, (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turn a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who, ſtill wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and rave, and chaſe!
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars every ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What though my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But, ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long.
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong,
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd every day, and ſometimes eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
So when a Statеſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and Queenſberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, though I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my prayers;
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltleſs I! and can I chooſe but ſmile,
When every Coxcomb knows me by my Style?
Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a Tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhew the ſenſe of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the Dean and ſilver bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire of ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.

Not

Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
ıcre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
ɔud, nor ſervile; be one Poet's Praiſe,
f he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
lattery, e'en to Kings, he held a ſhame,
ought a Lie in verſe or proſe the ſame;
ot in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
op'd to . ruth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
ot for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
ıd the furious foe, the timid friend,
ımning critic, half approving wit,
xcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
d at the loſs of friends he never had,
ill, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
ſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
ɔw unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
le reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
puted traſh, and dullneſs not his own;
orals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
ıel'd perſon, and the pict.r'd ſhape;
on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
ıd in exile, or a father dead;
hiſper, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
s, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
ne for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
:e, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the laſt!
ut why inſult the poor, affront the great?
tnave 's a knave, to me, in every ſtate:
ny ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
at court, or Japhet in a jail;
ing ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
: of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
ı Pillory, or near a Throne,
n his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
ɔ can tell you how this man was bit:
readed Sat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
ıble, he has knocked at Thibbald's door,
unk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
n years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lie.
afe his miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
ı'd him not, but let her be his wife:
dgell charge low Grub-ſtreet on his quill,
rite whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;

Let the two Curlls of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore!
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
  Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.
  Their own.
And better got, than Beſtia's from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe!
Healthy by temperance, and by exerciſe;
His life, though long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
  O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen!
A Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wife Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Timorous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; "Probatum eſt."
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's Praiſe,
You'll gain at leaſt a Knighthood, or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With Arms and George and Brunſwick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. Then all your Muſe's ſoftet art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to Hiſtory he truſts for Praiſe.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail 'em?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scandale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe:
F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And every friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verſman or Proſeman, term me what you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels:
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not ſtung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poiſon you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
Whether Old-age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkewer to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of Age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?

Could

Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the generous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
To Virtue only and her friends a Friend,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines;
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;
Conſult the Statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi ſext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."
See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and Satires! lawleſs things indeed!
But grave Epiſtles, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In ſuch a caſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

BOOK II.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let 's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chooſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued!"
Oh blaſt it, South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Beccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat, on oyſters fed,
I 'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I 'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; though not ſplendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd),
At ſuch a feaſt, old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: The ſtomach (cramm'd from every diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,

Where

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temperate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
How pale, each Worſhipful and Reverend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy every labour it purſues!
How coming to the Poet every Muſe!
Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old-age;
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate Youth the veſſel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
Why had not I in theſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd be thy neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
"Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whiteball:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, and if now Excis'd;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a ſhower ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place);
And, what 's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Though double tax'd, how little have I loſt!
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I 'll hire another's? is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whoſe free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heaven it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What 's Property? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all 's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scrivener, or a City Knight.
Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſter's ſtill.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modest Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Generals now, retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their Old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
"And never gallop Pegasus to death;
"Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell then Verse, and Love, and every Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love 's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of the soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite:
I 'll do what Mead and Chesselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controul
Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou go nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There London's voice, "Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Bernard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds?
A pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Bernard, thou art a Cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their Honours, and so forth.
Yet every child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within;
Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;
Compar'd to this, a Minister 's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY or POITIERS?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
"If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well dress'd Rabble stare;
In honest S*z take scandal at a Spark,
That less admires the Palace than the Park:

Faith, I ſhall give the anſwer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sire, your Royal Cave;
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the leaſt
The People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkneſs, hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his power
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that Devil within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
"Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
"For Snug 's the word: My dear! we 'll live in Town."
At amorous Flavio is the ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Tranſform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes;
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.

You laugh, half-Beau, half-Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my hand;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when no Prelate's Lawn, with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine, whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home, though exil'd; free, though in the Tower;
In ſhort, that reaſoning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt leſs than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what 's mighty odd)
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god!

BOOK I.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Lord Mansfield

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say, with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.

Thus

od or bad, to one extreme betray
ɔalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
ue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
rſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
, and if you can, admire the ſtate
ning diamonds and reflected plate;
a Taſte to double the ſurprize,
e on Parian Charms with learned eyes;
k with bright Brocade or Tyrian Dye,
th-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
o pleas'd, at Council-board rejoice,
heir Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
ɔorn to night, at Senate, Coll, and Hall,
uch, read more, dine late, or not all.
erefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
ne, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
ne whom Nature, Learning, Birth conſpir'd
n, not to admire, but be admir'd,
hile his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
he rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
e ennobles or degrades each Line;
ten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
ar is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
eateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
as thou art, with all the Power of Words,
wn ſo honour'd, at the houſe of Lords:
uous Scene! another yet is nigh,
ilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Murray (long enough his Country's pride)
no more than Tully or than Hyde!
'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
y mortal let himſelf alone?
ird by batter'd Beaux invited over,
ſperate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
ſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
ll Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
ye be bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
whatever Cornbury diſdains;
ious, and be happy for your pains.
art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
o believes as Tindal leads the way,
irtue and a Church alike diſowns,
that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
n, on all the wings of wild deſire,
: whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
th thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
lian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
t the greedy, or outbid the bold:
e thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
e round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
y more, and bring it to a ſquare.
ark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore,
in a Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worſe,
Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
But if to Power and Place your Paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord,
To do the Honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three members, this can chuſe a Mayor."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace proteſt,
Adopt him Son or Couſin at the the leaſt,
Then turn about and laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if your life be one continued Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we every Decency confound;
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew;
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts;
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our Country and degrade our Name?
If after all, we muſt with Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you great Patron of mankind! ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ſacred Name,
After a Life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdued or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind;
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, every Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial to the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Though juſtly Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?
In every Public Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, we ſing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courteſy of England, he may do"
Then, by the rule that made the Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you to meaſure merits, look in Stowe,
And, eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a Bier.
Shakeſpeare (whom you and every Playhouſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
The Life to come in every Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill I love the language of his heart.
"Yet ſurely, ſurely, theſe were famous men!
"What boy but hears the ſaying of old Ben?
"In all debates where Critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art
"Of Shakeſpeare's Nature and of Cowley's Wit;
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
"How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
"But for the Paſſions, Southerne ſure and Rowe.
"Theſe, only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
"From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe haits ill on Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now ſerpent-like, in proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I 'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like ſlaſhing Bently with his deſperate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at ſchool.
But ſor the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While, if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon but Applauſe.

On

Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
ut aſk if any weed can grow;
Tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
h Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
ell-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
igh but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)
will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
wear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
d think no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
ot ſome grave examples yet remain,
ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
ke him not; he envies, not admires,
to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
ncient times conſpir'd to diſallow,
then was new, what had been ancient now?
at remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
rned Critics, of the mighty dead?
Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
heath'd, and Luxury with Charles reſtor'd;
ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Peers grew proud in Horſemanſhip t' excel,
narket's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
oldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
very flowery Courtier writ Romance.
Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
ielding Metal flow'd to human form:
n animated Canvas ſtole
eepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
onder then, when all was love and ſport,
willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
ch enervate ſtring they taught the note
nt, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
all for Pleaſure, now for Church or State;
for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
s unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
ne was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
rvants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
ſt his family in every rule,
end his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
orſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
ich their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
ove that Luxury could never hold;
lace, on good Security, his Gold.
times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
eiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
heatres and to Rehearſals throng,
ll our Grace at table is a Song.
o ſo oft renounce the Muſes, lye,
—'s ſelf e'er tells more Fibbs than I;
ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
romiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.
He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n Radcliffe's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they 've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? (Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State;
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely Avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he 'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet.
Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe:
Yet let me ſhow, a Poet 's of ſome weight,
And (though no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
What will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What 's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King:
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon's remains;
He, from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her trade ſupported, and ſupplied her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attac'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And ſtretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Stern hold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe cheers their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down Pope and Turk.

The

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And Heaven is won by Violence of Song.
Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to Flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms:
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the'r'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler Mute of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-appauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a Library, with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The

afon, when to come, and when to go,
g, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
we will recite nine hours in ten,
oſe your patience juſt like other men.
too we hurt ourſelves, when, to defend
le verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
t unaſk'd; lament, the Wit 's too fine
ulgar eyes, and point out every line;
oft, when, ſtraining with too weak a wing,
eeds will write Epiſtles to the King;
rom the moment we oblige the town,
t a place, or Penſion from the Crown;
ubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
oll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
l'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
ce for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
ink, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
ink, what Poet beſt may make them known?
uſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
beſtow the Laureat's weighty place.
rles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
'd his figure to Bernini's care;
great Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
t him graceful on the bounding Steed;
ll in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
dero William, and the Martyr Charles,
nighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
h made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
Lord 's anointed, but a Ruſſian Bear."
t with ſuch majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
forms auguſt, of Kings, or conquering Chief,
well'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
oliſh'd verſe) the manners and the Mind.
could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing;

ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
barbarous rage ſubſided at your word,
Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword;
, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
ſtole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in ſleep;
arth's extremes your mediation own,
Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
I 'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
es, a fate attends on all I write,
when I aim at praiſe, they ſay I bite.
e Encomium doubly ridicules:
e 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
ue, a woeful likeneſs; and if lies,
aiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
may he bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
uſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
e ſpice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
nge the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE II.

" Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur." Hor.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows, and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
" My only ſon; I 'd have him ſee the world:
" His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
" Sir, he 's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſterer, what you pleaſe:
" A perfect genius at an Opera ſong—
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."
If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould décide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anne's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog; and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
" Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
" Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble General, ſuch a Sot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But

But knottier points, we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſufferers though unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I ſhould ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
Years following Years, ſteal ſomething every day.
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?
But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learn'd roaſt an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts.
But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomſbury-ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-v-—nce in a Car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, every Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stepp'd from its Pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſpit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's ſenſe."
Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Theobald Shakſpeare, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
In vain, bad Rhymers, all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The Men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a boſd, expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhew no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learned to dance."
If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleaſed, and play the fool;

Call

'ill, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
in primo Georgii (they record)
ember, no ſmall fool, a Lord:
h the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
l, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
is, a man of ſober life,
Friend, and civil to his Wife;
nadman, though a paſty fell:
oo wife to walk into a well.
rmn'd Doctors and his Friends im-
r'd,
they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort,
y cur'd:
gentleman began to ſtare---
! he cry'd, p-x take you for your
e!
Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
d pur;'d me to a ſimple Vote.
the whole, plain proſe muſt be my
:
rſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
ne when Poets will grow dull:
e verſes to the boys at ſchool:
Poetry no more confin'd,
ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
thought within its bounds to roll,
e equal meaſure of the Soul.
nter at my country door,
umes the thread it dropp'd before;
nich at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
join me, in the Penſive Grot.
ne, and compliments apart,
ber queſtions of my heart.
he more you drink, the more you
ve,
Doctor; when the more you have,
u want, why not with equal eaſe
ll your Folly, as diſeaſe?
olves this matter in a trice,
feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
den Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
le Chaplains cry, that birth and
ce
with honour, truth, and grace;
breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair,
find out one ſuch lodger there?
heeding what your heart can teach,
church to hear theſe Flatterers
ach.
uld wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
ourage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
an might bluſh, I muſt agree,
'd ſixpence, more than he.
e truth in Law, and Ule can give
that's yours on which you live.
b-court, if its fields afford
to you, confeſſes you its lord:
's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
oo, a guinea makes your own:
t thouſands, what with better wit
ſe as you want, and bit by bit;
; ſince, what difference will be found?
enny, and be paid a pound.

Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-ſized men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that ſends them heat;
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-
town
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Looſe on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man, and for ever? wretch! what would'ſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood's hills to Sapperton's fair dale,
Let rifing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclaſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and ſeats, and ſeamer fall.
Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not---and thank heaven there
are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other flights, for women, ſports, and wine,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's
mine:
Why one like Bu--- with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known: alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
Yes Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more:
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſo'did want be far away.
What is 't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure;
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger:
I neither ſtrut with every favouring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.

In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
" But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of power?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end;
Canſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

DR. DONNE'S SATIRES *(Verſified.)*

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry 's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Exciſe and Army in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipe of ſome carv'd Organ moves,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair: but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S--tt--n, or who die like Charters,
Out-cant old Eldras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſe too?
Pierce the ſoft labyrinth of a Lady's Ear
With rhymes of thirty per cent. and that per year?
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts,
Call himſelf Barriſter to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own!
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſuppliès!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when priſoners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Sureſhip that brought them there.
His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire.
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain and duſt,
For not in Chariots Peter puts his treſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes Coke to witneſs he aſſects your cauſe,
And lies to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite---or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Walters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to Janſſen punts at White's,

Or City Heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Covenants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires*:
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer the Power and Glory clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!---the Devil would have it ſo,
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been poſ'd to name;
Noah had refuſ'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropp'd out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Though coarſe, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Beſs,
But mere tuft-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travell'd, and ſpeaks language too,
And knows what's fit for every ſtate to do:
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henly himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artillery of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil,
A rogue, that can cheat Widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What Speech eſteem you moſt? "The King's," ſaid I,
But the beſt words?---"O Sir, the Dictionary."
You miſs my aim! I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker?---"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;

Nay troth th' Apoſtles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus, others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tower had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
"Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
"The King would ſmile on you---at leaſt the Queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us---
But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus ſolus:"
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way;
Though in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made:
And though the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He every day from King to King can walk,
Or all our Harries, all our Edwards talk:
And get, by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
"And coarſe of phraſe,---your Engliſh all are ſo.
"How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille---
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "What news?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a ſtill with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to inrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little, drops his lies.
Here houſhold trash! of birthnights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollingſheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who, in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what Strumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what Citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,---yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſtboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of lean meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall headlong into beaſts,
Than mine to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traitor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me;
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free:
And quick to ſwallow me methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.
In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart, and, ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of Senſe;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſued th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Heli tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puſt Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,

ɔu, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
ɔx on thoſe who ſhow a Court in wax!
ht to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
ɔainted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
llow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
vaxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things---
nder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.
where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
eir laſt duty to the Court, and come
ſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
s as gay, and odours as divine,
fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
t's velvet for a King!" the flatterer ſwears;
ue, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
ourt may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
ɔelps it both to fool's coat and to fools.
hy not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
eſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
ll is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
ited for fight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
rigates fraught with ſpice and cochinell,
the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
k a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
allant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
arding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
r Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to
hit!"
Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
its and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
th the beauty and the wit are bought.
ld burſt even Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
reſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
ſque of Mahmoud, or ſome queer Pa-god.
em ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
t their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
cted of that mortal crime, a hole;
uld one pound of powder leſs beſpread
monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
r than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
ſs it el, impertinent in him.
t the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
ious! how the things ... proteſt?
fools, or Common will ... ſts ſeize you,
e he catch you at your Jeſu. Jeſu!
ure made every Fop to plague his brother,
one Beauty mort ... another.
ere's the Captain that will plague them
both,
e air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath,
Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
gh his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
fore-right; his haughty creſt before,
attering rams, beats open every door:
vith a face as red, and as awry,
od's bandogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than them all:
Each Man an Aſkapart, of ſtrength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as
mine:
Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Di-
vine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains; but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in
Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel---
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of Vice:
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy ſerv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do Buſineſs, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex,
In reverend Biſhops note ſome ſmall Neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggiſh thing,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS
ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more--
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.

Go ſee Sir ROBERT---

P. See Sir ROBERT !---hum---
And never laugh---for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a Venal tribe
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at honeſty;
A Joke on JEKYLL, or ſome odd Old Whig,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig;
A Patriot is a Fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who 's the Man ſo near
"His prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why anſwer LYTTELTON; and I 'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſman in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue balance all again.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flowers of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was H---vy's, F---'s next, and then,
The S---te's, and then H---vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, though the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the Nation's Senſe;
Or teach the Melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All parts perform'd, and all her Children bleſt!
So---Satire is no more---I feel it die---
No Gazetteer more innocent than I---
And let, a God's name, every Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt---in Diſgrace:
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S---k, and grave De---re.
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
All Ties diſſolv'd, and every ſin forgiven,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No check is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sovereigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſidering what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of Vice be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Favourite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
It is for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man;
And ſo mayſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin.
Let modeſt Foſter, if he will excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,---yea in Life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame;
Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She 's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore;
Let Greatneſs own her, and ſhe 's mean no more,

ıer Beauty, Crowds and Courts con-
,
ons praise her, and grave Bishops
ſs;
ıains the willing World she draws,
e Gospel is, and hers the Laws;
Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
e Virtue carted in her stead. 150
heels of her triumphal Car,
's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
ıe dust! his arms hang idly round,
erted trails along the ground!
ll livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
ance: behind her, crawl the Old!
g Millions to the Pagod run,
ountry, Parent, Wife, or or Son!
ck Trumpet through the land pro-
im,
TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE
AME. 160
Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
all, Ambition is no more!
Nobles begging to be Slaves!
Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
a thousand envy and adore:
up, with reverential Awe,
at 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
a, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry
sacred now but Villainy." 170
his Verse if such a Verse remain)
vas one who held it in disdain.

I L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

DIALOGUE II.

ll a Libel---Paxton (Sir) will say.
Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow
ith it may;
very cause I print to-day.
I fret to mangle every line,
to the Sins of Thirty-nine! 5
ch Giant-strides comes on amain,
rives to be before in vain;
I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Genius sins up to my Song.
ne but you by name the guilty lash; 10
y saves half Newgate by a Dash.
he Person, and expose the Vice.
Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the
ce?
en, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
road wing, and souce on all the kind. 15
n, Priests, of one Religion all!
ıen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Atheist.. F. Scandal! name them,
o?
at's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who foreswore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The poisoning Dame--- F. You mean--- P. I
don't.---F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman---F. Hold, too high you
go.
P. The brib'd Elector---F. There you stoop
too low. 25
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which
not?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I ceusure---you know what I mean---
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no; his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35
P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be
spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go drench a Pick pocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there---why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years
ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence to
P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to S---k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I Scarborow name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful Grove
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love)
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew?
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert: 70
Secker is decent; Rundel has a Heart;
Manners with Candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley, every Virtue under Heaven.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love. 75
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.

Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great;
Carleton's calm Senſe, and Stanhope's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous End the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Cheſterfield forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
Argyll, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or Wyndham, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, nor number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays:
I follow Virtue; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe;
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe---the taſk can ne'er be done:
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground:
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis ſcarce cou'd gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Power the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Power, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
---What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply---
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave;
St. John has ever been a mighty Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent General turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do---
F. Hold, Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S---k writ?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[In Power a Servant, out of Power a Friend]
To W---le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery bedropt the Crown
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came:
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty Soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the Houſe.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach---
P. So does Flattery mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Peers can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he ſworg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.

Mine, as a foe profeſs'd to falſe pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're ſtrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no ſlave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Reverent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouze the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate ſlumbering in his ſtall.
Ye tinſel inſects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your ſtains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.
When black ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword, when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.
Not ſo, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's ſhrine,
Her prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unſully'd mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery ſickening ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies:
Truth guards the poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, laſt of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on Man.

Horace

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it---as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in every ſtreet,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a duſt in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt ſun and fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to every one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his plums.
"Pray take them, ſir---Enough 's a feaſt:
"Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"
What, rob your boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
"No, ſir, you 'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhould
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you 'll find in me
A ſafe companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near---
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your reſolution
To give me back my conſtitution!
The ſprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a ſummer ſun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my ſtrain.
A weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, ſir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your application,
I'm no ſuch beaſt, nor his relation;

...r one that temperance advance,
...amm'd to the throat with ortolans:
...tremely ready to reſign
...ll that may make me none of mine.
...uth-ſea ſubſcriptions take who pleaſe,
...ave me but liberty and eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
...ho prais'd my modeſty, and ſmil'd.
...lve me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
...y bread, and independency!
...o bought an annual-rent or two,
...nd liv'd——juſt as you ſee I do;
...ear fifty, and without a wife,
'Truſt that ſinking fund, my life.
...n I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
...rink back to my paternal cell,
...A little houſe, with trees a-row,
...nd, like its maſter, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
...o ſet this matter full before ye,
...ur old friend Swift will tell his ſtory.
"Harley, the nation's great ſupport---"
...ut you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

The latter Part of SATIRE VI.*

...Charming noons! and nights divine!
...r when I ſup or when I dine,
...y friends above, my folks below,
...hatting and laughing all-a-row,
...he beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
...ach willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
...nd even the very dogs at eaſe!
...Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
...A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
...r what 's in either of the Houſes:
...ut ſomething much more our concern,
...nd quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
...A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our friends,
...or their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
...nd what, the very beſt of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely "à propos:"
...ne a town-life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
...new what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, "coûte qui coûte."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.

* *See the firſt part in Swift's Poems.*

Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my friends, this ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider, mice, like men muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport,
"(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at Court)."
The veriеſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors,
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The napkin 's white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſate, "tête à tête."
Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh,
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"Que ça eſt bon! Ah goûtez ça!
"That jelly 's rich, this marmʼlet healing,
"Pray dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
"I 'm quite aſham'd---'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much---but all 's ſo good.
"I have a thouſand thanks to give---
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all.
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"---
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.)
"An't pleaſe your honour, quoth the Peaſant,
"This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

und no more thy ſoft alarms,
r circle ſober fifty with thy charms!
:r too fierce of dear deſires
n, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
mber five direct your doves,
ere ſpread round Murray all your blooming loves;
and young, who ſtrikes the heart
h every ſprightly, every decent part;
the injur'd to defend,
charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend.
th a hundred arts refin'd,
I ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind;
n each rival ſhall ſubmit,
e but his riches equal to his wit.
ſhall thy form the marble grace,
y Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
uſe, emboſom'd in the grove,
ed to ſocial life and ſocial love,
litter o'er the pendent green,
ere Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
r the ſilver-ſounding lyres
I call the ſmiling loves, and young deſires;
every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
t the dance, or animate the ſong;
youths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
ne, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
ne the vernal garlands bloom no more.
! fond hope of mutual fire,
ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
! the heart-expanding bowl,
all the kind deceivers of the ſoul!
y? ah tell me, ah too dear!
s down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
ords ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
reſh'd in fancy's airy beam,
nt I follow through th' extended dream;
ow I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
now you burſt (ah, cruel!) from my arms;
iftly ſhoot along the Mall,
ftly glide by the Canal,
own by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

T OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die.
hich ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
on the wings of truth to fly
e the reach of vulgar ſong;
Though daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay---

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Then rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And thoſe, new Heavens and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died:
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

ON

Receiving from the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield:
" This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipp'd them in the ſable well,
The fount of ſame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian Queen! and ſober charms!
" I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of thoſe poor eyes.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER,

SENT to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, publiſhed by our Author after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet ſung,
'Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſoften'd manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend!
For Swift and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great.
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that cloſ'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of intereſt, fame, or hate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, and paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When intereſt call off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe):
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEAR 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owe,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to lose a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue,
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Tranſlation

OF

FRESNOY's ART OF PAINTING.

THIS verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvaſs call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Fresnoy's cloſe art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name:
Like them to ſhine through long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of ſiſter-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame:
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend!
What flattering ſcenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

ee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
ee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
ſome ruin's formidable ſhade:
ancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
ılds imaginary Rome anew.
y well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
; Freſco here demands a ſigh:
avenly piece unwearied we compare,
aphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
i's ſtrength, Correggio's ſoſter line,
free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
all, well-poliſh'd gem the work of years!
l how faint by precept is expreſs'd
ing image in the painter's breaſt!
endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
n the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
el's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
ears eternal that embalm the dead;
ınd her tomb each object of deſire,
ırer frame inform'd with purer fire:
be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
ıder ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
be all that makes mankind adore;
iew this marble, and be vain no more!
ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
ıdeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
, frail flower that every ſeaſon fears,
in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
her beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
leaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
ſt Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
aces yearly like thy works diſplay,
hout weakneſs, without glaring gay;
ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains:
niſh'd more through happineſs than pains!
ndred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
p the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
ould the Graces all thy figures place,
reathe an air divine on every face:
ould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
ıeſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
how little from the grave we claim!
but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

TO

MISS BLOUNT,

'H THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

ıeſe gay thoughts the loves and Grace: ſhine,
d all the Writer lives in every line:
ſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
s themſelves are elegant in him.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare;
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt;
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy;
In every ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to time and place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe;
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your ſex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chace,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuffering ſex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe ſhews, nor empty titles pleaſe:
Aim not at joy, but reſt content with eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
But, madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;

Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes in France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes in Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd, not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'Squire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtrive and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.
Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack:
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—no words.
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and, knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, though his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.
In ſome fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See coronations riſe on every green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and gartered Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one ſtirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-aches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you.
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a tune, as you may now.

* *Mademoiſelle Rambouillet.*

THE BASSET-TABLE, AN *ECLOGUE.*

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE baſſet-table ſpread, the Tallier come:
Why ſtays Smilinda in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph: the Tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, ſince my Sharper is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind Ombreilla's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe ſeign'd ſighs which cheat the liſtening fair,

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As you by love, ſo I by fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad deal, three Sentlevas have loſt.

SMILINDA.

grief, which you compare with
e?
: ſmiles of fortune I reſign:
gold in one bad deal were gone,
Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

t, is but a common care;
nymphs againſt that change prepare:
clubs thrice loſt: Oh! who could
is
ke, this unforeſeen diſtreſs!

SMILINDA.

Lovet! very à propos,
res of Love and Play does know:
all th' important point decide;
ſt the pain of each has try'd:
: ſhall lay who ſuffers moſt,
uſage, or by lovers loſt.

LOVET.

our griefs: attentive will I ſtay,
is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

is equipage, by Mathers wrought,
neas (a great pen'worth), bought.
ooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
: ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
tom ſhine the Queen's bright face;
age round the thimble-caſe:
itſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine;
nd the workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

-box,---once the pledge of Sharper's
e,
beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
's he the Raffle won;
s paſſion was in public ſhown:
ſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
y (all in vain) to hide.
ox, on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine!
ox will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

leſſer loſſes than I bear,
ſoldier ſigh a lover ſwear.
at makes the diſappointment hard,
n Lord that drew the fatal card.
ace, I took the queen he gave;
own ſecret wiſh was for the knave.
on Sonica, which I had choſe;
: pull, my Septleva I loſe.

SMILINDA.

hat aggravates the killing ſmart,
ought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
e are this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An awkward thing, when firſt ſhe came to town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my intereſt, Cozens made her ſtays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Favourite Lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſworn,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And ſee the folly; which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falſehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on Baſſet, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The winner's pleaſure, and the loſer's pain:
In bright confuſion open Roulleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Baſſet, you who reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if reaſon muſt not there be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his bluſhes riſe!
When awful love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves.---I whiſper to myſelf, he loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe my memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd bullies play,
Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Baſſet's heavenly joys, and pleaſing cares!

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a Beau;
Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at ſhow.
Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's ſide:
The ſnuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While ſcale in hand Dame Juſtice paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays juſtice) take you each a Shell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter---live in Peace---Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious ſhrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and You.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE; 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
Thy more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGU

BY MR. POPE.

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, when he was old, blind, and in great a little before his death.

AS when that Hero, who in each cam
Had brav'd the Goth, and many
ſlain,
Lay fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Beli'arius old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the ſig
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons ri
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs Denni
Dennis, who long had warr'd with mode
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their
A deſperate bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and f
Againſt the Gothic ſons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made th
groan,
And ſhook the ſtage with thunders all h
Stood up to daſh each vain Pretender's h
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down th
If there's a Briton then, true bred and b
Who holds dragoons and wooden ſhoe in f
If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this ag
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's

PROLOGU

TO SOPHONISBA.

BY POPE AND MALLET.

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic
Fair, o'er the Weſtern world, rea
light,
With arts ariſing, Sophoniſba roſe:
The Tragic Muſe, returning, wept her w
With her th' Italian ſcene firſt learn'd to
And the firſt tears for her were taught to
Her charms the Gallic Muſes next inſpir'
Corneille himſelf ſaw, wonder'd, and w
What foreign theatres with pride have
Britain, by juſter title, makes her own.
When Freedom is the cauſe, 'tis hers to f
And hers, when Freedom is the theme,

* *I have been told by Savage, that of logue to Sophoniſba the firſt part was wr Pope, who could not be perſuaded to ſe and that the concluding lines were wr Mallet.* Dr. John

British Author bids again
re rise, to grace the British scene.
a life, she breathes her genuine flame:
what bosom has not felt the same?
ne British Youth—Is silence there?
to ask it of the British Fair.
h, our home-spun author would be true,
to nature, history, and you.
'd to give our neighbours due applause,
heir learning, but dislikes their laws.
patient touch, or happy flame,
British heart he trusts for fame.
excel him in one free-born thought,
as well as poet, is in fault.
! interpreter of the Poet's art,
ce alone can raise or melt the heart,
his guide; each passion, every line,
he draws to please, must all be thine.
is judge: in every candid breast,
whisper is the sacred test.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

Simple Macer, now of high renown,
t sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
th' Ambition his high Soul could feel,
red Stockings, and to dine with Steel.
ls of verse his Fetters might afford;
the harmless fellow a good word.
th these, he ventur'd on the Town,
a borrow'd Play out-did poor Crown.
flopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
he Wit to make the most of little:
ted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
sap at once to bear and rot.
begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
e Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
e coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
o town, and first turns Chamber-maid;
d and supple, each devoir to pay,
rs her good Lady twice a day;
wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
gely lik'd for her Simplicity:
lated Suit, then tries the Town,
row'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
rdur'd the Winter she begin,
ur Months a batter'd Harridan.
ing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
for others, and go shares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

much, egregious Moore, are we
ceiv'd by shews and forms!
we think, whate'er we see,
umankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since our Grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer a Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm is seen
By all their winding play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Power vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Sutton's Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth;
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lead thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors.
Watering ſoft Elyſian Plains.

VI.

Mourn'ful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mænder,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander
With thy flowery Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour;
Not grave through Pride, nor gay through Folly;
An equal Mixture of Good-humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then, (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham.

COMPOSED OF

MARBLE, SPARS, GEMS, ORES and MINERALS.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour through the ſhadowy Cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral Roofs diſtil,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gems no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, *St. John* ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying *Wyndham* ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' *Marchmont*'s ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day

OH, be thou bleſt with all that Heaven can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend!
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let every bleſſing through,
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm every thought, inſpirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year.
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or Ecſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN

On his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair Account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind BOYLE, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, though old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every Birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

To LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So Papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight,
And ſages agree
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt of poſſeſſors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Reſume the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?

The Fourth EPISTLE of the Firſt Book of HORACE's Epiſtles.

A MODERN IMITATION.

SAY, St. John, who alone peruſe
With candid eye, the mimic Muſe,
What ſchemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or ſhoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they riſe?
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich ſports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' ſelf is ſcarce a name.
To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unaſk'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
What could a tender mother's care
Wiſh better, to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A ſtock of health, and golden ſhowers,
And graceful fluency of ſpeech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
Amidſt thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black deſpair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In juſtice for your labours paſt)
That every day ſhall be your laſt;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In ſpight of fears, of mercy ſpight
My genius ſtill muſt rail and write.
Haſte to thy Twickenham's ſafe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There half devour'd by ſpleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and ſtate.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS.

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along;
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have died.

EPIGRAM.

On one who made LONG EPITAPHS.

FREIND, for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted theſe?
'Twas Friendſhip——warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And ſtrong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL to LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
Earl of Warwick make your moan,
The lively H———k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his ſoul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good chriſtian he,
Although he knows it not,

Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonſon!
Heaven gives thee, for thy ſins of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnſon.

Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties rage;
My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muſe of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y——r's ſold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
When I go favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight——
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt valetudinaire,
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious lobſter-nights, farewell,
For ſober ſtudious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown ſo great
As to be miniſter of ſtate,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be aſham'd of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! if I am ſuch a creature,
To grow the worſe for growing greater;
Why ſurely in ſpite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope muſt be aſham'd of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.

I AM his Highneſs' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you ſent, are the Muſes and Graces;
You've the wine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

On an OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'ſt thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelſea laſt year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant ſhade
The morning bowers, the evening colonnade
But ſoft receſſes for th' uneaſy mind
To figh unheard in, to the paſſing wind!
So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Only he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away.

: left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of ster slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739,

H no poetic ardour fir'd
ress the bed where Wilmot lay;
e he lov'd or here expir'd,
s no numbers grave, or gay.

hy roof, Argyle, are bred
thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
l out in honour's nobler bed,
th a nobler roof—the sky.

mes as high in patriots burn,
oop to bless a child or wife;
n as wicked kings may mourn,
freedom is more dear than life.

ERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

rords are best; I wish you well
l, I'm told, will soon be here:
rning walks along the Mall,
vening friends, will end the year.

s interval, between
failing leaf and coming frost,
se to see, on Twit'nam green,
r friend, your poet, and your host;

whole days you here may rest,
office, business, news, and strife:
at most folks would think a jest)
nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

ltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
e!" VIRG.

I.

HARLES Earl of DORSET,

the Church of Withyam in Sussex.

T, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
n of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
ge of Pride, though sanctified or great,
in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
is Nature, though severe his Lay,
moral, and his Wisdom gay.
ist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And Patrons still, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who, having resigned his place, Died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A generous Faith, from Superstition free:
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT.

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor, HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-HARCOURT in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend, inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
DELICIÆ,
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heaven, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby, and of his Siſter Mary, erected by their Father the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth;
Compoſed in ſufferings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe tears, Mortality's relief,
And 'till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive:
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or what e'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IX.

On GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee, the hardy Veteran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain marbles can
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,

ly he look'd on either Life, and here
nothing to regret, or there to fear;
Nature's temperate feaſt r-ſe ſatisfy'd,
ık'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
native Humour tempering virtuous Rage,
'd to delight at once and lath the age:
e Temptation in a low Eſtate,
ncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
e Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
am'd through Life, lamented in the End.
e are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
x'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
at the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
cing their penſive boſoms—Here lies GAY.

Another.

ELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honeſt Jack:
ttle juſtice here he found,
is ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XII.

ended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

re and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
ſaid, Let Newton be! and all was Light.

XIII.

Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of Rocheſter,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

only Daughter having expired in his arms, im-
iately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE

i, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
ſia, Heaven, dear Father! now have all thy
Heart.
h! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
ou are duſt like me.

HE

Dear ſhade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth, one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMOND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And every opening Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking State;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of Gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain given,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in Weſtmin ter-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

XVI.

Lord CONINGSBY's EPITAPH*.

HERE lies Lord Coningſby—be civil;
The reſt God knows—ſo does the Devil.

* This Epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkeſworth edition, vol. vi. S.

On BUTLER's MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE.

RESPECT to Dryden. Sheffield justly pay'd,
And noble Villiers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

THE

DUNCIAD:

TO

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described peaceful among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the Poem of Theil. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Successor.

BOOK I.

THE mighty Moaher, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,
I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunceiad, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of Shakspeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's (as Shakespear) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a "Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear; "the alteration whereof in a learned language is "an atchievement that brings honour to the "Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be "remembered to posterity for his performances of "this sort, as long as the world shall have any es-"teem for the remains of Menander and Phi-"lemon."

THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, and Autograph of Shakespeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the new spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an Edition of an author in Marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a Total new Shakespeare at the Clarendon press.

BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

In ſlideſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thunder's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.

Remarks.

C Though I have as juſt a value for the letter E. as any Grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One e therefore in this caſe is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not ſuperior to Reaſon.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my good friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, Sic MS. In like manner we ſhall not amend this error in the Title itſelf, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. Scribl.

This Poem was written in the Year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Poſterity, that this Poem was preſented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. Scrol. Vet

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt Edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very Hero of the Poem has been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

" ——— who brings
" The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings."

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom his Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

Oh Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,
Or praiſe the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Boeotia though her Power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Remarks

It appears as plainly from the Apoſtrophe to the Great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion or cenſured by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poets of his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Choſen Companion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt deſire of Perſons of Quality.

Laſtly, the ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a Son ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him,

" Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt." Bentl.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother and her Son, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mother, and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poem; the latter of them is only choſen as her Colleague (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great expedition,) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of the Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accomplished until the laſt.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muſes.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their Judgments, their Intereſts, and their Inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scribleras has omitted to adverti'e the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged Senſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degrees of Activity and Boldneſs; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy-turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fear
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jails
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,

Remarks.

be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion,)

"Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies."

Bentl.

Ver. 17 Still her old Empire to restore.] This restoration makes the Completion of the Poem.—Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironicè iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets,) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an Apology for all that are to be satirised.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

"Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
"So very much is said;
"One half will never be believ'd,
"The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year Odes.] Made by the Poet Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The New-year Odes of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone.] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her Head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of Booksellers of that name.

half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
to crawl upon poetic feet.
poor word an hundred clenches makes,
ile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
ptly Images her fancy ſtrike,
l-pair'd, and Similies unlike.
Mob of Metaphors advance,
rith the madneſs of the mazy dance;
gedy and Comedy embrace;
e and Epic get a jumbled race;
ne himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
ift their place, and Ocean turns to land:
deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhowers,
to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
; with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
inted vallies of eternal green,
December fragrant chaplets blow,
y harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
ſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
hrough fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
el'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
-applauſe her wild creation views;
ientary monſters riſe and fall,
her own fools-colours gilds them all.
on the day, when * * rich and grave,
ion triumph'd both on land and wave:
rithout guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
ns, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
ces)
ht deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
ors and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
nſive Poets painful vigils keep,
themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
y Swans once ſung within the walls;
revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.

REMARKS.

5, 86. 'T was on the day, when * * * grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a or's Day; his name the author had left in ut moſt certainly could never be that which n foiſted in formerly, and which no way h the chronology of the poem.

BENTL.

ceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly and partly by water—Cimon, the famous General, obtained a victory by ſea, and y land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians nians.

c. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with raiſe of poetry.

But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day Settle was poet to the City of London. was to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the : But that part of the ſhow being at length aboliſhed, the employment of City poet s that upon Settle's demiſe, there was no to that place

3. John Heywood, whoſe Interludes were the time of Henry VIII.

She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out blackmore's endleſs line;
She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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Ver. 103. Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel.] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by ſome lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies on the other. And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

Ver. 104. And Euſden eke out, &c.] Laurence Euſden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

"Euſden, a laurell'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That all the Galimatia's "he ever met with, none comes up to ſome verſes "of this poet, which have as much of the Ridi-"culum and the Fuſtian in them as can well be "jumbled together, and are of that ſort of non-"ſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, "that there is no diſtinct one left in the mind." Farther he ſays of him, "That he propheſied his "own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid, "and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the ac-"compliſhment of it, from what he hath lately "publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflexion, "That the putting the laurel on "the head of one who writ ſuch verſes, will give "futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and "juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it" Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly reflexion. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter.

"—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Seſſion of Poets.

In each she marks her Image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;
Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.

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The same plea might also serve for his Successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prope fin.

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 100. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The "modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an "object of pity, than of that which he daily pro-"vokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really "know how much this poor man" [I wish that reflection on poverty might be spared] "suffers by "being contradicted, or, which is the same thing "in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, "in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a "silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs "of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again, when any "of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quit-"ting the ground of the present dispute, steps back "a thousand years to call in the succour of the "ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he "uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do "their commendations of a dead beauty, who would "never have had their good word, but that a living "one happened to be mentioned in their company. "His applause is not the tribute of his Heart, but "the sacrifice of his Revenge, &c." Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A "young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward "form, though it should be that of downright "monkey, would not differ so much from human "shape as his unthinking immaterial part does "from human understanding.—He is as stupid and "as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad. A book "through which Folly and Ignorance, those "brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously "look big and very dull, and strut and hobble, "cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being "led and supported, and bully-back'd by that "blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect, on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I re-

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:

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"gard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to "me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Re-"ligion, and to that Liberty which has been the "sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, "who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and "the epidemic Madness of the times, have given "him Reputation, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) "is Power, and that has made him dangerous. "Therefore I look on it as my duty to King "George, whose faithful subject I am; to my "Country, of which I have appeared a constant "lover; to the Laws, under whose protection I "have so long lived; and to the Liberty of my "Country, more dear to me than life, of which "I have now for forty years been a constant as-"sertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, "to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin "from this little Ass, which popular error has "thrown round him; and to shew that this Au-"thor, who has been lately so much in vogue, "has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in "his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) "is too long to be told, but who would be ac-"quainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curll, "my Bookseller.—However, what my reason has "suggested to me, that I have with a just "confidence said in defiance of his two clandestine "weapons, his Slander and his Poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact see A full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on "those calamities and diseases which he himself "gave them, by administering Poison to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, "and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;

Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.
Then gnaw'd his Pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,

REMARKS.

Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the Public with their Letters. He made himſelf known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is "excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular "in all his performances, and a perſon of ſound "Learning. That he is maſter of a great deal of "Penetration and Judgment, his criticiſms (par-"ticularly on Prince Arthur) do ſufficiently de-"monſtrate." From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ Plays "more to get Reputatio "than Money." DENNIS of himſelf See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at leaſt you might have allowed me "What! am I only to be dull, and dull ſtill, and "again, and for ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that "he could not "think himſelf ſo, nor believe that our Poet did; "but that he ſpake worſe of him than he could "poſſibly think; and concluded it muſt be merely "to ſhew his Wit, or for ſome Profit or Lucre to "himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15 4c. 53 And to ſhew his claim to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the laſt word; which occaſioned the following Epigram:

Quoth C'lber to Pope, "Tho' in verſe you forecloſe,
I'll have the laſt word: for, by G—, I'll write Proſe."
Poor Colly, thy reaſoning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

Ver. 115. ſupperleſs the Hero ſate] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all

Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd through Crags and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſip'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere:

REMARKS.

the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls a diſguiſed ſentence, that "Temperance is the life "of Study" The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the Poet conſulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he ſwore all the time?

BENTL.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes,] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

Ver. 132 The Frippery] "When I fitted up "an old play, it was as a good houſewife will mend "old linen, when ſhe has no better employment." Life, p 217, Octavo

Ver. 133. hapleſs Shakeſpeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpeare. He was frequently libell'd in this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcribed to "Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure Generoſity and "Civility; but when Mr. Pope did ſo to his Non-"juror, he concluded it could be nothing but a "joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpeare, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care "might for the future be taken by any other Edi-"tor, he would ſtill give above five hundred emen-"dations, that ſhall eſcape them all."

There hapleſs Shakeſpeare, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.
The reſt on Outſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſt in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtles ſhines complete:
Here all his ſuffering brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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Ver. 134. Wiſh'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonſon honeſtly wiſhed he had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpeare would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee thoſe alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and eſpecially the darling Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the preſumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The reſt on Outſide merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: The firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhow, or adorned with pictures: the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby "was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle "him the prodigy of his time! His tranſlations of "Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with "ſuch excellent ſculptures: And (what added "great grace to his works) he printed them all on "ſpecial good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:] "The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle "was one who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing de"lights of Poetry; leaving to Poſterity in print "three ample volumes of her ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his Brother Laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in Tragedy (though more ſucceſsful) in one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is yet alive:

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends,
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of amplest ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos, ſhape the leſſening pyre;
A twiſted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:

REMARKS.

Anne Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort of Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fuſtian and thin Proſaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Iſidora, Cæſar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Jonſon, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More ſolid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they imagined conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare paſſage from him in Miſt's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a ſtrange and marvayllouſe beaſte called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakeſpeare to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver 154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Phyſic. "He tranſlated ſo many books, that a man would "think he had done nothing elſe; inſomuch that "he might be called Tranſlator general of his "age. The books alone of his turning into Eng"liſh are ſufficient to make a Country Gentleman "a compleat Library." WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig,

O thou! of Buſineſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head like blaſs to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And ponderous flugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure had Heaven decreed to ſave the State,
Heaven had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.

REMARKS.

which, he tells us, he wore in his firſt play of the Fool in Faſhion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchaſe it. "Whatever contempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the world but live in it, knew very well that ſo material an article of dreſs upon the head of a man of ſenſe, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could poſſibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may ſoften the grave cenſure, which ſo youthful a purchaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleaſure, firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her perſon, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it, and we finiſhed our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p 303. This remarkable Periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reaſoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in Truth, and the other in Uſefulneſs.

Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of theſe four verſes is founded in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the Author of a poem called Succeſſio.

Ver. 198.—grey-gooſe weapon] Alluding to the old Engliſh weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-gooſe.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be ſav'd—This grey-gooſe weapon]

"——Si Pergama dextra
"Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent."
Virg. ib.

What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at different ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt)
Shall I, like Curtius, deſperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois "bien; c'eſt le meme que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made ſo free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himſelf) a Biſhop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, "the Prince of Orange, and myſelf, were on the "anvil, Providence thought fit to poſtpone mine, "till theirs were determined: But had my father "carried me a month ſooner to the Univerſity, who "knows but that purer fountain might have waſhed "my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, inſtead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and "Paſtoral Letters? Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidſt the Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were juſtly ſtyled ſubtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being ſometimes examined, and by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: The Doctors in this place mean no more than falſe Dice, a Cant phraſe uſed among Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe ſonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Miſt] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathaniel Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.]

"Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod miſſile libro."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,] Refers to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſav'd the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
"Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat."

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian majeſty? And what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe ſings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird, in Ecl. ix.

"——argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores."

Read it, therefore, adeſſe ſtrepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verſe preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uſes the ſame epithet in the ſame ſenſe,

"——Auritas fidibus canoris
"Ducere quercus."

And to ſay that walls have ears is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes ſo ingenuouſly confeſſes of himſelf, is true of all Miniſterial writers whatſoever: "That he defends the ſupreme powers, "as the Geeſe by their cackling defended the Ro-"mans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured "them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies, "but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, "if they had been poſſeſſed of the Capitol." Epiſt. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Miniſterial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his poſt, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle with Politicks.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great Modeſty—modeſt Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly claſſical, and, what is more, Homerical; the Dog was the ancient, as the brazen is the modern, ſymbol of Impudence: (Κυνος ομματ' εχων, ſays Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a ſuperlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the Dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verſe, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in ſin, &c.] This is a tender and paſſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works, which he is going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſubject.

Ver. 228. My better and more chriſtian progeny!] "It may be obſervable, that my muſe and "my ſpouſe were equally prolific; that the one "was ſeldom the mother of a Child, but in the "ſame year the other made me a father of a Play. "I think we had a dozen of each ſort between us; "of both which kinds ſome died in their infancy, "&c". Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo. edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Paſs.] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial Pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend them Poſt-free to all Towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233 — with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,] "Edward, a very voluminous poet in "Hudibraſtic verſe, but beſt known by the London "Spy, in proſe. He has of late years kept a public "houſe in the City (but in a genteel way) and "with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) af-"forded his gueſts a pleaſurable entertainment, eſ-"pecially thoſe of the high church party."—— JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly ſold into the Plantations.——Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the City, but in Moor-fields.

innocent, in infant ſtate,
Limbo of our Father Tate:
forget, at once he bleſt
boſom with eternal reſt!
naſs of Nonſenſe to return,
deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
a Tear (portentous ſign of Grace!)
maſter of the ſeven-fold Face:
lifted high the Birth-day brand,
drop it from his quivering hand;
he ſtructure, with averted eyes:
nokes involve the ſacrifice.
clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
ie Cid, and now Perolla burns;
oars, and hiſſes in the fires;
ſilence modeſtly expires:
the dear Nonjuror claims,
ſtubble in a moment flames.
again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.
the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the
d,
a ſheet of Thule from her bed;
s, and whelms, it o'er the pyre;
e flames, and with a hiſs expire.
preſence fills up all the place;
dilate her awful face:
r charms! as when on Shrieves and
yors
d breaths herſelf into their airs.

REMARKS.

240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his the Laurel.

Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Aularly excellent at Tragedy. "This as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance But certain it is that he had attempted his Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, ed no leſs than four Tragedies (the ch the Poet preſerves in theſe few e firſt of them were faithfully printed, rned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of ent.

the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old medy threſhed out of Moliere's Tarmuch the Tranſlator's favourite, that ll our author's diſlike to it could only ffection to the Government. He aſſures en he had the honour to kiſs his Maupon preſenting his dedication of it, ouſly pleaſed, out of his Royal boun- him two hundred pounds for it. And ots not grieved Mr. P."

Thule] An unfiniſhed poem of that one ſheet was printed many years ago, hilips, a Northern Author. It is an of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets e critics have been of opinion that this nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot y fire: But I rather think it an alle- to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the

She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home:
So, Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recogniſe their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loitering into proſe;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulneſs. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other Pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, "one hight Wachum, who, from an under-ſpur-"leather to the law, is become an under-ſtrapper "to the Play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued the "Metamorphoſes of Ovid by avile Tranſlation, &c. "This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper "called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9. 10.

Ibid. Ozell] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. "Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where "ſomebody left him ſomething to live on, when he "ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be "ſent to Cambridge, in order for Prieſthood; but he "choſe rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in "the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill "in arithmetic, and writing the neceſſary hands. "He has obliged the world with many tranſlations "of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets. p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious "wretch knew, and every body knows, that the

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
Light arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billinſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rears

REMARKS.

"whole Bench of Biſhops, not long ago, were "pleaſed to give me a purſe of guineas, for diſcover-"ing the erroneous tranſlations of the Common-"prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, "&c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew "better verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's "verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord "Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he compli-"mented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. "Let him ſhew better and truer Poetry in the Rape "of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket "(la Secchia rapita). And Mr. Toland and Mr. "Gildon publicly declared Ozell's tranſlation of "Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo likewiſe ſupe-"rior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is "free to deſerve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL:

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels in the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
O! When ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People cloſe the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law:
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.
She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphant rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

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Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the Statute of Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard once a year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally being acquainted with, with a juſt indignation, prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the pooreſt Gameſters in town.

"Greateſt and juſteſt SOVEREIGN: know you
"this?
"Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head
"can know,
"Whoſe meads his arms drown, or whoſe corn
"o'erflow."
DONNE to Queen Eliz.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough "by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make "her peace with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this Epigram:

"When Laureates make Odes, do you aſk of
"what ſort?
"Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
"You may judge—From the Devil they come
"to the Court,
"And go from the Court to the Devil."

So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud Thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

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Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God ſave king Log!] See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemiſtich is to be found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious tenderneſs for the bad writers. We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that Ogilby writ! which ſhews how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity, and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the following Epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd awhile,
"When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
"How ſoon ye fade away!
"To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours riſe,
"Each lends his cloud to put him out,
"That rear'd him to the ſkies.
"Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
"There he ſhall ever burn:
"Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth you were,
"And muſt to Earth return."

THE DUNCIAD:

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public Games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. 24. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Booksellers, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the Game for a Poteſt. Then follow the Exerciſes for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and ruffian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Laſtly, for the Critics, the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts but of their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verſe, and the other in proſe, deliberately read without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of the operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

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Two things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an author could never fail to uſe the beſt word on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot choſe but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt that the author could never have uſed it; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed that very one, which we conjecture, in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog.
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave King Log.

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the thunder; And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic he merits the acknowledgment of all ſound Commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, 'The Primitive Euchariſt.' See the Hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Iriſh Throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh Prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to whom this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defeat de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from which the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themiſtius, Orat. I.

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhowers,
Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dullneſs, and new bronze their face,
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.

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Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund "Curll) is a falſe Aſſertion—I had indeed the cor-"poral puniſhment, of what the Gentlemen of the "long Robe are pleaſed jocoſely to call mounting the "Roſtrum for one hour: but that ſcene of action "was not in the month of March, but in February" [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19] And of the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket, he ſaith, "Here Scriblerus! "thou leeſeſt in what thou aſſerteſt concerning the "blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," "p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book ii. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly thoſe of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of Truth, not in the leaſt any Vain-glory, or Deſire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and Works as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the Parties offended: For ſurely in this work, it hath been above all things our deſire to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt which the Court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Pope himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

* *See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.*

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer win the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose ſkin;
But ſuch a Bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling bards of theſe degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out at one lucky hit,
A Fool, ſo juſt a copy of a Wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

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Ver. 34. And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.] This ſpecies of mirth called a joke, ariſing from a Mal-entendu, may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight of Dulneſs.

Ver. 47. Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of Dulneſs making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the Phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Eſq. and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief: "Sir," (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not "expoſe me, I did it for mere want; be ſo good "but to take it privately out of my pocket again,

All gaze with ardour: Some a Poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inſame.

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"and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief "we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my hand-"kerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceedings by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) "That the "contempt which he and others had for thoſe pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhewn, and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their being loſt, and for "that cauſe only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

"Moore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
"He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
"And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
"A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. Savage, ſon of the late Earl Rivers; who having ſhewn ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called firſt of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning ſent to Mr. Savage to deſire him to give thoſe verſes another turn, to wit, "That Pope "might now be the firſt, becauſe Moore had left "him unrivalled, in turning his ſtyle to Comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the Rival Modes, his firſt and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt Motto:

"Hic cæſtus, artemque repono."

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are an Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parſon, by Dr. W. The Saw-Pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir James Baker; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpelled Moore, but More; and

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curll; "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
"So take the hindmoſt, Hell," (he ſaid) and run. 60

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laſtly, ſince the learned Scriblerus has ſo well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. More from μωρος, ſtultus μωρια ſtultitia, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, "Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad "Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re alie-"nus." Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu! More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIB.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers; Perſons whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntleſs Curll;] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very Names their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the Gods; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard: a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop)
Here fortun'd Curll to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind;
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Votary's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſtening delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vigorous he riſes; from the effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the Victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers, light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet clan,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;

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two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curll ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one ſhall be, at ſome time or "other, the better or the worſe, for having but "ſeen or ſpoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's ſign; the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

Ver. 101. Where, as he fiſh'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd Taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Mift, June 8, Defo. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not in debt, it was "becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Befides Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers—"Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P—, "Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates,

Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down
And turn his whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Ducheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.
With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

REMARKS.

"an ingenious dramatic performance to expoſe Mr. "P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome ladies of qua-"lity," ſays CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Meers, Warner, Walkins] Bookſellers, and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince thoſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight it may be ſeen; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true Curll declares Breval, a Captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the ſame Curll firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found? where was ſuch a writer ever head of? As for Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

Ver. 128. Joſeph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word Joſeph, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper-coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illuſion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent Authors.

Ver. 138. Cook ſhall be Prior,] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals; and at the ſame time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his Innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the firſt edition of this poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (preſuming him to be the author of the Careleſs Huſband). It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſpenſary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced perſons independent of his ſubject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author.

"The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
"(Though neither birds of moral kind)
"Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
"To ſhow us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
"Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
"Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
"And point inſtruction every way.

"With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive
"One potent drop let this but ſhed,
"And every Rogue that ſtunk alive,
"Becomes a precious Mummy dead."

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] "The deſcrepid perſon or figure of a man are no reflections "upon his Genius: An honeſt mind will love "and eſteem a man of worth, though he be deformed "or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath "libelled a perſon for his rueful length of face!" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This Genius and man of worth, whom an honeſt mind ſhould love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he ſtood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to re-

A ſhaggy Tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
On Cluſius' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the faces her confeſſors endure.

REMARKS.

Reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not "by our fault; it is often occaſioned by calamities "and diſeaſes, which a man can no more help "than a monſter can help his deformity. There "is no one misfortune, and no one diſeaſe, but "what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject to.—— "But the deformity of this Author is viſible, pre- "ſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to him- "ſelf. It is the mark of God and Nature upon "him, to give us warning that we ſhould hold "no ſociety with him, as a creature not of our "original, nor of our ſpecies: and they who have "refuſed to take this warning which God and Na- "ture has given them, and have, in ſpite of it, "by a ſenſeleſs preſumption, ventured to be fa- "miliar with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, &c. "It is certain his original is not from Adam, but "from the Devil, &c." DENNIS, character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billings- "gate can never be the language of charity, nor "conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not him! whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr D. may call another a little aſs or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothleſs lion or an old ſerpent. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the ap- pellation of balatro, calceatum caput, ſcurra in trivis, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother- tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dun- ciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors might be preſerved.

SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity But it was far other- wiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

"While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times though many a Friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows!
In every loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

REMARKS.

"But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

"When none ſhall rail, and every lay
"Devote a wreathe to thee;
"That day (for come it will) that day
"Shall I lament to ſee."

Ver. 143. A ſhaggy Tapeſtry,] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Chriſt in old hangings This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cl anthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peter- borough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſen- tenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, oc- caſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous pa- pers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver 151. Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,] The hiſtory of Curll's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſt- minſter, is well known. Of his purging and vo- miting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Re- venge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhame- leſs ſcribblers (for the moſt part of that ſex which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being

s before her works she stands confess'd,
wers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
ie salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
s be you Juno of majestic size,
ith cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
ils China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
plenish, not ingloriously, at home."
orne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
ugh this his son dissuades, and that his Wife.
n his manly confidence relies,
n his vigour and superior size.

Remarks.

d not to take off the Irony) where he could not
his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as
as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture
ild be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.
Scribl.

l. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress
ose most scandalous books called the Court of
ania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes
e, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever
tion he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely
what from him she little deserved, who had cele-
Curll's undertakings for Reformation of man-
and declared herself "to be so perfectly ac-
ainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and
e tenderness with which he considered the er-
s of his fellow-creatures; that, though she
uld find the little inadvertencies of her own life
orded in his papers, she was certain it would
done in such a manner as she could not but
prove." Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar.
d in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

r. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver.
of this Lady's works were printed in four vo-
s in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up
: them.

r. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in
s-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence
this part; therefore placed here instead of a
leserving predecessor. [Chapman, the pub-
of Mrs: Haywood's New Utopia, &c. This
ublished advertisements for a year together,
ding to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of
r's Iliad at half the price: Of which book
d none, but cut to the size of them (which
Quarto) the common books in folio, without
r-plates, on a worse paper, and never above
the value.
on this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued
July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it
to a Writer to be so unhappy as to see his
rks hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his
ne! How, with honour to yourself, and jus-
e to your Subscribers, can this be done!
hat an Ingratitude to be charged on the Only
est Poet that lived in 1738! and than whom
rtue has not had a shriller Trumpeter for many
es! That you were once generally admired
d esteemed, can be denied by none; but that
s and your works are now despised, is verified
this fact:" which being utterly false, did
: indeed much humble the Author, but drew this
t chastisement on the Bookseller.
ib. Vs.

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus express,
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:

Remarks.

Ver. 185. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
"His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: For, first, the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance a je ne scay quoy, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word glow in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant cems'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 592.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 638.—And curl'd on silver prongs in order glow.

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.
But Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her votareſs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.

Now turn to different ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wondrous power of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to ravith every heart,
With Shakeſpeare's nature, or with Jonſon's art,

Remarks.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This notes is half Mr. Theobald, half Scribl.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to dedicated to Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Welſted.] Leonard Welſted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerius, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the Περι Βαθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Dipdapper and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, *by Dennis, Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He *was alſo characteriſed* under another animal, a Mole,

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chattering ſhames the Monkey tribe:
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſs
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.

Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen): A Cat-call each ſhall win:
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe: Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſounds, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield! thine.

Remarks.

by the author of the enſuing Simile, which was handed about at the ſame time:

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a Mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
"To make a Mole-hill all his ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into Light and dies."]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

REMARKS.

Ver. 258. Webſter—and Whitefield!] [The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthuſiaſm are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

Ver. 268. Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the everlaſting Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, "that this admirable author did not think "himſelf upon the ſame foot with Homer."—— Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and that he has "not for many years been ſo much as named, or even "thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action (ſaith he) has neither unity, "nor integrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; "and conſequently he can have no Fable, and no "Heroic Poem: His Narration is neither probable, "delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have "none of the neceſſary qualifications; the things "contained in his narration are neither in their own "nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor "rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no Genius, firſt laying down, that "Genius is cauſed "by a furious joy and pride of ſoul, on the con"ception of an extraordinary Hint. Many men

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end) 270

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"(ſays he) have their Hints without thoſe motions "of fury and pride of ſoul, becauſe they want fire "enough to agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call "cold writers. Others who have a great deal of "fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore"mentioned motions, without the extraordinary "hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But he "declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints "nor the Motions." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696, Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. "It was he who bur"leſqued the Pſalms of David. It is apparent "to me that Pſalm was burleſqued by a Popiſh "rhymeſter. Let rhyming perſons who have been "brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe what they "will, let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, "let them be Atheiſts, yet education has made an "invincible impreſſion on them in behalf of the "ſacred writings. But a Popiſh rhymeſter has been "brought up with a contempt for thoſe ſacred "writings; now ſhew me another Popiſh rhymeſter "but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celeſtial "Machines, as they cannot be defended ſo much "as by common received opinion, ſo, are they di"rectly contrary to the doctrine of the church of "England; for the viſible deſcent of an Angel "muſt be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the "Church of England that miracles had ceaſed a "long time before Prince Arthur came into the "world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of "England be true, as we are obliged to believe, "then are all the celeſtial machines in Prince Ar"thur unſufferable, as wanting not only human, "but divine probability. But if the machines are "ſufferable, that is, if they have ſo much as di"vine probability, then it follows of neceſſity that "the doctrine of the Church is falſe. So I leave "it to every impartial Clergyman, to conſider, &c." Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Perſons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced on the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can dash through thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.
"Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
"The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
"A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
"A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;

Then ſighing thus, "And am I now three-ſcore?
"Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that cloſ'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the ſable ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:

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Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

Ver. 280. the Weekly Journals] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that "It is "as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In Poetry he was not ſo happy as laborious, and "therefore characteriſed by the Tatler, No. 62. "by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, "and a volume of Poetry conſiſting of heroic "Epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof were very well done," ſaid that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ſixty years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291 Next Smedley div'd;] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole Epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * eſſay'd;] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] Matthew Concanen, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of "having boaſted of "what he had not written, but others had reviſed "and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humouroufly cauſed him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was ſince a hired Scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſperate pack,
With each a fickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
"Theſe are—ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"

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Ver. 306, 307. With each a fickly brother at his back:—Sons of a day, &c.] Theſe were daily Papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Oſborne] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who, at laſt, being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in age remained ſilent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to ſuppoſe that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely therefore, where point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly.

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Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than fifty thouſand ſeventy-ſeven "pounds eighteen ſhillings, were paid to Authors "and Printers of Newſpapers, ſuch as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, "Gazetteers, and other political papers, between "Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of one Miniſter, to have expended, for the current dullneſs of ten years in Britain, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at a Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remembered,

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
First he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:

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not even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our Author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of ſocial Pleaſure, ill exchang'd for Power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
"Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall.] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it; by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his Predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in "the ſpace of four years, no leſs than ten thouſand "nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhil-"lings and eight pence, out of the Treaſury."—But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable Patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how, shown him by the Nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades;
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend head arose;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine."
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend Flamen in his Lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,
A low-born cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God, or Man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways!
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
"I weigh what author's heaviness prevails:
"Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
"My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers,
"Attend the trial we propose to make:
"If there be man, who o'er such works can walk,
"Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
"And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
"To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit
"Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
"To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
"Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but, thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's No kingdom here."

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Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourne, a Clergyman, the fiercest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, affect to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious "gentleman, and hath written some excellent "Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. i. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay of Lord Oxford. Tindal was the author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's No kingdom, &c.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum.
down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er them
lies
gentle clerk, and muttering ſeals his eyes,
hat a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
ircle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
motion from one circle to the reſt:
m the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
d and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
t Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
ux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
the State, and Law the Stage give o'er,
n and Mandevil could prate no more;
n from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung,
d with his father's front, and mother's tongue
ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
ll was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
us the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
tretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
ſhould I ſing, what Bards the nightly Muſe
umbering viſit, and convey to ſtews;

Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink;
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

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411. Centlivre] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre,
Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to
ajeſty. She writ many Plays, and a ſong,
Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before ſhe was
ears old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr.
Homer, before he began it.

413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage
o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of
, Political Collections, &c.—William Law,
wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage;
ennis anſwered him with as great: Their
were printed in 1726. The ſame Mr. Law
or of a book intituled. An Appeal to all that
of or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel; in
he has detailed a Syſtem of the rankeſt Spi-
, for the moſt exalted Theology; and amonſt
hings as rare, has informed us of this, that
ac Newton ſtole the principles of his philo-
from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

414. Morgan] A writer againſt Religion,
aithed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his
than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for
ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his
phy from Spinoſa, he calls himſelf, by the
y of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Mandevil] This writer, who prided him-
the reputation of an Immoral Philoſopher,
thor of a famous book called the Fable of the
written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the
on of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the Im-
of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and
ufficient to render Society flouriſhing and

415. Norton,] Norton De Foe, offspring of
ous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One
authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well
ork Mr. P. had ſome time the honour to be
with his betters; and of many hired ſcur-
and daily papers, to which he never ſet his

THE

DUNCIAD:

BOOK THE THIRD.

Argument.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſeth all the Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamorates, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Viſion, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of Great Britain, ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the Theatres, and ſet up even at Court: then how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpſe, or Proſpect, of the future Ruines of her Glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt Book.

Remarks.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe the curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Stateſman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th' Elyſian Shade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams,

Remarks.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuſes in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen.

BENTL.

Ver. 15. A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real Madneſs, as that which produces real Dulneſs. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas fire in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of Holineſs. But if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occaſioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it *amuſes.*

Taylor, their better Charon, leads an oar
(Once Swan of Thames, though now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to Blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,

Remarks.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

"I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
"And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence:
"For having got from poſſum to poſſet,
"I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-houſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patroniſing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from the many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years; and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius ſits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſes as Bays by our author, though not in ſo Chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great Good-nature and Mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemiſtich of Milton.

Remarks.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Bookſellers, Printers for any body —The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.
Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian Charity to animate the rabble to abuſe a worthy man in ſuch a "ſituation? What could move the Poet thus to "mention a brave ſufferer, a gallant priſoner, expoſed to the view of all mankind! It was laying "aſide his Senſes, it was committing a Crime for "which the Law is deficient not to puniſh him! "nay, a Crime which man can ſcarce forgive, "or Time efface! nothing ſurely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great "Lady, &c." (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he ſtood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears,] This is a ſophiſticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted, have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that Scholiaſt takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for perſonal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtleſs he might take the ear to be a part;) ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta ſequuntur.

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore to us the true ſenſe of the Poet thus:

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALDS, partly SCRIBL.

All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll!
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

REMARKS.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, "and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there "were thoſe who gave him the preference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor "Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden; "nay, for many years, bore his reputation above "him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And "Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden "able, even when his blood run high, to defend "himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions; and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author and publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one ſide, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco [the firſt that was ever printed with cuts.] "Upon this he grew "inſolent, the Wits writ againſt his Play, he "replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a very "formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only "the Town but the Univerſity of Cambridge was "divided which to prefer; and in both places the "younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece:

"Bœotum craſſo jurares aere natum." Horat.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!
Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the Beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.
Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thundering againſt heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods;
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;
See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-woolſey brothers,
Grave Mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.
And ſee, my ſon! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This favourite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!

Remarks.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolomæan Library, on the gates of which was this Inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

Ver. 102. thundering againſt heathen lore;] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrongeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: "Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, "qui mulleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et in-"ebriavit eccleſiam; non modo Mathefin juſſit ab "aula, ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit "probatæ lectionis ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque "tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fer-"tur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe "gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, "et major authoritas, et diligentia ſtudioſior." Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) "In "uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non "capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epiſco-"pis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe "conſidera." He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; "Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris "Romanorum perpetuo verſatur." The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who come to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Eaſter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

Ver. 126. Dove like, ſhe gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Freethinkers. But as this Revolution is only here ſet on foot by the firſt of theſe Claſſes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they

See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grubſtreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.
Thee ſhall each Alehouſe, thee each Gillhouſe mourn,
And anſwering Gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown,
Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Friend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, every nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!

Remarks.

only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulneſs, the Laureat. The others, who finiſh the great work, are reſerved for the fourth book, where the Goddeſs herſelf appears in full glory.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] "This Gentleman is ſon of a conſide-"rable Maſter of Romſey in Southamptonſhire, "and bred to the Law under a very eminent At-"torney: Who, between his more laborious ſtudies, "has diverted himſelf with Poetry. He is a great "admirer of Poets and their works, which has oc-"caſioned him to try his genius that way—He has "writ in proſe the Lives of the Poets, Eſſays, and "a great many Law books, The Accompliſhed "Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, &c. GILES JA-COB of himſelf, Lives of the Poets, vol. i. He very groſsly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.]

There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Reſpect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had "once a Regard for my Judgment, otherwiſe he "never would have ſubſcribed two Guineas to me, "for one ſmall book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of Blunderbuſs to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. "My writ-"ings having made great impreſſion on the minds of "all ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give "proof of his Repentance, ſubſcribed to my two "Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature, or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome]. Theſe two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in Honour and Employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate Paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes;
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The mock Æſop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of Engliſh Poets.

Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer;
Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind;
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;

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printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Beſideel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welſted, &c.] Of this author ſee the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welſted had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of ſtruggle between the moſt eminent of the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that will make no ſmall part of the Fame of his protectors. It alſo appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Encouraged by ſuch a Combination in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the Ovidian, ſome in the Horatian manner; in both which the moſt Exquiſite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his maſters—His love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode—his Epiſtle—his Verſes—his Love-tale—all, are the moſt perfect things in all poetry. WELSTED of himſelf, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of five hundred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] Theſe men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs), and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

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Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe microſcopes of wit, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned Languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apoſtaſy of the Prebendary of Rocheſter, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured obſervations. SCRIBL.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has ſeen, through the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mentioned but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) ſet his name to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longeſt bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Paſquin, in which Mr. Pope was abuſed with the Duke of Buckingham, and Biſhop of Rocheſter. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appeared (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram:

He parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.

Like all their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſe cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!
There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiaſts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſtory her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Dishoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

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" Burnet and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hang an A——.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date.

Ver. 184. That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch rt of Writers.

Ver. 187. myſter wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, rely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned aus Wormius; much leſs (as it was unwarrantly foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own ntiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way grieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed ny curious tracts which he hath to his great conrtment peruſed.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] Theſe v lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: the ker his author is, the better he is pleaſed; like famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody ſaid ll of theſe men, that their heads were libraries out order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley ſtands, &c.] J. Henley Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon eological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, occaſionally did our author that honour. WELD, in Oratory Tranſactions, N. 1. publiſhed nley himſelf, gives the following account of him: He was born at Melton Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh ſchool he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneaſy; for it ſhocked him to find he was commanded to believe againſt his own judgment in points of Religion, Philoſophy, &c. for

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

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" his genius leading him freely to diſpute all propo-
" ſitions, and call all points to account, he was impa-
" tient under thoſe fetters of the free-born mind.—
" Being admitted to Prieſt's orders, he found the
" examination very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it
" was not neceſſary to conform to the Chriſtian reli-
" gion, in order either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood."
He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of State. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, " was the
" envy of others, and a diſreliſh entertained of him,
" becauſe he was not qualified to be a complete
" Spaniel." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the Reſtorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought " it as
" lawful to take a licence from the King and Par-
" liament in one place as another; at Hickes's Hall,
" as at Doctor's Commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in
" Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his
" friend) he had the aſſurance to form a plan, which
" no mortal ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt
" all oppoſition; challenged his adverſaries to fair
" diſputations, and none would diſpute with him;
" writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a day; com-
" poſed three diſſertations a week on all ſubjects;
" undertook to teach in one year what ſchools and
" univerſities teach in five; was not terrified by
" menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but ſtill proceeded,
" matured his bold ſcheme, and put the Church,
" and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Euchariſt — This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: the device a ſtar riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, ſee Book ii.

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the years you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One, diſpenſe,
The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
Content each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your God."

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Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my ſons, &c.] The caution again Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame;] Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Caballiſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonſtration "(ſaith he) founded upon the proportions of lines "and circles to each other, and the ringing of "changes upon figures, theſe have no more to do "with the greateſt part of philoſophy, than they "have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed the "Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [mathematical "Principles] is greatly abated of late: and though "it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon "of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, "has lain with his face upon the ground before the "Ark of God, Scripture philoſophy; for ſo long "MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and "the Treatiſe of Power Eſſential and Mechanical, "in whith Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated "with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been pub-"liſhed a dozen years; yet there is not one of the "whole ſociety who hath had the COURAGE to at-"tempt to raiſe him up. And ſo let him lie."—The philoſophical principles of Moſes aſſerted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."] The hardeſt leſſon a Dunce can learn. For being bred to ſcorn what he does not underſtand, that which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to ſcorn moſt. Of which, to the diſgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herſelf, we have had a late example in a book intitled Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underſtanding.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aſide
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman prophefy'd)
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorcerer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The forefts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic grounds:

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Ver. 224.—not to ſcorn your God.]" See this ſubject purſued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half ſo pleas'd, when Goodman prophefy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, "I'll be d—d.—And (ſays Mr. Cibber) I make it "a queſtion, whether Alexander himſelf, or Charles "the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their "firſt victorious armies, could feel a greater tranſport in their boſoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a ſable Sorcerer.] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vaſt Egg] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large egg.

ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
es their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
rtal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
t ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
t lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd
inning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
s the conflict, diſmal is the din,
ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
nding Theatres our empire raiſe,
their labours, and alike their praiſe.
d are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
own to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.
Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
en by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
d's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
gh my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
e committing their eternal Praiſe,
full-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
gh long my Party built on me their hopes,
riting Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes:

Yet lo: in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven; that thou my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carried off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And every year be duller than the laſt,
Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway;
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.

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r. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, r of the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, was ſt that excelled this way.

r. 266. I ſee my Cibber there!] The hiſtory foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in words, (Life, chap. xv.): "Then ſprung forth t ſucceſſion of monſtrous medleys that have ſo g infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one ther alternately at both houſe, out vying each er in expence." He then proceeds to excuſe n part in them, as follows: "If I am aſked y I aſſented? I have no better excuſe for my or than to confeſs I did it againſt my conſcience, I had not virtue enough to ſtarve. Had Henry . of France a better for changing his Religion? vas ſtill in my heart, as much as he could be, the ſide of Truth and Senſe; but with this ference, that I had their leave to quit them ien they could not ſupport me. But let the ſtion go which way it will, Harry IVth has ays been allowed a great man." This muſt feſſed a full anſwer; only the queſtion ſtill to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's ence is an excuſe for it? and 2dly, It will be o prove how he got the leave of Truth and to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a tate that he ever was in it.

r. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint ma- of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

r. 268. On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount ind.] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly es this not to be literally true. We hope ore the reader will underſtand it allegorically

r. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord Mayor's and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

r. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popiſh ſucceſſor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention: he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,] It ſtood in the firſt edition with the blanks, * * and * *. Concannen was ſure "they "muſt needs mean no body but King GEORGE "and Queen CAROLINE; and ſaid he would in- "ſiſt it was ſo, till the poet cleared himſelf by fill- "ing up the blanks otherwiſe, agreeably to the "context, and conſiſtent with his allegiance." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, &c. againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme) He tranſlated the Italian Opera of Poliſemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he anſwers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Tranſlator made Ullyſſes anſwer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.] Names of

Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year,
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On Poets' Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

Ver. 312. enſure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other playhouſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rivalled each other in ſhewing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 313. Another Æſchylus appears!] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambroſe Philips] "He was (ſaith "Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a "juſtice of the peace;" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed "he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him quite on the ſame "foot with Virgil, leſt it ſhould ſeem flattery, but "he is much miſtaken if poſterity does not afford "him a greater eſteem than he at preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that

See under Ripley riſe a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends;

REMARKS.

Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a paſty paper called the Examiner: A falſehood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together; it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen.

lan Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
ope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.
eed, great days! till learning fly the ſhore,
rch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
hames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
'eſtminſter's whole year be holiday,
s' Elders reel, their pupils ſport,
Ima mater lie diſſolv'd in Port?
igh! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
iro' the Ivory Gate the Viſion flies.

REMARKS.

appened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was
deſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the
of it this motto, Nos hæc novimus eſſe

332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and
e.] The author here plainly laments that he
long employed in tranſlating and commenting.
an the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719.
lition of Shakeſpeare (which he undertook
becauſe nobody elſe would) took up near two
ore in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions,
ng the Scenery, &c. and the Tranſlation of
: Odyſſey employed him from that time to

333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may
ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution
ning as is here prophefied, ſhould be brought
ſuch weak inſtruments as have been [hither-
ribed in our poem: But do not thou, gentle
reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe in-
ts. Remember what the Dutch ſtories
ers relate, that a great Part of their Provinces
e overflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one
dykes by a ſingle Water-Rat.
ever, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment
Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes
e Diligence of our Schools, from the regula-
our Univerſities, the Diſcernment of our
ien, the Accompliſhments of our Nobility,
ouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius
Writers of all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome
eptions in each), may plainly be ſeen from
luſion; where, cauſing all this viſion to paſs
the Ivory gate, he expreſsly, in the language
, declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild,
ided, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

THE

U N C I A D:

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Poet being, in this Book, to declare the
ſtation of the Prophecies mentioned at the
f the former, makes a new Invocation; as
.. V I.

the greater Poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhews the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty, to deſtroy Order and Science, and to ſubſtitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How ſhe leads captive the Sciences, and ſilences the Muſes; and what they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak reſiſtance, or diſcouragement of Arts; ſuch as Half-wits, taſteleſs Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All theſe crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in form are the Geniuſes of the Schools, who aſſure her of their care to advance her Cauſe by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her Charge to them and the Univerſities. The Univerſities appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her that the ſame method is obſerved in the progreſs of Education. The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: preſenting to her at the ſame time a young Nobleman fo finely accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She ſees loitering about her a number of Indolent Perſons abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with laxineſs: to theſe approaches the Antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuoſos, and aſſign them over to him: but Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty Addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth, thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the Magus her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what ſhe

vaſtneſs from each, concludes with a View of extraordinary virtue: the Progreſs and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Conſummation of all, in the Reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Powers! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every Brain, and wither'd ever Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bower
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate ſon reclines.
Beneath her foot-ſtool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the Greater and Leſſer Iliad. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any-wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itſelf was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, begimneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulneſs) his high reſpect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his Impatience to be reunited to her.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinction between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science; venal to the deſtruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In alluſion the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her Laureate ſon reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Colleague as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many King-conſorts have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent Laureate took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not "as ſeldom aſleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays, "the reader will be as much pleaſed "to find me a Dunce in my old Age, as he was to "prove me a briſk blockhead in my Youth."—Wherever there was any room for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, even in ſinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in theſe he be as much aſleep as any fool, the Poet muſt leave him and them to ſleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my name in "the ſatirical works of this Poet, I never look "upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT "to himſelf. For he conſiders that my Face is "more known than moſt in the nation; and there"fore a Lick at the Laureate will be a ſure bait "ad captandum vulgus, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate?

BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. Science is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and ac-

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhetoric languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Caſuiſtry in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aſide;
By ſinging Peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand:
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:
Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and ſhatter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmoniae joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;

REMARKS.

tive enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: Dulneſs being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething like each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, &c. but nonothing like Wit, Opera alone ſupplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 39. But ſober Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came Hiſtory and Satire to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays Scriblerus, which we thus reſolve: Hiſtory was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'ſt thou, &c.] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. Cibber) "with a "lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. Cibber, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them; but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author, and myſelf, concerning the True Reading of certain Paſſages.

BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a Harlot form] The Attitude given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility. This circumſtance, that OPERA ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand Seſſions, was propheſied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway."

Ver. 54. Let Diviſion reign:] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Senſe, and applies to the Paſſions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned.

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign: 186
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

REMARKS.

"of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says "the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious "reign."

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.

BENTL.

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBL.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent Scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity it (and sure, there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, "ni gentilesse, UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great, connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. the streams.] The river Cam, running by the wall of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. sleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired, "into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain Wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Compotationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our Author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton: whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author or something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,
To sound or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

REMARKS.

the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it prose again," plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ρομαθ' ἱπποβάμενα, all prose on horseback. SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than Letter;] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it something more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set up the shoulder of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a Mistake: For, as a vererable sage observeth, Words are the counters of Wisemen, but the money of Fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on

For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek,
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic Eye, that Microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.
Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on every block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.

REMARKS.

Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobœus] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christchurch, both great Geniuses and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Because

Walker! our hat—nor more be deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroidered race,
And tittering puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.

Remarks.

Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he ſaw St. James's] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the Prieſt, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286 —the bleſſing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the bleſſing of a rake ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a Rake, as well knowing that its attendant Bleſſings would follow of courſe.

Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon begun,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.
Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of Fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps,
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Senſe, of Operas or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

Remarks.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat through thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound;
See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone!
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores),
So may the ſons of ſons of whores
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe or ſhame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs:
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled emerald on his hand,
Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.

Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his prayer.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phæbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Orbo, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.

Remarks.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a Solo in his head;] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. Bentl.

Ver. 326. Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three very eminent perſons, all Managers of Plays; who, though not Governors by profeſſion, had each in his way, concerned themſelves in the Education of Youth; and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his Talents for this end, ſee Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a wandering Courtly Squire, that travelled about for the ſame reaſon for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The firſt Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any Coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the ſtory of whoſe Pigeon was a monkiſh fable. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Anniuſes made a counterfeit medal of that impoſtor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely an alluſion to the Mummius he was ſo fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, aſſuring him, "that "if any were loſt or broken, he ſhould procure others "to be made in their ſtead;" by which it ſhould ſeem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoſo.

Ibid.—Fool renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchaſed by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? &c.] The

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian Gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locuſts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower.
But far the foremoſt, too, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the Throne appeal.
The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such varied light, in one promiſcuous blaze!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilvery wing,
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bower
The riſing game, and chac'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs Butterfly.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowſy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object every brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
The Mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuperlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.

Remarks.

The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being purſued by a Corſair of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bourraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſed Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Duſour, to whom he related his adventure. Duſour, without ſtaying to inquire about the uneaſy ſymptoms of the burthen he carried, firſt aſked him, Whether the Medals were of the higher empire? He aſſured him they were. Duſour was raviſhed with the hope of poſſeſſing ſo rare a treaſure; he bargained with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witneſs great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe Horns they wore on their Medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertained the extravagant

would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
eaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy Flies!
ıture in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
t the Author of the whole eſcape;
but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
nder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
hat my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
foe to Myſtery, yet divinely dark;
pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
ımns implicit faith, and holy lies,
: to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
ıers creep by timid ſteps and ſlow,
in Experience lay foundations low,
ımon ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
ſt, to Nature's Cauſe through Nature led.
ing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
oly take the high Priori Road,
ſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
ve him off as far as e'er we can:
ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
l in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
ne bound o'erleaping all his laws,
God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
irtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
in Self, and but for Self be born:
ght ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
ght ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
e the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
up in Self, a God without a Thought,
eſs of our merit or default.
bright Image to our fancy draw,
Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
ırough Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
iers wild in Academic Groves;
ATURE our Society adores,
Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

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a poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has
e volatile Geniuſes upon making wings for
poſe.

462. When Moral Evidence ſhall quite de-
.lluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of
athematicians, in calculating the gradual de-
ſoral Evidence by mathematical proportions:
g to which calculation, in about fifty years it
ıo longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in
r died in the Senate Houſe. See Craig's
iæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica. But
ns evident, that facts of a thouſand years
inſtance, are now as probable, as they were
dred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty
y quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to
guments, but to the extraordinary power of
deſs; for whoſe help therefore they have
pray.

492. Where Tindal dictates and Silenus
It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke
againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But
t the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious
en he is told, that at the time this was writ-

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnap'd his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and reverend, though without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs Dame.
Then thus. From Prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! every finiſh'd Son returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in Penſion, or in Punk!
So K *, ſo B * *, ſneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
Poor W * *, niptlin Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

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ten, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in Eng-
land as an Atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies
was exterminated. There is a trifling difference in-
deed concerning the Author of the Atchievement.
Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boy-
lean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great
Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found
Atheiſt, he always read it A Theiſt. But, in ſpite
of a claim ſo well made out, others gave the honour
of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A ju-
dicious Apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſ-
ton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of
Expreſſion, It is a moſt certain truth that the De-
monſtration of the being and attributes of God, has
extirpated and baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian
world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the
cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we
ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeſes
was the monſter-queller. But what of that? Since
the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo certain, there
is no occaſion for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances.
SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſo-
pher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he
ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. Firſt ſlave to words, &c.] A Recapi-
tulation of the whole Courſe of modern Education
deſcribed in this book, which confines Youth to the
ſtudy of Words only in Schools; ſubjects them to
the authority of Syſtems in the Univerſities; and de-
ludes them with the names of Party diſtinctions in
the world. All equally concurring to narrow the
Underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error in
Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole
finiſhed in modern Free-thinking: the completion
of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the
happineſs of mankind; as it eſtabliſhes Self-love for
the ſole Principle of Action.

Ver. 506. ſmil'd on by a Queen!] i. e. This
Queen or Goddeſs of Dulneſs,

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies;
A Feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Intereſt her gay livery flings,
Intereſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syrens Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the Seve and Verdure of the Vine.

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Ver. 517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddeſs, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver. 5. promiſed to ſing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former Friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an uſeleſs Friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good ſubject in a Monarchy: "Where (ſays he) there is no ſuch thing as love of our Country, the Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the Prince ſupply its place." De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author ſpeaks indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give it in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des prémiers Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme une Chimére; l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe juſqu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, teint lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité." Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

Ver. 528. ſtill keep the human ſhape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the ſudden plunging into pleaſures. Her's therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

Ver. 529. But ſhe, good Goddeſs, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-intereſt, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleaſures of Opera, and the Table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 553. The board with ſpecious Miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. Specioſa miracula (ſays he), according to Horace, were the monſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before mentioned, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay it is expreſsly ſaid, that all fleſh is nothing in his ſight. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a Prieſt, and ſoon after called a Sacrifice, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with Libation and Song. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly "Pigeons en crapeau" were a common diſh.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verdeur] French Terms to

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Truffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
KNIGHT lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges in one?
Gone every bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,

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lating to Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur "
" [redacted]dri priſeroit ſa Seve et ſa Verdeur."
Deſpreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe Qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Caſhier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of "Bladen "is a black man," is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, Waſh Blackmoor white, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 567. Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court.

Ill would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has diſtinguiſhed; or ſuffer them to lie forgotton, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of Lincoln's Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, a Gentleman of the laſt Edition: who, nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of Dulneſs againſt Shakeſpeare, and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor Tom Thimble in the Rehearſal, and with the air of good nature and politeneſs of Caliban in the Tempeſt, hath now happily finiſhed the Dunce's progreſs, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubſtreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulneſs of theſe Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoſo and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a Gentleman of the laſt Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the laſt Edition of the Dunciad. Since Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is only related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

" A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

For the ſatire extends much farther than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs Band

" Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
" No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend;"

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of ſocial, become fit for nothing: and ſo turn Wits and Critics, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made DOCTORS of her Laws.
Then bleſſing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

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Ver. 571. Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where Taciturnity is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian. one a Gormogon.] A ſort of Laybrothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Maſons.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more:
And, nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods

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But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Forerunner, John of Leyden, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſehold on the ſame reaſonable footing. SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's ſubtile line;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call:] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn Dance, intitled, A call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very

Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd:
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign!
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)

REMARKS.

ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn; but we muſt conſider it as the Yawn of a God, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incompara[ble] Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a Roar; but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] The Progreſs of this Yawn, is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which though extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is loſt (that is to ſay ſuſpended) during the Yawn; (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (though as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore beware, Reader, leſt thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning careleſsly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked, and deſpiſed. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have ſhort Memories,] This ſeems

irst, who last resign'd to rest;
; she partly, whose completely blest;
; could Faction, what Ambition lull,
iiet, and entrance the Dull;
was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
g— 625
iush the Nations with thy Song!
* * * * * * * *
vain, the all-composing Hour
: the Muse obeys the Power.
e comes? the sable Throne behold
næval, and of Chaos old! 630
ncy's gilded clouds decay,
ying Rain-bows die away.
ain its momentary fires,
ops, and in a flash expires.
at dread Medea's strain, 635
ars fade off th' ethereal plain;
, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
ne to everlasting rest:

REMARKS.

why the Poets, when they give us a
stantly call for help on the Muses,
ughters of Memory, are obliged not
ing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

: αν μυθησομαι υδ' οιομηνω,
πιαδες Μυσαι, Διος αιγιοχοιο
ησαιαθ'—

n. vii.

s enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis;
enuis famæ perlabitur aura."

d yet another reason for putting this
Muse, that, all besides being asleep,
late what passed. SCRIBL.
he Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were
hy the solution of Mr. Ralph and
had lights that we know nothing of,
required the greatest effort of our
, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet
though the Venal may be more un-
all, yet, on the other hand, it de-
reater expence of her Virtue to in-
y to quiet. SCRIBL.
ie comes! she comes! &c.] Here
ove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at
areth again to the skies. As Pro-
been one of the chief pr inces of
here foretells from wh e feel,
ear; and in the style of other pro-
l the future tense for the preterit;
s shall be, is already to be seen, in

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night: 640
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires. 650
Nor public Flame, nor private dares to shine:
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch? lets the curtain fall; 655
And universal Darkness buries All.

REMARKS.

the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. The sable Throne behold] The sable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the saying of Democritus. That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, He first put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other Lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that Morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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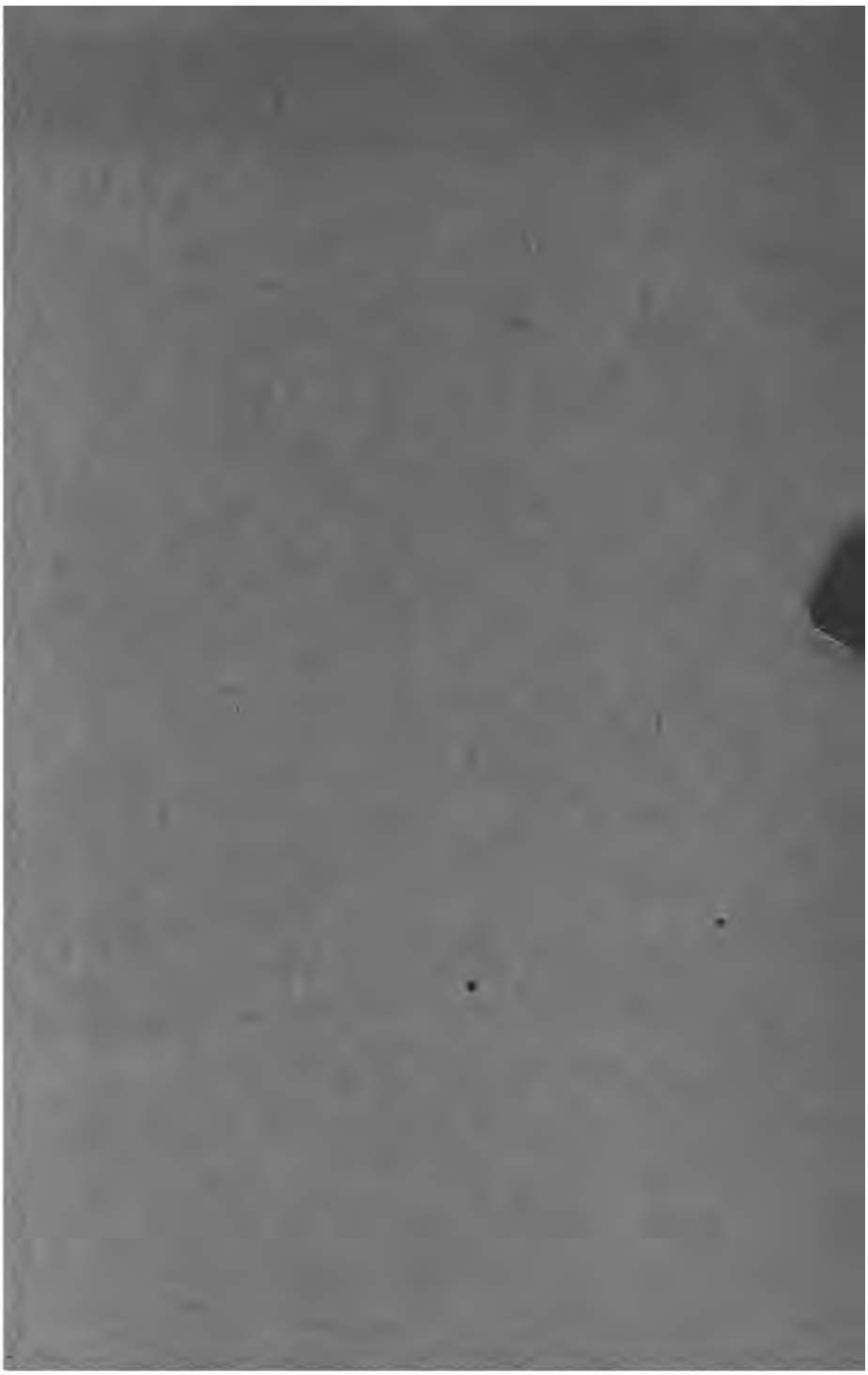
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